TWELFTH NIGHT

By

William Shakespeare

with Introduction and Notes by

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION :—

works might be added. The most authentic biograph of Shakespeare are those of E. K. Chambers and G. E. H rison. His earliest of biogrophers, Steevens, writes thus this great dramatist :

"All that is known with any certainty concerning Shak peare is that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, marri and had children, went to London where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford ma his will, died and was buried."

Modern biographical research has certainly added m interesting detail to this cryptic statement, and we can n piece together these details and form a fairly accur history of Shakespeare.

Birth and parentage :—William Shakespeare, th child and eldest son of John Shakespeare and Mary Ard was born at Startford-upon-Avon in April 1664. His fat was one of the most prosperous men of Startford and mother was of gentle birth. But in a few years, his fat fell into debts and difficulties and was compelled to mo gage his wife's property and gradually dropped out public life.

Early year and Education :—Shakespeare was notoriou deficient in formal education. He was not one of the University wits who, like Greene, made fun of his 'lit Latin and Less Greek.' However at the age of seven he w nt to the Free Grammar School of Startford. Here learnt his 'little Latin' which, however, was enough for purposes. In later years he seems to have acquired so knowledge of French and Italian. But his time at sch was cut short by the misfortunes of his father, and traditi has it that at the age of thirteen, our Shakespeare was a prenticed to the trade of a butcher !

Early Adventures and Marriage :—There is a traditi which says that, as a young man Shakespeare stole t deer in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy and that it was d to this that he had to run away to London to escape t wrath of that nobleman. But a more authentic adventure Shakespeare was in matrimony. It is universally accept

that he fell in love with a woman eight years older than himself, and that he was compelled to marry her when she became with child by him, and that she was Anne Hathaway, about whom there was the following doggerel verse.

"Anne Hathaway, she hath a way
To charm all hearts, Anne Hathaway"!

However, at appears that with all her charms she was not able to keep her young husband out of mischief. His married life was not happy at Stratford, though he had a daughter, Susanna, in 1583, and in 1585 twins in a son and daughter, Hamnet and Judith of whom son died in 1596.

Life at Stratford :—At this point in his career we lose all authentic records of his life at Stratford. We have only a number of traditions which tell us that Shakespeare was in turn a school-master, a young man about town mixing with disreputable comrades, and that he was involved in a deer-stealing raid etc. We can only guess that with a wife eight years his senior and the death of his only son in 1596 and with his father's financial difficulties, life at home was not at all happy for him, and that he left Stratford in search of fortune and went to London somewhere in 1585 or 1587.

Life in London :—In London. Shakespeare found his true vocation, though we do not know much about his beginnings as an author and poet. It is from 1592 that we begin to get solid information about his activities as a dramatist. Meanwhile there are traditions which tell us that in London Shakespeare began at the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder up which he ascended its topmost steps. We are told that he held horses of gentlemen outside the doors of theatres, and that he was then employed in the theatre in a very mean capacity. But what is important is that he become intimately associated with the theatre, and literally knew its ins and outs.

The first company of dramatic actors which he entered in was the Lord Chamberlain's company which was then

performing at the theatre in Shoreditch. It was with company that he remained throughout his dramatic ca in London. He played with this company at several ot theatres, such as the Globe, the Rose and the Swan etc. well as at the Court and the Inns of Court and on m stages in the province.

Shakespeare began with adapting and re-writing the pl of other writers. He collaborated with others before wrote his first original play. *Love's Labour Lost* which composed in 1591, retouched in 1597 and published in 1 when his name first appeared as the author's. It is believed that his dramatic period covers no less than twe years, and that it was his practice to write on the aver two plays in a year. He excited the envy of his brot playwrights as early as 1592 when Greens, as already stat referred to him as the only 'Shake-scene' in the country. this was an exception to universal chorus of appreciati which he received both from the public and his own fell workers in the theatre.

In London Shakespeare appeared twice before t Queen to act in his own plays. He soon made his word fortune no less than his literary fame, for Shakespeare w gifted with an extraordinary business talent uncomm among authors. He soon bought shares in his own com pany, bought a big house in his native town and general re-established the financial solvency of his family. 1599 he became a partner in the Globe Theatre. Thus London the life of Shakespeare was an unprecedente success both from the point of view of worldly fortune an poetic fame.

His Patrons.—It was an age of lordly patronage i which Shakespear lived. Each great poet and dramatis had his own patron in some noble lord or a courtier. Th Earl of Southampton was Shakespeare's patron, and to him he dedicated his sonnets. The Queen, too, showed sign of appreciation and favour by requisitioning the perfor mances of his plays at the court. And after her death in 1603, James I, too, continued the tradition of royal pat-ronage to this popular playwright of the day. It is pleasant

to recall how the courtiers courted his society and how his own brother playwrights praised him and showed sings of unmistakable love and respect for his poetic, no less than his dramatic, genius. He was hailed as the sweet swan of Avon, the honey-tongued Shakespeare, the gentle Will, the applause, the delight and wonder of the stage.

Return to Stratford :—Having made his fourtune with thundering success, Shakespeare returned to his own native town, where from 1612 to 1616, he led the life of a sober citizen in retirement among friends and family relations. He looked after his estates, improved them, bought a coat of arms and made occasional visits to London to supervise the getting up and publication of his plays. His visits to Ben Jonson and other playwrights are recorded in tradition, and his life at Stratford was lived happily. His daughters were married and he made his testement and died at the age of fifty-two in 1616, leaving a widow and two daughters. He left no male heirs except those immortal ones who figure in his undying plays. He was buried with due solemnity the in Church of Stratford. A monument was later raised at the place, and to-day Stratford is the place of pilgrimage for all lovers of poetry and drama.

Shakespear's personal character :—Shakespeare was the gentlest of men and most lovable. Evidence for this is found in the many touching references to his memory by some of the greatest names in English literature, Spencer, Milton and Ben Jonson. Here are a few of the lines left by these great poets of the day. Says Ben Jonson in lines prefixed to the first the First Folio of 1623.

"Soul of the age,
The applause ! the delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art live still, while thy Book doth live :
He was not of an age, but for all time !"

And Jonson says the following with regard to Shakespe[illegible] character and personality :

"I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this s[illegible] Idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and [illegible] an open and free nature ; had an excellent phantasie ; bra[illegible] notions and gentle expressions. There was ever more in h[illegible] to be praised than to be pardoned."

Milton's sonnet on Shakespeare is well known. He tells [illegible] that Shakespeare needs no monument for his works are t[illegible] everlasting monument to his memory.

"And so sepulchred and in such pomp does lie
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Spenser calls Shakespeare "our pleasant Willy" and the[illegible] are numerous references to this sweetness and gentleness [illegible] his fellow actors and playwrights. Thus it is evident th[illegible] Shakespeare's personal character was one of the sweetest a[illegible] most lovable of all the rest of the great names that ma[illegible] Elizabethan literature the most opulent and impressive bo[illegible] of thought, image and emotion.

Finally it must also be remembered that Shakespea[illegible] character was a fine blending of idealism and wordly wisdo[illegible] and sobriety. When we remember the untimely death of h[illegible] contemporaries, Marlowe dying in a drinking brawl, Gree[illegible] dying amidst scenes of poverty, Bacon dying in disgrace a[illegible] so on, it is happy to think how calm and prosperous a[illegible] popular was the life of Shakespeare in the end when he die[illegible] mourned and loved and honoured by everyone.

(B) Works of Shakespeare

Chronology of his works :

Poems

1593.—*Venus and Adonis.*
1594.—*The Rape of Lucrece.*
1585 to 1600.—*Sonnets.*

Plays

1590-91. *Henry VI part 2 Henry VI, part 3.*
1591-92. *Henry VI, part I.*
1592-93. *Richard III. Comedy of Errors.*

1593-94. *Titus Andronicus. Taming of the Shrew.*
1594-95. *Two Gentlemen of Verona. Love's Labours Lost. Romeo and Juliet.*
1595-96. *Richard II. A Midsummer Night's Dream.*
1596-97. *King John. Merchant of Venice.*
1597-98. *Henry IV, parts I and 2.*
1598-99. *Much Ado About Nothing. Henry V.*
1599-1600 *Julius Caesar. As you Like it. Twelfth Night.*
1600-01. *Hamlet. Merry Wives of Windsor.*
1601-02. *Troilus and Cressida.*
1602-03. *All's Well That Ends Well.*
1604-05 *Measure For Measure. Othello.*
1605-06. *King Lear. Macbeth.*
1606-07. *Antony and Cleopatra.*
1607-08. *Coriolanus. Timon of Athens.*
1608-9. *Pericles.*
1609-10. *Cymbeline.*
1610-11. *Winter's Tale.*
1611-12. *The Tempest.*

Four periods of workmanship :—It is usual to devide the Works of Shakespeare into four periods of workmanship, indicating the gradual evolution of his genius as a dramatic artist and thinker. These are the following :

First period 1588-1596 :—This was his period of apprenticeship and experimentation. Professor Dowden aptly describes this period under the heading of "In the workshop." The characteristic qualities of the works of this period are youthful vivacity, buoyancy of spirit and an artless simplicity of style and thought The important works of this period are :

Love's Labours Lost ; *Romeo and Juliet* ; *A midsummer Night's Dream* ; *Richard II and III.*

Second period 1598-1601.—This is a period of rapid growth and maturity of his workmanship. It show the bright side of his life. In his period he achieved his greatest triumphs in History and Comedy. It is also usually called his comic period. The works of this period are :

Henry IV, two parts ; *The Merchant of Venice* ; *As You Like It* ; *Twelfth Night.*

Third period 1601-1608 —This is the period of his tra dies, and shows that his mind was obsessed by gloom a pessimism. The period was one in which he lost his only so his father was a bankrupt; and his great patron, the Earl Sonthampton, was in prison under royal displeasure. T four great tragedies of his tragic mood fall in this perio as also the Roman Histories, full of tragedy, such as *Juli Ceaser, Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra.* The chief wor of this period are:

Hamlet ; Othello ; King Lear ; Macbeth!

Fourth period 1608-1613 :—This final period of Shake peare's art is one of calm and tranquillity. It is as if the shi of his dramatic genius had survived the storms of tragedy an come home to port safely and soundly. There is a serenity, joy and calm which make a fitting end to his great caree The Last Three Plays of Shakespeare, called the Romance or Tragicamedies, belong to this period :

Cymbeline ; Winter's Tale ; The Tempest.

Sources of Shakespeare's work :—Shakespeare is not, original in the invention of plots and stories which he borrowed freely from classical antiquity, Medieval Romance, continental writers and contemporary sources. It is one of the wonders of his dramatic art that he produces original dramas by borrowing his materials from others. Of course he knew little Latin and less Greek, but this did not prevent him from reading widely both in the classics and contemporary literature. He read History from the English chronicles, romances of Italian writers either in the original or in translation. The Elizabethan age was a great period of Translations from the classical and continental writings, and Shakespeare shows distinct evidence of having read widely from these.

Research in Shakespearian sources has brought to light very many facts of his indebtedness to others. Firstly, he was indebted to his predecessors, particularly Lyly and Kyd. And his indebtedness to others was equally great. The works from which he drew the materials for his plays are by common consent the following:—

(a) Plutarch's *Lives*.

(b) Holinshed's *Chronicles*.

(c) Montaigne's *Essays*.

(d) Many Italian Novels and Romances, such as the stories of Boccacio, and Cinthio.

(e) The Novels written by his own contemporaries such as Lodge, Green; and Gower's version of the Greek novel, *Appollonius of Tyre*.

These were the sources from which he borrowed freely. The only instances of his own invention are to be found in his *Marry Wives of Windsor* and some insignificant portions of *Loves Labours Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*. For the rest he was content to borrow and give his own touch which rendered them rich and strange.

(C) Shakespeare's Genius

Conception of human character :—In nothing is Shakespeare so great as in his conception of human character. This is his most profound contribution to literature. He is a mighty creator of humanity and a profound psycholog st of the passions and humours of human, even of superhuman and sub-human, beings. His creative genius has given us a whole universe over which his imagination presides like a god.

But the central assumption behind all his variety of characters is that man is the master of his destiny, that, in other words, character is destiny. No doubt chance and change and circumstance go a great way in moulding character, but man is free to choose what he likes. It is the spirit of man which is free to choose what life offers, and in so choosing it decides its own fate. This is Shakespeare's conception of human character, and it is distinct from that of dramatists like Marlowe who regard men as puppets in the hands of Fate, and who make Fate a power outside human control. Shakespeare, on the other hand, shows that we are thus and thus because we think and do this and that.

In other words Shakespeare, while agreeing with th who would make character dependent on outside pow yet allows greater scope and freedom for man's individ will and unbending spirit. He thus presents the essent dignity and greatness of human character which, while breaks under the stress of chance and change, never ben or bows to those force.

Variety of Human characters :—No other dramati has left as many characters as Shakespeare. He presen us with the vast spectacle of humanity, rich with varie and contrasts. We see every rank of humanity in his play from Kings, Prophets and Priests to the lowest figures clowns, beggars and rustics. We see scholars, poets, m of action, of dreams as well as criminals, murderers, cheat rogues and vagabonds. Not only this, we are introduc to a new species of superhuman and sub-human qualities his fairies, ghosts, witches and savages. Ariel rubs should with Caliban, aristocrats with democrats, Kings with clow old age with youth, and the richness of this variety staggering indeed. Here is God's plenty in the dramas.

Truth and individuality of character :–What strike us most in reading the dramas is the truth to Nature an the individuality of the characters: Except in his earlie comedies whose main purpose is to present laughable situa tions, Shakespeare gives up literally hundereds of characters which are unmistakably individualised. Indeed so true to life are these characters that volumes have been written upon their humours and passions, as if they were sobe mortals of our factual world, and airy nothings of fiction to which he has given a local habitation and a name! W know these figures better than most of our neighbours, so typically vital and distinct are these. They live and talk more truly than most true men and women!

Truly did Pope write when he said:

"The characters of Shakespeare are so much Nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received

them from one another and were but multipliers of the same image. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike."

His sympathy:—Shakespeare possesses a universal sympathy by which he is able to see something good even in evil things. He is in this respect true to nature and life which present before us a strange mixture of good and evil. This truth is left and expressed by Shakespeare in his dramas where the worst characters are treated with a wonderful understanding and insight which sympathy alone is capable of sustaining. There is no side of life with which he was wholly unacquainted, and every side of life which he loved and sympathised with. It is this large-hearted bounty of his genius which makes his dramas wholly natural and real. Liberalism.

His Imagination:—In the mouth of Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare has put a description of creative imagination which he himself possesses. His imagination glances from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. It gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, after bodying forth the forms of things unknown. In other words, Shakespeare's imagination is poetic, creative and imitative in the real sense. It is by virtue of this power of the imagination that he was enabled to pierce the heart of the mystery of life and embody it in his dramas. It is his imagination which has presented life in its manifold aspects, the grave and the gay, the good and the evil, tragic and the comic.

His Humour:—If Shakespear presented the spectacle of human suffering in his tragedies, he presented no less the motely spectale of human folly and vanity in his comedies. His laughter, as Meredith poetically points out, was broad as ten thousand beeves grazing on a sunny hill side. But the secret of this humour was his deep knowledge of Nature and sympathy with his kind. He has no bitterness in his laughter. We love those whom he makes us laugh at. His humour is full of humanity. He has none of the self-righteous outlook of the highbrows or the puritans who

would expect humans to be angels. He recognises that err is human, and that we are touched and tarred w the same brush of self-love that makes us fools. But it only the wise ones who know that they are fools, and t is how Shakespear's fools are some of the wisest of mort How rich and enjoyable this gift of humour is in him can only know by studying the gallery of his immortal f from Feste to Falstaff, and Bottom to Touchstone. The man comedy has never been so richly presented as in pages of Shakespeare's comedies.

His moral outlook:—Coleridge, writing on this po says:

"Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted w that of the writers of his own, or the succeeding age those of the present day, who boast their superiority in t respect. He neither excites nor flatters passion in orde degrade the subject of it. He keeps at all times on high road of life. Ho has no innocent adulteries, no inte ting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to d or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beau and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakesp fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands s by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections wounded in those points in which all may, nay, feel."

This is an admirable analysis of Shakespear's m outlook. Of course, he is not a preacher of moralit the conventional type. But he condemns immorality v paying those who embody its manifestations.

Defects and blemishes in his plays:—Shakespeare the most practical dramatist who had a particular aud in view to please and most of the defects pointed ou critics arise as a result of this purpose. The tastes c public were very wild, barbarous and childish, and the a corresponding amount of verbal jugglery, mordi punning and far-fetched conceits. His own contemp Ben Joson noted some of these defects, while praisi merits of the plays. He said:

"I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would that he had blotted a thousand."

History writing and public taste were responsible for many of the crudities of the plays. Trivial jokes, narrative hindering action, flights of rhetoric ill-fitted to dramatic plot—are some of the blemishes in his dramas. But let us beware of blaming a lily because it is not a rose! As Ben Joson himself rightly remarked :

"He redeemed his vices by his virtues ; there is ever more in him to be praised than pardoned."

(D) Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist

The Mechanism of his Tragedies and Comedies :—The dramatic art of Shakespeare can only be appreciated when we remember the state of drama before he entered the theatre. English drama upto his day was divided into Miracle plays and Mystery plays and Interludes and Histories They were all very crude in craftsmanship and religious in motive. They were meant to elevate rather than entertain. Shakespeare retains some of the elements of these form in his plays. However, his predecessors like Marlowe, Lily, Green, Kyd and Peele, had evolved a form of drama whose distinction was that it was mainly secular as constrasted from the religious motive of the earlier drama. Shakespeare took many hints from the artistic means of his predecessors, such as the blank verse of Marlowe, the prose dialogue of Lyly and the songs which are introduced into the plays.

In the realm of tragedy, the pre-Shakespearian drama was one in which blood and thunder dominated, and crude display of horror was its main note. Fallen greatness was its theme, and the success of the tragedy depended entirely upon the amount of bloodshed on the stage. Ghosts were generously used to create horror and terror and comedy was kept scrupulously out of the scenes.

Shakespeare changed all this in his tragedies. He retained the elements of surprise, mystery and terror, but

His characterisation :- The earlier playwrights s wooden, lifeless abstractions on the stage, but Shakespe: as a modern poet happily puts it, sends "human wh ness" walking on the boards. When we see them we sure they are real human beings, full of humour, pass and humanity, acting and reacting much as we would, w we to be placed in their predicaments. It is this vita of his men and women which grips our attention and ke us spell-bound throughout the course of the performa There is rich variety in their characters ranging from ki to clowns, walking on the stage lost in their priv humours and visions. That is why they impress our im: nation with indelible imprints of their personality : figure.

Test of his dramatic genius :—The test of Shakespe: dramatic genius is that after three hundred years of change fashions and tastes, he remains as fresh today as when plays were first put on the Elizabethan boards. He is of and ages of all times, and this universal quality of his dra is unique in the history of world's literature. Every schoo criticism, every clique of dramatic writing takes inspirat from him. The romantic, the classical, the modern, realistic, the ultra-modernist - all types and symbols of lite art find their inspiration in his dramas. Shakespeare app to everyone, irrespective of age, sex, nationality and r: And the wonder is that like Nature, his genius is an enig and a mystery. An ordinary young man without formal e cation goes to London and after a few days writes some of masterpieces of dramatic art! That is the mystery ab Shakespeare, and we might not try to explain it all. We r see and read and enjoy his plays but to trace their source appeal to any fixed principle of art is a vain attempt, for masterful art he conceals himself in his creations. We r form some general patterns of thought and feeling in dramas but he is so superbly dramatic that we cannot know own thoughts and feelings from any given scene or charac This indeed is the greatest of his dramatic genius.

His Plays of Revelation :—It is quite obvious f what has been said above that it is vain to trace the pers

thoughts and feelings of Shakespeare from a study of his plays. But the question is so very fascinating that great minds have been exercised by its speculation and gussed at the secrets of his heart and mind. Wordsworth believed that Shakespeare revealed his own self in the sonnets, but even this is denied by Browning. If Shakespeare could not be revealed in his sonnets, which are lyrical and personal, how much less could he be said to reveal himself in his dramas which are emphatically objective and impersonal in form !

Mōultan has warned us against what he calls the fallacy of quotation which is practised by those who ascribe the thoughts of the characters to their creator. And it is mostly from such ascriptions that the so-called revelations of Shakespeare are shown by some hopeful critics. When for instance, Hamlet says, "Frailty, thy name is woman", it is hastily pronounced that Shakespeare is a woman-hater, forgetting that let alone the galaxy of immortal women in the, other plays, in *Hamlet* itself he created Ophelia as against Gertrude :

In other words, there is no self-revelation in the dramas of Shakespeare in the popular sense. It would be undra-matic if it were so. Shakespeare is unlike Shaw, for instance who plainly tells us what he likes and dislikes. Shakespeare's plays are not dramatised discussions of this or that thesis. There is no autobiographical elements in them. As one of h recent critics puts it :

"Archival studies planned to elucidate his life, ha chiefly brought to light the personalities of others. We a aware that his plays are the results of deep experience, b their biographical causes are beyond our knowledge. Wit the knowledge of horses or of medicine, Shakespeare know that which is useful for his strictly artistic purposes, a we must not press him further. *He conceals his own perso* We should like to know what was his creed in that age o religious strife, but he offers us with regard to ghosts th Carholic Orthodoxy of Old Hamlet, the scepticism of Horati and the Lutherean mistrust of Hamlet himself leaving n certainty of the Shakespearian view. It was not likely to ha

been negative, but he had no wish to expose it for publi inspection. *As a playwright his function was not to revea himself, but to seize upon everything that would give life and interes to his puppets.*"

The italics in the above are ours, and it is to be noted that there is no effort or purpose on the part of Shakespeare to reveal himself in his plays. In this he stands alone, apar from Marlowe or Jonson in his own age, from Shaw in our own. We cannot put our fingers on particular passages in his plays and point out that this or that what Shakespeare thought or felt or did.

But all the same there is no denying that we can form a general impression of the climate of his soul and the history of his mind by a study of all his works. We are not far from the truth when we say that he reveals the bias of his thought in some of his fools and lesser characters! Touchstone in *As You like It* is a clue to Shakespeare's mind when he says:

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale."

And in the person of Prospero we may find what Shekespeare was with regard to his outlook on life:

"We are are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

This is as far as we can go in tracing the outlook of Shakespeare. We can surely make a broad sketch of the development of this mind from a study of his plays. We can certainly point out that there is brilliance and vital joy in the earlier period, a serenity in the second period, an abrupt change to bitterness in the third, and an apparent reconciliation at last. This much we can say but no further. We do not know why he became so bitter in the tragic period, for example, and it will be mere guess work to do so. The plays themselves are superbly dramatic and their art so profound that there is no hint as to the causes that led him to write what he did.

Shakespeare's Audience :—The Elizabethan play-going public was a rich motley of varied tastes and temperaments. It was an age of adventure and action and England was young in spirit with the boundles hope of youth before it. The audience liked spectacles of rapid action, heroism and adventure. If the sailors of Queen Elizabeth mapped the seas of the world, the dramatists mapped the mind of man. They showed the heights and depths of passion and this was what the audience needed

The majority of the audience, the groundings as they were called, had very rough and rude tastes. They liked nothing better tham crude scenes of horror and mystery, and so ghosts pleased then more than anything else. Also they liked shedding blood in that age of cock-fighting. bull-baiting and fox-hunting. Duels and fights were a very common feature of the age. So in the plays we find any number of deaths, murders, hanging, executions and so on. Kyd and Marlowe gave enough of blood and thunder for this audience, and Shakespeare too, does not deny them their fair share of blood and horror. But he uses them for finner issues.

In fun. too, the audience was childish in its love of horse-play. They liked scenes of rollicking mirth, practical jokes, verbal wit and side splitting laughter. So it is that we find in the comedies very rich fun indeed. Bottom with the ass's head is a typical example of the taste of the audience in Shakespeare's day.

Along with this love for rhetoric and bombast and blood-shed and rollicking fun, the audience also liked songs, dances and pageants. That is why the plays are full of songs and spectacular scenes. In this high as well as low were one. They all loved rich pageantry and sweet songs.

Shakespeare and modern dramatists :—When we compare Shakespeare with modern dramatists we find that Shakespeare's plays are written in verse while those of the moderns are written in prose. This is a fundamental change and it reflects the no less fundamental change in the outlook of the Elizabethans and the moderns. The Elizabethans were believers in the divine right of kings and aristo-

been negative, but he had no wish to expose it for publi inspection. *As a playwright his function was not to reve himself, but to seize upon everything that would give life and interes to his puppets.*"

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This is as far as we can go in tracing the outlook of Shakespeare. We can surely make a broad sketch of the development of this mind from a study of his plays. We can certainly point out that there is brilliance and vital joy in the earlier period, a serenity in the second period, an abrupt change to bitterness in the third, and an apparent reconciliation at last. This much we can say but no further. We do not know why he became so bitter in the tragic period, for example, and it will be mere guess work to do so. The plays themselves are superbly dramatic and their art so profound that there is no hint as to the causes that led him to write what he did.

Shakespeare's Audience :—The Elizabethan play-going public was a rich motley of varied tastes and temperaments. It was an age of adventure and action and England was young in spirit with the boundles hope of youth before it. The audience liked spectacles of rapid action, heroism and adventure. If the sailors of Queen Elizabeth mapped the seas of the world, the dramatists mapped the mind of man. They showed the heights and depths of passion and this was what the audience needed

The majority of the audience, the groundings as they were called, had very rough and rude tastes. They liked nothing better tham crude scenes of horror and mystery, and so ghosts pleased then more than anything else. Also they liked shedding blood in that age of cock-fighting, bull-baiting and fox-hunting. Duels and fights were a very common feature of the age. So in the plays we find any number of deaths, murders, hanging, executions and so on. Kyd and Marlowe gave enough of blood and thunder for this audience, and Shakespeare too, does not deny them their fair share of blood and horror. But he uses them for finner issues.

In fun, too, the audience was childish in its love of horse-play. They liked scenes of rollicking mirth, practical jokes, verbal wit and side splitting laughter. So it is that we find in the comedies very rich fun indeed. Bottom with the ass's head is a typical example of the taste of the audience in Shakespeare's day.

Along with this love for rhetoric and bombast and blood-shed and rollicking fun, the audience also liked songs, dances and pageants. That is why the plays are full of songs and spectacular scenes. In this high as well as low were one. They all loved rich pageantry and sweet songs.

Shakespeare and modern dramatists :—When we compare Shakespeare with modern dramatists we find that Shakespeare's plays are written in verse while those of the moderns are written in prose. This is a fundamental change and it reflects the no less fundamental change in the out-look of the Elizabethans and the moderns. The Elizabe-thans were believers in the divine right of kings and aristo-

cracy and nobility were the accepted rulers of mankind. Today, however, the spirit of democracy has replaced that of aristocracy and the modern age is that of the common man. Hence it is that modern playwrights use prose for they are addressing the *demos*, the many-headed monster of mobocracy which is no respecter of your fine speeches and poetic rhetoric. Shakespeare's characters speak verse because they are royal persons and their outlook is high and noble. The average modern hero in a modern play is a clerk or a sailor or a worker in the mines and factories. Poetry is of course out of the picture in such a prosaic situation.

Secondly, Shakespeare uses the supernatural though, of course, he gives it his own individual colour and bias. But the ghosts and fairies and witches rarely come on the modern stage. Science has killed all of them, though the modern dramatists do try now and then to introduce them into their plays. But there is a polar difference between the childlike beliefs and credulity of the Elizabethans and the average scepticism of the modern man which accounts for change in the dramatists also who cater for contemporary tastes.

These are main differences between Shakespearian dramas and those of moderns.

(E) The Real Method of Studying Shakespeare

Since literature is the reflection of life, we cannot appreciate fully the literaure of any nation or period without a knowledge of the background of the same. In the case of Shakespeare, though he is undoubtedly of all ages, we cannot appreciate his works thoroughly without knowing the conditions under which he lived and wrote.

There have been broadly two approaches to the study of Shakespeare which we may describe as the historical and the aesthetic. That is to say, it has been the practice of critics either to study the external environment in which Shakespeare lived and worked, with a view to relating the conditions to his drama; or to study the plays themselves and find within their framework those aspects of beauty and truth which give them their poetic greatness. Thus

one approach is objective, and concerns itself with such things as the date, the sources, the stage conditions etc. of the period ; and the other is the subjective approach which emphasises the artistic nature of the plays, its poetic excellences and purple passages.

It is to be noted that both these methods have the danger of missing the true value of Shakespeare's plays, for the historical approach might go to the excessive research antiquarian prolems and miss the poetic value of the plays ; while the aesthetic methods may be carried to the excessive emphasis upon inner beauties, neglecting the reality from which the beauties spring.

Obviously the ideal way to study Shakespeare is to combine both these approaches We should examine first the facts under which Sakespeare worked and then examine how he has reached to these facts. As a critic has put it : The business of the artist is to hide art and that of the critic is to find it out. But the critic should not mistake the means of art for its end. After all analysis and commentary, there is still the product of beauty and truth which emerges from works of art. So merely to explain how a work of art is beautiful is not to appreciate its values.

Shakespeare's England :—The intellectual awakening of England from its Medieval slumber resulted in a wonderful spirit of adventure and curiosity in the age of Elizabeth when Sakespeare lived and wrote his plays. The sense of adventure was both physical and spiritual. As E. C. Dunn remarks :

"The Elizabethans were spiritual geographers. They charted the countries of the mind as well as remapped the earth. The desire to enlarge life was strong in them ; for they risked the little security of their souls to discover new emotions and ideas, and came home staggering under the load."

That load was both of the Spanish gold brought by the sailors as well as of the thought and feeling introduced by the writers of the age. The keynote to Elizabethan life was adventure, physical, intellectual and spiritual. And this was helped by many factors of which the most notable

were the Discovery of the New World and the Invention of Printing. This resulted in the widespread curiosity for knowledge which expressed itself in voluminous translations which enriched Elizabethan thought. Shakespeare's plays are full of these new thoughts embodied in the works of other countries and races. Thus the effects of the Europeon Renaissance were fully felt in Elizabethan England end affected Shakespeare's thought.

Also the Elizabethans were primarily men of action and men who felt like prisoners let loose from darkness and looking upon the wonder and beauty of life at home and abroad. The emancipation from Rome acted like heady wine on the free thinkers, and though they clung to superstitions, they yet dared to speculate freely upon man's destiny and will. That is why their literature is chiefly dramatic since darama shows people acting, enjoying and suffering. As Maurice Carpenter puts :

"Tom Kyd, Will Shakespeare, young Kit Marlowe too
Roaring in taverns with the common folk.
Send human wholeness walking on the boards.
While the gold comes home in English hearts of oak."

Thus Shakespeare's England was one in which the effects of the Renaissance and the Reformation were fully realised, and the Discovery of the New World and Invention of Printing made revolutionary changes in the outlook of the people.

The Early History of the English Drama :—English Drama was like all other drama, religious in origin. The aim of this drama was to impart religious instruction by representing scenes from the Bible and the lives of the Saints before the public. The earlier plays were called Morality Plays and Mystery Plays because they preached morality and dramatised the lives of the Saints and the impressive spectacle of Christ's life and teachings.

These plays were firstly presented in the church itself. From there in course of time they came to be performed in the marketplace. The guilds of the Medieval society were

entrusted with the performance of these plays and each craft presented a play according to its trade. These plays were shown on scaffolds in the open air.

Gradually the Mystery Plays were replaced by the Interludes and Moralities. In the Mystery Plays the serious and the comic were mingled, but in the next stage, these elements were separated, the interludes representing the lighter side of life and Moralities the serious side The Morality Plays died at the end of the Elizabethan age, their last influence being seen in the plays of Marlowe.

With the Renaissance there were introduced the Greek and Roman plays, and these now became the models for the English Drama With the introduction of these we have the regular English Drama, and the earliest example of English Tragedy is usually taken from a play called *Corboduc*, produced in 1562. And the first English comedy was Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* in 1565.

These plays were soon popular, and the English writers began to construct plays on the models of classical as well as continental plays. In addition to these, the Historical play was popularised by the growing national consciousness of the Elizabethans. Thus the writers who preceded Shakespeare prepared the way for his great Dramas. Among these the most famous were Marlowe (in Tragedy), Lyle and Lodge (in Comedy) and Peele (in History). Shakespeare took the best of these writers and constructed his Tragedies, Comedies and Histories.

The Elizabethan Stage :—There were no regular, independent play-houses in England until the year 1576. Plays till then were performed either in Inns of court or in the Royal palace or in halls belonging to some nobleman or other. But in the Fifteen seventies there was a crisis in the theatrical world, and the first regular, public theatre was built as a result of this crisis. The City Fathers of London were very strict in licensing the performance of plays in London, and the players and actors were not favourably looked upon by him. It was then that James Burbage, the most famous Elizabethan actor, decided to build a theatre outside the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London. This was a

The great names in the list are those of Ben Jonson, Dryden Morygaun, Pope, Johnson, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Lamb, De-Quincey, Carlyle, Bradley, G. B. Harrison, Nicoll, Moulton and Doner, Wilson.

Taken century wise, the criticism of Shakespeare may be described as follows :

In his own age, that is upto 1600 or so, his critics were appreciative as well as critical. That is to say, they admired the beauties without forgetting the faults of the great dramatist. This type of judicial criticism, with its impartiality and commonsense attitude, was taken up and continued in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Dryden in the 17th and Pope and Johnson in the 18th, are the greatest critics of Shakespeare. Differing in details, all these hold equally the same broad general views on Shakespear's dramas. Their main points of criticism is that Shakespeare was an irregular genius who somehow or other still excelled every 'regular' artist. They held that Shakospeare had broken every known classical precept about drama, and that yet he produced the greatest of plays. In other words, the irregularities of Shakespeare were felt to be right but were argued to be wrong.

In the Nineteenth century, a reaction was brought against everything found in the eighteenth century, and so, where 19th century critics had regarded Shakespeare as a man with all the errors due to man, the 19th century critics began to regard Shakespeare as a divinity with no faults. Thus it was the dramatic critics of the Romantic period, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb etc. They regarded him with superstitious veneration. They dwelt at large upon the beauties of Shakespeare, and particularly upon his characters whom they treated as historical rather than dramatic men and women. Bradley's mastorpiece ef Shakesperian criticism is the last consummate instance of this type of analytical criticism.

On the whole there was really no difference between the critics of the 18th and the 19th centuries. The latter merely illustrated that the former had pointed out as the excellences of Shakespeare. Pope had said for instance,

tian to whom he has taken a fancy. We do not yet kn how Sebastian is to be got into the main plot.

Viola realies the complication of her situation when s receives the gift, so-called, from Olivia through Malvol Her sense of delicacy and honour prevents her from reveali Olivia's love for herself.

Next we see how Malvolio provokes Sir Toby and S Andrew by taking exception to their ribaldries and drinki bouts. It is thus that Sir Toby begins to plan a vengean upon Malvolio. Maria invents a plot to befool Malvoli knowing his conceited self-love, she proposes to write a lett in the handwriting of her mistress. In it Malvolio is to that Olivia loves him. Malvolio is foolish enough to belie this. He reads the letter, and decides to follow the instru tions given therein. His enemies watch him unseen, and S Toby is so well pleased that he declares his intention of ma rying Maria for her brains.

Olivia openly declares her love for Viola, and Viola, fo reasons well-known to us, refuses her offer. But this courtin offends Sir Andrew, who is thinking of marrying Olivia. S Sir Andrew is egged on by Sir Toby to challenge Viola. Thi leads to a further comic interlude, namely, a duel betwee Sir Andrew (who is a coward) and Viola (a woman in man' disguise).

Sebastian and Antonio are brought together, and th former proposes to go on sight-seeing in the city. Anton entrusts his purse to Sebastian and tells him to meet at a inn. As yet Sebastian is kept out of the main plot.

The sub-plot now thickens. Malvolio, following the ins tructions of the love-letter, appears before Olivia cross-gar tered and smiling—both of which Olivia dislikes He begin to talk fantastically, and is taken to be mad. She leaves him to the care of his enemies who propose to confine him in a room as a dangerous lunatic. This leads to the climax of th sub-plot.

Next we meet Sir Andrew with a written challenge Viola, which Sir Toby undertakes to deliver, but does not do so. He, however, tells Viola that Sir Andrew is a fire-eate and that nothing less than a mortal duel will pacify him. He also tells Sir Andrew that Viola is a violent fellow. However this matter is settled in a ridiculous way, when each comba

tant is told to draw his sword to satisfy the convention of duelling. This is the most comic and farcical scene in the plot, while at the same time it unites the main plot (Viola) with the sub-plot.

Antonio now comes on this comic scene and takes it seriously. Mistaking Viola for her brother, Sebastian, whom he befriends, Antonio offers to intervene on behalf of Viola, and in doing so is arrested by the Duke's officers. Viola does not understand Antonio's reference to his purse, but she begins to hope that she might have been mistaken for her brother, Sebastian. This consoles her with a hope that he might yet be alive, like herself.

(c) CLIMAX :—

The events covering the first three Acts are clear pointers heading towards the climax. These include the open confession of Olivia's love for Viola, Viola being challenged by Sir Andrew, Antonio's mistake in identifying Sebastian, his arrest and the deliberate fooling and maddening of Malvolio. In these events we see the complications deepening and the relating of the principal plot with the secondary plot.

The climax is brought about when no less than three characters are seen committing the mistake in identifying Sebastian, who thus comes into the main plot. And we should note here the dramatic economy of Shakespeare in using the same character, Sebastian, for both complication and resolution of all the tangle arising from mistaken identity. It happens like this.

In the Fourth Act the Clown, Sir Andrew and Olivia all mistake Sebastian for Viola. We saw Sebastian last proposing to wander about the city, and it is during his wandering that he comes across the Clown who mistakes him for Viola. Sir Andrew, committing the same error, challenges Sebastian for a duel and to his surprise gets beaten in the bargain. Olivia enters, puts a stop to the quarrel and Sebastian is requested by her to follow her, which he does, bewildered at this but happily surprised. This is the climax of the main plot, to which is added that of the sub-plot in the confinement of Malvolio in a dark room as a lunatic. More fooling of Malvolio follows when the Clown disguises himself as a Priest and admonishes him as such. The climax reaches its culminatio

at the end of the IV Act when Olivia gets Sebastian formally betrothed to her before a priest.

(d) RESOLUTION:

In the last Act the tangle of errors is solved, and Sebastian is the principal agent in this solution.

The Duke, with Viola, calls upon Olivia. Before he meets her, Antonio is brought before him and claims the friendship of Viola, declaring that he has been his constant friend for three months. The Duke dismisses him by declaring, on his part, that Viola has been in his service for those three months! Now Olivia comes and claims Viola as her lawful husband! The Duke thinks that Viola has played him false and proposes to punish him. And to add to the confusion, Sir Andrew and Sir Toby come with broken heads and mistake Viola for Sebastian. It is now that Sebastian enters, and the similarity between Viola and Sebastian surprises everybody, including Viola and Sebastian, since each so far has believed the other to be drowned in the shipwreck. However, Sebastian recognises his sister and brother and sister are thus united. The Duke transfers his love from Olivia to Viola. Olivia marries Sebastian. Malvolio's letter to Olivia is read and the conspirators confess their part played in the trick. Everybody is thus happy except Malvolio who goes away threatening to avenge his insult. However, he is sent after to be pacified, and thus the play comes to an end, with no less than three weddings in prospect: The Duke with Viola, Olivia with Sebastian and Sir Toby with Maria.

(J) Nature and Importance of the Sub-plot in this Play.

In the plays of Shakespeare there is a parallel between the main plot and the sub-plot. The latter is important for introducing variety, and for its direct or indirect satire upon the characters of the main plot. By introducing a double plot, Shakespeare deepens the realism of the life dramatised. We see that the events described in the main plot are not unique, but that they are common enough. The drama gains in life-likeness in the presentation of the sub-plot which duplicates the main plot.

The function of the sub-plot thus takes on the colour and quality of a chorus. We know that a Chorus embodies the spirit of criticism and comment upon the theme and character

of the main plot. It was so in the Greek drama. As W. B. Yeats puts it : The Greek drama got the emotion of multitude from its chorus. The Shakespearean drama gets the emotion of multitude out of its sub-plot, which copies the main plot. It may therefore be said that the sub-plot is the main plot working itself out in the world of common humanity.

In *Twelfth Night* we find this point well illustrated. The theme of the main plot is romantic love. We find this theme parodied in the sub-plot. The love of the Duke and Olivia is parodied in the absurd passion of Sir Andrew on the one hand, and of poor Malvolio on the other.

Not, however, only this. There are other aspects of high life which are also parodied in the sub-plot. For example, the practice af bear-baiting and duelling, common in Shakespeare's day, is shown in its absurd aspect in the challenges of Sir Andrew, and the farcical interlude following from this. Very frequently Shakespeare throws a searching light upon court-life of great men, and their sophisticated qualities In *As You Like It*, for example, courtiers' etiquettes are ridiculed by the fool, Touchstone. Here in *Twelfth Night* we find a subtle challenge to the right life of Puritanism in the person of Malvolio.

Indeed it would seem that the fooling of Malvolio was the principal point in Shakespeare's mind. It was not for nothing that the play was acted several times under the title of "The Gulling of Malvolio"! Merry England in the persons of Maria, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew is having its fling at the sect of Puritans with their psalm singing solemnity. The household of Olivia is venue for the sub-plot, and it is also finally the venue for the consummation of the main plot. Sentimentality in Olivia and solemn self-love in Malvolio are both subjected to ridicule by the set of minor characters who form the sub-plot. It is only fair to remember that it is the excesses of Puritanism that are shown to be absurd.

In this way we see that the sub-plot in this play, as in almost every play of Shakespeare, serves the purpose of criticism, variety and realism.

(K) Songs in "Twelfth Night."

The Elizabethans loved music, and the dramatists introduced songs into their plays. Shakespeare uses them in most

of his plays, including tragedies. His love of music is attested to in the unstinted eulogy of it which he puts in the mouths of his characters. The man who has no love of music, we are told by one of the characters, is fit for murders and crimes !

In *Twelfth Night* music is the food of love, which is the central theme of the play. No wonder that the play opens with music, precedes with music and ends with music. Thus the most obvious relevance of songs is the creation of a romantic atmosphere to suit the romantic theme and situation of the characters. There are no less than eight lovers in the play, The Duke, Voila, Sirs Toby and Andrew, Maria, Olivia, Sebastian and Malvolio. And it is the leader of these, the Duke, who keeps himself surrounded with musicians. So the songs serve the purpose of creating and sustaining the atmosphere of love in its various aspects.

For example, the first song in the play,

"What is love ? 'tis not hereafter"

admirably brings out the mood of a lover like the Duke who dallies in the sweet realm of sentimental love. There is in this song a subtle judgment upon such love. It is the Fool, Feste, who makes the wise remark that Journeys end in lovers' meeting ! The point of course being that the Duke is foolish in not meeting his beloved, but merely toying with the dreams of love. The remaining songs take their cue from this central *motif*, as it were, of the drama. "Youth is a stuff that will not endure". So one is to be told to gather rose buds while one may ! The songs, in other words, are suited to the mood of the lovers.

The song, "Come away, come away Death", also describes the languid mood of the sentimental Duke—the hopelessness of love. It is thus suited to the melancholy state of the Duke.

And then we have several catches and snatches of songs sung, again, by Feste, but accompanied by the characters of the sub-plot, Sir Toby and company. If one purpose of the songs is to emphasise the romantic theme of love, the other is to emphasise the mood of mirth and jollity—the mood of Merry England made significant against the background of the Puritan Malvolio—hater of songs. And so Malvolio is answered by the apparently meaningless snatches of old songs by Sir Toby and the Clown. This happens when Malvolio

comes to denounce Sir Toby and his revels. Indeed this is the very spirit of *Twelfth Night*, if we remember that the play was intended to be performed as a piece embodying the spirit of festivity, dance and song, associated with the *Twelfth Night* of Christmas.

The final song of Feste is full of pathos – *the rain it raineth everyday*. Though some critics dismiss this as a meaningless gag put in the mouth of the Fool to round off the play, we cannot but feel its appropriateness with the atmosphere of the play. For romantic love has its own wistfulness, its touches of pathos and sights and sobbings—poor fancy's followers. Professor Knight reads into this a symbolic image of Shakespeare commiserating himself upon his role of a comedian, just as his Feste plays in this comedy. This is, of course, a mystical interpretation, but apart from such an interpretation, the song has its own propriety which is suggested in the effort of the dramatist to please his audience.

But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day !

As Richmond Noble rightly says, the wise nonsense contained in this ditty; serves as a commentary on the events of the play, and that it is a fitting corollary to the first song, "O Mistress mine".

One other point about the songs is that they are pointers to the theatrical history of Shakespeare's company. It is suggested that his company had a boy actor who was good at songs and possessed a sweet voice, and that the songs were put in his mouth. There is nothing improbable in this, specially when we remember that a company made of boy-actors was actually staging plays at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

So we conclude that songs in Shakespeare are introduced to suit the the business of the particular plays – that is, they are embodiments of the moods of the characters and themes of the plays. In *Twelfth Night* there is a combination of two themes – of romantic love, and the other of mirthful jollity, and the songs between themselves supply both these *motifs*—embodied in the main plot and sub-plot of the comedy. Several of the songs are traced to a collection of songs which was popular in the days of Shakespeare.

Various kinds of Love in Twelfth Night

(L) Variatious played upon the Theme of Love in "Twelfth Night."

There are different types of love introduced in *Twelfth Night* as there are different types of Humour introduced in *As You Like it*. Four types of love could be distinguished in this comedy. These are represented by the Duke, Viola Olivia and Malvolio, leaving aside Sir Toby who is on the side more of folly than of love.

(1) The love of the Duke is not real love of the kind which Shakespeare habitually concieves of in his plays. It may be said that the Duke is in love with love itself, rather than with its embodiment in flesh and blood. He is like the innumerable sonneteers of the days of Elizabeth, including Shakespeare himself. Love as described by these sonneteers was a shadow of the substance of that passion. Its keynote was an excess of sentimentality Love was analysed and dissected in the laboratory of the heart. The Duke says nice things about love. It is his humour, his habit, to love. That is why he is content to love by proxy! It has been well said of him that he recalls Lorenzo (*The Merchant of Venice*) in the beauty of his language and thought of love, but that he was not the man to elope with even a willing Jessica. This sums up the type of fanciful, imaginative and sentimental lover displayed in the character of the Duke as a lover in *Twelfth Night*. Viola rightly, and ironically, says that he loves Olivia with "adoration, fertile tears, with groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire." The Duke, in short, is idle, passive, full of beautiful sentiments and fancies, but never shows that active, passionate love which is the hall-mark of a Romeo or an Antony. No wonder that Olivia is not impressed by this type of sentimental wooing through a proxy, a shadow.

(2) In Olivia, secondly, we see the impulsive and wilful lady of the upper classes, loving a sensuous life in which neither the intellect nor the soul has a part. She is self-indulgent and idle. Her grief for a dead brother is an idle one. This is her idea of love! At any rate the Duke measures her love by this standard. He exclaims that she who loves a dead brother should love a living lover most ardently, which, of course, is absurd. Olivia's love has no constancy, is whimsical and its absurdity is shown in her falling in love with a woman! As Stopford Brooke remarks: Olivia's outlook is

How far does *Twelfth Night* illustrate the conception of a mantic comedy ? The answer is that it is a perfect illustra-on of a romantic comedy. Literally, a romantic comedy mbines the two elements of romance and comedy ; which is much as to say that the theme of such a comedy is love (in s various aspects) and mirth and fun and jollity. In *Twelfth ght* both these are wonderfully mingled. The theme of love taken up in the story of Viola, Olivia, Orsino and Malvolio, hile the story of Sir Toby and Maria is pure fun. These two e united and harmonised by making Malvolio the centre of oth these stories.

Twelfth Night employs the technique of romantic comedies. ere we have the motifs of disguise and mistaken identity—a uitful source of comic situations. Self-deception is another otif in the case of Malvolio, involving comic situations. rther, we have the element of humour which is Shakes-are's special contribution to romantic comedy. The h mour to be distinguished from wit, which is employed in classical medy, whose aim is to satirise the follies of mankind. But re implies a certain cold indifference which is devoid sympathy for the representatives of human follies. In lfth Night, for example, we do laugh at the vanity of lvolio, the stupidity of Sir Andrew and the sentimental tude of the Duke. But we also sympathise with these racters, while such sympathy is denied by satire proper. mour is born of humanity, and Shakespeare's broad huma-s indulgent of human folly and limitations. To err is man. Thus the humour of romantic comedy is informed th sympaty.

Finally, *Twelfth Night* is romantic in its setting and sce-ry. Shakespeare's practice is to set the story in no recog-sable, geographical area. It is in some remote, ideal land, a tant sea-coast, a forest.

The Illyria of *Twelfth Night* is apparently Italian, but real-it contains no local colour nor topicality by which we could ect its reality. Obviously the nature of romantic stories uires an idealised back-ground. This is necessary for ifying what would otherwise be regarded as improbable unreal. Anything may, and does, happen in a land of y. There is thus little point in pointing out the impro-ilities and inconsistencies in romantic comedies.

Thus *Twelfth Night* is a perfect romantic comedy, containing as it does all the well-known devices to be found this type.

(O) Social back-ground in "Twelfth Night."

If the names of some of the principal characters a of the localities in romantic comedies are Italian, and atmosphere ideal, the deeds and thoughts and manners every character are real and natural. In other words, t social back-ground of Shakespeare's romantic comedies not romantic but realistic. If we remember this, the co-calle improbabilities disappear. For example, Olivia in *Twelf Night* is a lady of Illyria, but Sir Toby, uncle of Olivia, is Englishman of a recognisable type. So are Maria, Sir A drew and Malvolio. And Olivia herself is English in he manners and character. The household of Olivia is accurate picture of a noble household of Elizabethan time with its stewards, its butlers, its retainers, its lady's maids an its servants. The audience of Shakespeare's theatre we well acquainted with such a household. It is English aristo cracy which is reprented in such a picture.

Now social historians of England have pointed out th the kind of marriage which Malvolio contemplates actuall obtained in several noble English families. Examples cited of rich ladies marrying their stewards and gentleme ushers. In the play itself we are told that "the lady Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe." A knowled of such cases may be presupposed on the part of an Elizabe than audience. This knowledge makes the comedy piquan and significant. Thus the social background of *Twelfth N* neutralises the fantastic improbability of the situation bringing home to our mind the truth of the statement tha facts are stranger than fiction ;

(P) Characters in "Twelfth Night."

The Duke—Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, is a man of exqui site culture and sensibilities. He loves to surround himself w musicians, even if they are like Feste, clowns and fools. He is a fine example of the idle aristocracy who, having nothin serious to do, indulge themselves in a world of desires whic like "fell and cruel hounds" pursue them, "their father an their prey." We therefore find him self-centred, interest

Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a mounment,
Smiling at grief."

ere is in Viola the balance of sensibility, gaiety and ength. It is an admirable trait for which she deserves our pect and sympathy alike. Ideal though her love is, she is t devoid of fact and common sense. When she finds Olivia's sdirected love for herself, she behaves very tactfully. She ietly keeps the ring sent by Olivia, without compromising e caaracter of Olivia.

Her standard of morality is very high. She hates ratitude. When, for example, Antonio accuses her of this e, she says:

"I hate ingratitude more in a man
Thy lying vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood."

nd she herself follows what she preaches. She prefers to ndure her silent agony of unexpressed love to taking advantge of her position with Olivia, which would have proved er ungrateful to her master.

In a word, the character of Viola is made up of all the ualities of beauty; wit, grace and poetry with which Shakespare endows his heroines of romantic comedies.

Malvolio—Malvolio is a much maligned character, whom itics have regarded with little understanding and less ympathy. Except for Charles Lamb, who sees in Malvolio a igure of tragic interest, there is an unequivocal condemnation f his character from almost every critic of Shakespeare. ike Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, Malvolio might be egarded as a person more sinned against than sinning.

Now who are the characters in the play itself who ppose Malvolio? They are the secondary ones, with Sir Toby at their head. And it is Maria who plays the pracical joke against him and thus exposes him to fun and idicule. But the point is that Malvolio is made a fool or loving (or pretending to love) his mistress, Olivia. overs, in Shakespeare's eyes, are lunatics and mad men.

VIOLA. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape *unfoldeth*[1] to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The *like of*[2] him. Know'st thou this countr
CAPTAIN. Aye, madam, well; for I was bred and b
Not *three hourstravell*[3] from this very place.
VIOLA. Who governs here ?
CAPTAIN. A noble Duke, in *nature*[4] as in *name*.[5]
VIOLA. What is his name ?
CA AIN. Orsino.
OLA. Orsina! I have heard my father name hi :
He was a bachelor *then*.[6]

1. *Unfoldeth*—Shows. 2. *Like of*—a similar escape of. *Three hours' travel*—distance covered by a period of three hour 4. *Nature*—Character ; virtues. 5. *Name*—mention; speak 6. *Then*—when my father spoke of him.

VIOLA. Take this gold, for the good news you give me of m brother. My own safe escape from drowning leads me t hope that my brother also is safe in the same way, and you words strengthen this hope of mine. Do you know mor about this country?

CAPTAIN. Yes, madam, I know it well enough, because I wa born and brought up at a place which is within three hour journey from this place.

VIOLA. Who is the ruler of this country?

CAPTAIN. A noble Duke who is distinguished by his nam much as by his character and accomplishments.

VIOLA. What is his name?

CAPTAIN. Orsino.

VIOLA. Orsino ! I have often heard my father speak about him. At that time he was an unmarried man.

PTAIN. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence.
And then 'twas *fresh in murmur*[1],—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will *prattle of*[2],—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

OLA. What's she?

APTAIN. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath *abjured*[3] the *company*[4]
And sight of men.

OLA. O that I served that lady,
And might not be *delivered*[5] to the world,
Till I had made mine own *occasion*[6] *mellow*[7],
What my *estate*[8] is!

Fresh in murmur—recent rumour or report. 2. *Prattle of*—k about; repeat. 3. *Abjured*—given up. 4 *Company*—society. *Delivered*—discovered. 6. *Occasion*—opportunity. 7.—*Mellow* ipe; right time. 8. *Estate*—position.

PTAIN. He is still a bachelor, or was so till very recently. I left this place only a month ago, and then it was a current rumour among the common people (who are fond of talking about what great people do) that he was courting the love f the beautiful Olivia.

And who is this Olivia?

. She is a virtuous maiden, daughter to a count who d about a year ago, leaving her under the protection of s son, her brother, who also died shortly after. In order keep the memory of her dead brother, it is said that she has vowed not to come out into the society of men.

OLA. O, how I wish to serve this lady, and to keep my position in secret until it was improved, so that the occasion was suitable to reveal myself.

SIR TOBY. *No question.*[1]

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'ld *forswear*[2] it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. *Pourquoi,*[3] my dear knight ?

SIR ANDREW. What is 'pourquoi ? do or not do ? I would I had bestowed that time in the *tongues*[4] that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting ; O, had I but followed the arts !

SIR TOBY. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW. Why, would that have mended my hair ?

SIR TOBY. Past question ; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW. But it *becomes*[5] me well enough, does't not ?

1. *No question*—undoubtedly. 2. *Forswear*—abandon. 3. *Pourquoi*—why. 4. *Tongues*—languages. 5. *Becomes*—suits; befits.

SIR TOBY. No doubt about that.

SIR ANDREW. If it is so, I will certainly give up eating beef. I shall ride home to-morrow.

SIR TOBY. Why, my dear knight ?

SIR ANDREW. What does "Pourquoi" mean ? Is it "do" or "not do" ? I wish I had spent that time in learning foreign languages which I have spent in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting. How I wish I have cultivated the fine arts.

SIR TOBY. Then you would have excellent hair on your head.

SIR ANDREW. Do you say so ? How will it improve my hair ?

SIR TOBY. Undoubted, it will. Because you see your hair will not curl in a natural way.

SIR ANDREW. But, don't you think that it suits me well enough, as it is ?

SIR TOBY. Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a *distaff*[1]; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen ; or if she be, it's four to one she' ll none of me : the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY. She 'll *none o' the count*[2] : she 'll not *match*[3] above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

SIR ANDREW. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

1. *Distaff*—stick used in spinning. 2. *None o' the count*—have nothing to do with the count. 3. *Match*—marry.

SIR TOBY. Excellently well ; it hangs like flax on a distaff, ready for spinning, and I hope that some day a housewife will take you and begin to spin off your hair.

SIR ANDREW. I propose to go home tomorrow, since your niece refuses to see me ; and even if she does, there seems to be very little chance of her accepting me, particularly as the great count himself, her neighbour, is courting her.

SIR TOBY. She will never accept the count, I know. She will not marry anyone who is superior to her in social position wealth or understanding. I have heard her declare thus emphatically. Don't give up hope, man, while there is life there is hope.

SIR ANDREW. If you say so, then I will wait and see for a month longer. I am a man having a very strange and curious mind. I take great delight in seeing masques and in drinking parties sometimes wholly.

SIR TOBY. *No question.*[1]

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'ld *forswear*[2] it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. *Pourquoi,*[3] my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW. What is 'pourquoi? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the *tongues*[4] that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting; O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TOBY. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW. Why, would that have mended my hair?

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SIR ANDREW. But it *becomes*[5] me well enough, does't not?

1. *No question*—undoubtedly. 2. *Forswear*—abandon. 3. *Pourquoi*—why. 4. *Tongues*—languages. 5. *Becomes*—suits; befits.

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SIR ANDREW. Do you say so? How will it improve my hair?

SIR TOBY. Undoubted, it will. Because you see your hair will not curl in a natural way.

SIR ANDREW. But, don't you think that it suits me well enough, as it is?

SIR TOBY. Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a *distaff*[1]; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen ; or if she be, it's four to one she' ll none of me : the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY. She 'll *none o' the count*[2] : she 'll not *match*[3] above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

SIR ANDREW. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

1. *Distaff*—stick used in spinning. 2. *None o' the count*—have nothing to do with the count. 3. *Match*—marry.

SIR TOBY. Excellently well ; it hangs like flax on a distaff, ready for spinning, and I hope that some day a housewife will take you and begin to spin off your hair.

SIR ANDREW. I propose to go home tomorrow, since your niece refuses to see me ; and even if she does, there seems to be very little chance of her accepting me, particularly as the great count himself, her neighbour, is courting her.

SIR TOBY. She will never accept the count, I know. She will not marry anyone who is superior to her in social position wealth or understanding. I have heard her declare thus emphatically. Don't give up hope, man, while there is life there is hope.

SIR ANDREW. If you say so, then I will wait and see for a month longer. I am a man having a very strange and curious mind. I take great delight in seeing masques and in drinking parties sometimes wholly.

SIR TOBY. Art thou good at these *kickshawses*[1], knight!

SIR ANDREW. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my *betters*[2]; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY. What is thy excellence in a *galliard*[3], knight?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I can *cut a caper*[4].

SIR TOBY. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR ANDREW. And I think I have the *back-trick*[5] simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

1. *Kickshawses*—trifling things. 2. *Betters*—superiors. 3. *Galliard*—a lively dance. 4. *Cut a caper*—take a high step in dancing. *Back-trick*—dancing backwards.

SIR TOBY. Are you an expert in such trifling things, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. O yes; as expert as any man in Illyria, except of course those who are better accomplished. But I would not be compared with an expert in this matter.

SIR TOBY. What is your accomplishment in a lively dance, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. O yes, I can very well dance the step of a galliard, and also cut a caper (a high step dance).

SIR TOBY. And I can cut the mutton to eat (the caper sauce).

SIR ANDREW. And I think that I can perform the trick of dancing backwards as well as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid ? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em ? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a *galliard*[1] and come home in a *coranto*[2] ? My very walk should be a jig ; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean ? Is it a world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW. Aye, 'tis strong, and it does *indifferent*[3] well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels ?

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else ? were we not born under Taurus ?

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1. *Galliard*—a kind of dance. 2. *Coranto*—another variety of dance. 3. *Indifferent*—fairly.

SIR TOBY. Why do you keep such gifts hidden from the world ? why do you hide them like a picture behind the curtains? Or do you think that, if exposed, they will be covered with dust, like the picture of Mistress Mall? Why don't you go to the church in dancing steps, and return in the same way? If I were you, I should go dancing even in my ordinary walks How strangely are you hiding your gifts? Do you think that one should hide one's virtues in this world? You should not. When I see your excellent legs, I feel sure that they were created under the influence of a star that would make one an expert in dancing a galliard.

SIR ANDREW. You are right. My legs are good, and they will look better when I put on yellow coloured stocking. Now shall we start some merry-making?

SIR TOBY. What else are we to do? Were we not born under the influence of the star, Taurus, which is favourable for the neck and the throat ? (we are born with a natural gift for singing, shouting and dancing).

VALENTINE. No, believe me.
VIOLA. I thank you. Here comes the count.

[*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, *and* ATTENDANTS]

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?
VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord ; here.
DUKE. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario ;
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have *unclasp'd*[1]
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied *access*[2], stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have *audience*[3].

1. *Unclasped*—opened ; revealed. 2. *Access*—entrance. 3. *Audience*—interview ; meeting.

VALENTINE. Not at all, if you believe me.

VIOLA. Thank you. Here comes the Count.

[*The* DUKE, CURIO *and* ATTENDANTS *enter*]

DUKE. Who can tell me where Cesario is?

VIOLA. Here I am, sir, ready to wait upon you.

DUKE. Let the others go away for a time. Now, Cesario, you know almost everything about me. In fact, I have declared to you the secret of my heart. Therefore, good youth, go to her (Olivia) now on my behalf. Do not return until you have seen her. Stand at her doors and say that your feet will be fixed there like the roots of a tree till you are admitted.

SIR ANDREW. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY. No, sir; it is legs and thighs Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—*The* DUKE'S *palace*

[*Enter* VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire*]

VALENTINE. If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are *like*[1] to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA. You either fear his *humor*[2] or my *negligence*[3], that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

1. *Like*—likely. 2. *Humour*—whim; taste. 3. *Negligence*—carelessness; inability to please him.

SIR ANDREW. Taurus! It favours the sides and the heart.

SIR TOBY. No, my dear sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see how you dance (Sir Andrew does so) Highet still, and higher! yes, that is excellent!

SCENE IV—*A room in the Duke's Palace.*

[VALENTINE *and* VIOLA *dressed as a man, enter.*]

VALENTINE. If the Duke continues to show these favours to you, Cesario, you are soon likely to be promoted. For it is only three days that he has known you, and you are already on very intimate terms with him.

VIOLA. Why do you doubt the continuance of his favours to me? Do you think that his mind is often changing? or that I may lose his favour by my own negligence? Is he really one whose moods are changing often?

VALENTINE. No, believe me.
VIOLA. I thank you. Here comes the count.

[*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, *and* ATTENDANTS]

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?
VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord ; here.
DUKE. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario ;
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have *unclasp'd*[1]
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied *access*[2], stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have *audience*[3].

1. *Unclasped*—opened ; revealed. 2. *Access*—entrance. 3. *Audience*—interview ; meeting.

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VIOLA. Thank you. Here comes the Count.

[*The* DUKE, CURIO *and* ATTENDANTS *enter*]

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VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so *abandon'd*[1] to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous and *leap*[2] all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE. O, then *unfold*[3] the passion of my love.
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to *act*[4] my woes;
She will *attend it*[5] better in thy youth
Than in a *nuncio's*[6] of more grave *aspect*[7]

VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.

1. *Abandoned*—wholly given to; addicted to. 2. *Leap*—give up; abandon. 3. *Unfold*—declare. 4. *Act*—represent. 5. *Attend it*—listen to it. 6. *Nuncio*—messenger. 7. *Aspect*—behaviour; or complexion.

VIOLA. But surely, my noble lord, if she is really so wholly given to mourning as she is reported to be, she will never care to admit me.

DUKE. Keep on shouting and do not return without an answer, even if you have to behave ever so rudely.

VIOLA Supposing I am able to speak to her, my lord, what then shall I say?

DUKE. O, you should declare before her how deeply I love her. Let her be strongly impressed with the depth and sincerity of my love. There is no one better than you to tell her my condition of grief and anguish. I know she will listen more eagerly to you who are young, rather than to one who looks more serious and older.

VIOLA. I do not think so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet *belie*[1] thy happy years,
That say thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and *rubious*,[2] thy small *pipe*[3]
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is *semblative*[4] a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right *apt*[5]
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a *barful*[6] strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

1. *Belie*—contradict. 2. *Rubious*—beautifully red. 3. *Pipe*—sweet and womanly voice. 4. *Semblative*—resembling. 5. *Apt*—fit. 6. *Barful*—full of bars, i.e., difficulties or obstructions.

DUKE. Believe my words, dear youth; those who say you are a grown up man will be wrong in their estimate of your age. For your lips are softer and more beautifully red than those of the goddess Diana herself; and your voice is sweet like a maiden's, for it is shrill and piping like a woman's; and in all respects you do look like a woman. I believe that the star under which you were born qualifies you well for this task. Let four or five men go with this lad; or better still, go away all of you, for I am most happy when I am left alone. Return with success in this affair, and I will cause you to live as freely as your master, whose whole fortune will be at your disposal

VIOLA. I promise you that I will do my best in addressing this lady on your behalf [To herself]. The task I have taken up is full of troubles and difficulties, because, being what I am (a woman), I will have to be the wife of anyone whom I court. [*Exit*

VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so *abandon'd*[1] to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous and *leap*[2] all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

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Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to *act*[4] my woes;
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VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.

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VIOLA. But surely, my noble lord, if she is really so wholly given to mourning as she is reported to be, she will never care to admit me.

DUKE. Keep on shouting and do not return without an answer, even if you have to behave ever so rudely.

VIOLA. Supposing I am able to speak to her, my lord, what then shall I say?

DUKE. O, you should declare before her how deeply I love her. Let her be strongly impressed with the depth and sincerity of my love. There is no one better than you to tell her my condition of grief and anguish. I know she will listen more eagerly to you who are young, rather than to one who looks more serious and older.

VIOLA. I do not think so, my lord.

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For they shall yet *belie*[1] thy happy years,
That say thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and *rubious*,[2] thy small *pipe*[3]
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
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For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a *barful*[6] strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

1. *Belie*—contradict. 2. *Rubious*—beautifully red. 3. *Pipe*—sweet and womanly voice. 4. *Semblative*—resembling. 5. *Apt*—fit. 6. *Barful*—full of bars, i.e., difficulties or obstructions.

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VIOLA. I promise you that I will do my best in addressing this lady on your behalf. [To herself]. The task I have taken up is full of troubles and difficulties, because, being what I am (a woman), I will have to be the wife of anyone whom I court. [*Exit*

Hempen - Colour —

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S *house*

[*Enter* MARIA *and* CLOWN.]

MARIA. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bee[n] or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristl[e] may enter *in way of*[1] thy excuse; my lady wil[l] hang thee for thy absence.

CLOWN. Let her hang me; he that is well hange[d] in this world needs to fear no *colours*.[2]

MARIA. Make the good.

CLOWN. He shall see none to fear.

MARIA. A good *lenten*[3] answer: I can tell thee wher[e] that saying was born, of 'I fear no colors'.

CLOWN. Where, good Mistress Mary?

1. *In way of*—on behalf of. 2. *Colours*—collars or enemies. 3. *Lenten*—meagre; inadequate.

SCENE V—*A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

[MARIA *and the* CLOWN *enter*]

MARIA. You must tell me where you have been, otherwise I will not speak even a single word when the time for giving an excuse for your absence comes. My mistress will surely get you hanged for your absence.

CLOWN. Let her get me hanged, for he who is well hanged in this world needs to fear no enemy.

MARIA. How do you prove that?

CLOWN. He shall see no colours that may put him in fear. (Being hanged and dead, he will be afraid of none.)

MARIA. That is a very common and insufficient answer. Shall I tell you the origin of your phrase "I fear no colours"?

CLOWN. Do please, Mistress Mary; where was it born?

MARIA. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLOWN. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLOWN. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer *bear it out*[1].

MARIA. You are resolute, then?

CLOWN. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your *gaskins*[2] fall.

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1. *Bear it out*—help me to endure it; or prove it. 2. *Gaskins*—breeches; trousers.

MARIA. During the wars; and so you may be brave enough to use it in the course of jesting as a fool.

CLOWN. May God grant wisdom to those who are reputed to be wise; and may He grant to fools the use of their own talents, such as they have.

MARIA. You will nevertheless sure to be hanged for being absent so long: at least you will be dismissed for it; and don't you see that dismissal is as bad as hanging for you?

CLOWN. In many cases hanging prevents a bad marriage. And if I am dismissed I will not suffer much because it will be summer time by then.

MARIA. So you have made up your mind on the point?

CLOWN. Not quite; but I have indeed made up my mind on two points.

MARIA. So that if one of them is broken, the other will support, is it? Or if both fail, your breeches will drop down.

CLOWN. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's flesh*[1] as any in Illyria.

MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

CLOWN. *Wit*[2], an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinopalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

[*Enter* LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.]

God bless thee, lady.

OLIVIA. Take the fool away.

CLOWN. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

1. *Eve's flesh*—woman. 2. *Wits*—so-called wise or witty men.

CLOWN. you have made a good point, indeed and a very good point it is. Now you may go. I will say this for you, however, that you will prove to be as good a wife as any woman in Illyria, and that Sir Toby, if he gives up drinking, will prove to be an excellent husband.

MARIA. Be quiet, you fool, don't talk nonsense, because here comes my misstress. Better try to find out a good excuse for your absence. [She goes.

CLOWN. O Spirit of wit! pray, help me to play well my part of a jester now. Those whe think themselves to be witty and wise, very often prove to be fools, as I have seen. And I who think that I am lacking in wit, may prove to be a wise man For, as some philosopher said, it is better to be wise fool than a foolish wise man.

[OLIVIA *enters wtih* MALVOLIO]

May God bless you, my lady!

OLIVIA. Let some take away this fool.

CLOWN. Do you hear, fellows, let some one take away this lady.

OLIVIA. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLOWN. Two faults, *madonna*,[1] that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the *botcher*[2] mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple *syllogism*[3] will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true *cuckold*[4] but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA. Sir, I bade them take away you.

1 *Madonna*—lady. 2. *Botcher*—mender. 3. *Syllogism*—logic.
4. *Cuckold*—one whose wife is unfaithful.

OLIVIA. Go away, you are a dull fool. I am disgusted with you. Besides, I find that you are growing dishonest.

CLOWN. These two faults, my lady, will be mended by sufficient wine and good advice. For if the fool is dry and dull, give him drink and he will no longer be dry; and let the dishonest man reform himself; if he improves, he is no longer dishonest; but if he cannot improve himself, let some mender take him in hand. That which is mended is only a patched up thing; and virtue which goes astray, is only patched with sin, and sin which mends itself is only patched with virtue, and in this way you see that virtue and sin somehow go together If this logic satisfies you, well and good. If it does not, what can I do? Just as time makes calamity a cuckold (that is, misfortune is healed by time) so time will cause beauty so fade away like a flower. The lady, I say, asked someone to remove the fool; therefore I ask someone to take away the lady.

OLIVIA: Sir, I asked them to take you away, not me.

CLOWN. *Misprision*[1] in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus*[2] non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA. Can you do it?

CLOWN. Dexteriously, good madonna

OLIVIA. Make your proof.

CLOWN. I must *catechize*[3] you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll *bide*[4] your proof.

CLOWN. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

1. *Misprision*—mistake. 2. *Cucullus non facit monachum*—the cowl (dress) does not make the monk. 3. *Catechize*—question. 4. *Bide*—condescend or suffer to listen.

CLOWN. That was your greatest mistake, lady. Now hear me, one does not become a monk by merely putting on a cowl. In the same way, I do not become a fool merely because I am putting on a fool's dress. My fool's dress does not cover my brains; it only covers my head and body. So my brains, you see, are sound (not foolish.) How sound they are you will see if only you will permit me to prove that you are a fool (though you do not wear the dress of one).

OLIVIA. Can you really prove me to be a fool?

CLOWN. I will prove it to your entire satisfaction, lady.

OLIVIA. Then let us hear your proof.

CLOWN. To do so, I must ask you some questions which, sweet lady, you must answer.

OLIVIA. Well, sir, since I have nothing serious to do now, let me suffer to listen to your idle proof.

CLOWN. Good lady, why are you mourning now?

OLIVIA. Good fool, it is because of my brother's death.

CLOWN. I think, then that your brother's soul is in hell.

OLIVIA. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLOWN. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen

OLIVIA. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MALVOLIO. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: *infirmity*[1] that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLOWN. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no *fox*[2]; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA. How say you to that, Malvolio?

1. *Infirmity*—weakness due to old age. 2. *Fox*—clever; crafty.

OLIVIA. No, fool, his soul is in heaven.

CLOWN. Then you are a greater fool than I thought, because, if your brother's soul is in heaven, you should not mourn for it. (You should be glad for it). Now, let someone take away the fool.

OLIVIA. What is your opinion of this fool, Malvolio? Is he not improving?

MALVOLIO. Yes, he will continue to improve in his foolishness, until he is caught in the pains of death. Because while the process of growing old makes wise men weak, it only strengthens the stupidity of fools. (The more a fool grows, the more foolish he becomes).

CLOWN. Sir, may God soon send you the weakness of old age, because that might increase your folly. Sir Toby may be prepared to swear that I am not as crafty as a fox but he will never be prepared to swear, believe me, that you are not a fool.

OLIVIA. What is your reply to that Malvolio!

CLOWN. Now Mercury *endue*[1] thee with *leasing*[2] for thou speakest well of fools!

[*Re-enter* MARIA]

MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA. From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and *well attended*[3].

OLIVIA. Who of my people *hold him in delay*[4]?

MARIA. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

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1. *Endue*—bless; endow. 2. *Leasing*—telling lies. 3. *Well-attended*—followed by several servants. 4. *Hold him in delay*—keep him waiting.

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*Licensed fools are free to say what they like, and no sensible man is offended by their jokes because there is no bitterness or malice in what they say. In the same way, men who are famous for their wisdom are also privileged to rebuke and object how they like, and no sensible man should be offended by their remarks.

CLOWN. May Mercury, the patron god of thieves and liars, bless you with the gift of lying, because you speak so well in defence of fools.

[MARIA *re-enters*]

MARIA. There is a gentleman at the gate who is insisting upon seeing you.

OLIVIA. Has he come as a messenger from Count Orsino?

MARIA. I really do not know, madam; but he is a charming young man, followed by several servants.

OLIVIA. Which of my people keep him waiting (prevent him from entering).

MARIA. Your own relative, Madam, Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit, from the count, I am sick, or not at home: *what you will*[1], to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLOWN. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove *cram*[2] with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.[3]

[*Enter* SIR TOBY.]

OLIVIA. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY. A gentleman.

1. *Why you will*—do what you like. 2. *Cram*- fill. 3. *Pia mater*--brains. *What*—i. e. who.

OLIVIA. Go, Maria, and get Sir Toby away. He is a nuisance, talking nonsense. He should be ashamed of himself. [Maria goes] Now, Malvolio, go yourself and see who it is. If he comes from Orsino, tell him that I am unwell or not at home or dismiss him by what means you like. [Malvolio goes away] Now, you see, Fool, how dull your fooling has become. Did you not hear Malvolio bitterly complain of you?

CLOWN. You have made a good defence of us, fools, madam, as if you wished your eldest son to be a fool. May God bless his brains with intelligence. For here comes one, your relative, who has next to no brains at all.

[SIR TOBY *enters*]

OLIVIA. O, shame, he is half drunk!—will, cousin Toby, who is that person at the gate?

SIR TOBY. He is a gentleman.

OLIVIA. A gentleman ! what gentleman ?

SIR TOBY. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague' o' these *pickle-herring*[1]. How now, *sot*.[2]

CLOWN. Good Sir Toby !

OLIVIA. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this *lethargy*[3]

SIR TOBY. Lechery ! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA. Aye, marry, what is he ?

SIR TOBY. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one [*Exit.*

OLIVIA. What's a drunken man like. fool ?

CLOWN. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man; one *draught*[4] above heat makes him a fool; the second *mads*[5] him, and a third drowns him.

1. *Pickle herring*—kind of fish. 2. *Sot*—fool; drunkard, 3. *Lethargy*—state of being half asleep; out of one's senses. 4. *Draught*—drop. 5. *Heat*—in excess. 6. *Mads*—maddens.

OLIVIA. What kind of gentleman is he ?

SIR TOBY. I say there is a gentleman at the gate—a curse on pickled herrings which have upset me, (making me unable those to complete my sentences.)—Now, how do you do, fool ?

CLOWN. I thank you. good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA. Cousin Toby, how is it that I find you in a half sleepy state so early ?

SIR TOBY. Well, I say that there is a gentleman at the gate.

OLIVIA. We know there is. But whois he?

SIR TOBY. What do I care who he is. Let him be the Devil ! I prefer good faith. Anyway, it does not at all matter. [Goes away.

OLIVIA. Fool, tell me, what a drunkard is like ?

CLOWN. He can be compared with a drowned man, a fool and a mad man. If he drinks mone than he can bear, he becomes stupid like a fool; a second drop maddens him; and a third drink will drown him (i. e. his senses) altogether.

OLIVIA. Go thou and seek the *crowner*[1] and let him sit o my *coz*[2] for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go look after him.

CLOWN. He is but mad yet, madonna: and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit*

[*Re-enter* MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO. Madam, *yond*[3] young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's *fortified*[4] against any denial.

OLIVIA. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

1. *Crowner*—coroner; judge. 2. *Coz*—cousin. 3. *Yond*—yonder; that fellow at the gate 4. *Fortified*—determined ; stubborn.

OLIVIA. If it is so, then let the coroner be called to hold an inquiry on my cousin, for he is now in the third and last stage of drunkenness, and therefore is a drowned man. Go and attend to him.

CLOWN. No, lady, he is still in the second degree (i. e. only mad), and so let me, who is a fool, go to attend to this mad fellow.

He goes.

[MALVOLIO *re-enters*]

MALVOLIO. Lady, that fellow at the gate swears that he is determined to see you. I told him you were not well; he says that he has come to pay you a visit, knowing that you are not well. I said that you were asleep, but he seems to know this as well, and yet insists on seeing you. What are we to do with this man, my lady? He seems to be very stubborn, and refuses to return without seeing you.

OLIVIA. Tell him clearly and strongly that I do not want to speak with him.

MALVOLIO. Has been told so, and he says; he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post; and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA. What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO. Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA. What manner of man?

MALVOLIO. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, *will you*[1] or no.

OLIVIA. Of what *personage*[2] and years is he?

MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man' nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod; or a *codling*[3] when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very *shrewishty*[4]; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

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1. *Will you*—whether you will or wish. 2. *Personage*—personal appearance. 3. *Codling*—unripe apple. 4. *Shrewishly*—like a sharp-tongued woman.

MALVOLIO. I have already told him so; but he says that he is going to stand at the door like the post at the gate of a magistrate, and become fixed like the leg of a bench, until he is allowed to speak with you.

OLIVIA. What kind of a man is he?

MALVOLIO. He is one of mankind.

OLIVIA. How does he behave?

MALVOLIO. His manners are very rude. He insists on seeing and speaking to you, whether you like it or not.

OLIVIA. What is his personal appearance?

MALVOLIO. He is not old enough to be a grown up man, nor young enough to be a boy; he is like a peascod when it is yet in the stage of a squash, or like an apple before it is ripe. He is in the middle stage between manhood and boyhood. He has pleasing features and speaks very sharply and loudly. It seems that he has been weaned away very recently (i. e. his mother's milk is scarcely dried in him).

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OLIVIA. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit.*

[*Re-enter* MARIA]

OLIVIA Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

[*Enter* VIOLA *and* ATTENDANTS.]

VIOLA. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

VIOLA. Speak to me ; I shall answer for her. Your will ?

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty.—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be *loath*[1] *to cast away*[2] my speech for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to *con*[3] it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very *comptible*,[4] even to the least sinister usage.

1. *Loth*—unwilling. 2. *Cast away*—waste. 3. *Con*—get it by heart. 4. *Comptible*—sensitive.

OLIVIA. Let him come in. Bring me my gentlewoman.
MALVOLIO. Gentlewoman, my lady wants you. [*Goes.*

[MARIA *returns*]

OLIVIA. Bring me my veil, and put it on my face. Let us once again hear what Orsino's messenger has come to say.

[VIOLA *comes in*]

VIOLA. Who is the honourable lady of this house ?
OLIVIA. Speak to me, for I represent her. What do you want?
VIOLA. Most bright, gifted and incomparable beauty ! Please let me know whether it is the lady of the house to whom I am speaking, for I have never seen her. I am unwilling to waste my words before others. For I have studied and committed to memory a very excellent speech with great care and attention. Beautiful ladies, let me not be made fun of, because I am very sensitive to ridicule (and do not like to be treated with discourtesy).

OLIVIA. If I do not *usurp*[1] myself, I am.

VIOLA. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to *bestow*[2] is not yours to *reserve*.[3] But this is from my commission: I *will on*[4] with my speech in your praise, and then show you the *heart*[5] of my message.

OLIVIA. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

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1. *Usurp*—claim (what is not mine). 2. *Bestow*—give. 3. *Reserve*—keep to yourself. 4. *Will on*—will begin. 5. *Heart*—important part.

OLIVIA. If I do not claim a title not belonging to me, I am the lady of this house.

VIOLA. If you are the mistress of this house, you are most certainly claiming what does not belong to you (for this house belongs to Orsino who is your lover). You are wrong in keeping for yourself what you have to give away. However, this is not what is contained in my message. Now let me begin my speech in praise of you, and then tell you the substance of my message.

OLIVIA. First tell me the substance of your message. I do not need your praise.

VIOLA. It will be a pity if I do not praise you, because I have taken great pains to study the speech which is full of poetry.

OLIVIA. It is the more like to be *feigned*[1]: I pray you, *keep it in*[2]. I heard you were *saucy*[3] at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA. Will you *hoist sail*[4], sir ? here lies your way.

VIOLA. No, good *swabber*[5]; I am to *hull*[6] here a little longer. Some *mollification*[7] for your *giant*,[8] sweet lady.

OLIVIA. Tell me your mind.

VIOLA. I am a messenger.

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1. *Feigned*—untrue. 2. *Keep it in*—keep it for yourself. 3. *Saucy*—uncivil ; rude. 4. *Hoist sail*—depart. 5. *Swabber*—one who washes the deck of a ship; a sailor. 6. *Hull*—anchor; stop. 7. *Mollification*—appeasement ; pacification. 8. *Giant*—Maria, said ironically because of her short stature.

OLIVIA. If it is so, it is likely to be untrue and affected. Please keep it for yourself. I was told that you behaved very rudely at my gates. I have admitted you not because I wish to hear what you have to say but because I was curious to know what kind of a person you are. If you are not mad, you should go away ; if you are reasonable, deliver your message in the fewest possible words. For I am not under the influence of the moon (the moon is said to make people mad) to put up with long and irrelevant speeches.

MARIA. Will you clear out now, Sir ; here is the way open for you.

VIOLA. No, my dear cleaner, I have to stop here for some more time. (To Olivia) I want to pacify this formidable servant of yours, sweet lady.

OLIVIA. Tell me what is in your mind.

VIOLA. I am only a reporter, lady.

OLIVIA. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your *office*[1].

VIOLA. It *alone*[2] concerns your ear. I bring no *overture*[3] of war, no taxation of homage: I *hold the olive*[4] in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIOLA. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, *divinity*,[5] to any other's, *profanation*[6].

1. *Office*—message. 2. *Alone*—only. 3. *Overture*—declaration. 4. *Hold the olive*—bring messages of peace. 5. *Divinity*—holy and welcome. 6. *Profanation*—unholy or unwelcome.

OLIVIA. Then I am sure that you have a very disagreeable message to deliver, particularly when your manner before delivering it is so very forbidding and threatening. Now let me know what it is you have to report.

VIOLA. It is meant to be heard only by you. I bring no declaration of war, or a demand for submission and homage. On the other hand, I bring words of peace and harmony. They are as full of peace as of importance.

OLIVIA. If they are so, why did you behave so haughtily at first. What is your position, and what is it you want me to do?

VIOLA. If I were rude, it was because I was treated at your gates rudely. As to my position and my mission, they are a secret to be revealed only to you. Because they are sweet and holy to you, and it would be sacrilegious to reveal them to others.

OLIVIA Give us the place alone: we will hear this *divinity*.[1]
[*Exeunt* MARIA *and* ATTENDANTS.] Now, sir, what is your *text*[2] ?

VIOLA. Most sweet lady,—

OLIVIA. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ?

VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA. In his bosom! In what *chapter*[3] of his bosom?

VIOLA. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA. O, I have read it: it is *heresy*.[4] Have you no more to say ?

VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.

---

1. *Divinity*—holy message. 2. *Text*—theme; subject of your message. 3. *Chapter*—part. 4. *Heresy*—falsehood; irreligion.

OLIVIA. Let every one depart, leaving us alone, so that I will be able to hear this sacred message. [All go away.] Now, sir, what is your subject ?

VIOLA. Most charming and beautiful lady—

OLIVIA. Your introductory words are very comforting to my soul, and you can make much out of them. But let me know your message directly.

VIOLA. It is (love) in the heart of Orsino.

OLIVIA. In his heart, is it ? What part of his heart ?

VIOLA. According to your question, I should say in the very first and most important part of his heart.

OLIVIA. I have already been informed of that part; it is very unwelcome to me. Have you anything else to say ?

VIOLA. Good lady, I wish to see your face (which is veiled).

OLIVIA. Have you any commission from your lord to *negotiate*[1] with my face? You are now *out of your text*[2]: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA. 'Tis *in grain*[3], sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA. 'Tis beauty truly *blent*[4], whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and *cunning*[5] hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st *she*[6] alive.
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

1. *Negotiate*—deal with. 2. *Our of your text*—forgetting your message. 3. *In grain*—in fast colour. 4. *Blent*—mixed; composed. 5. *Cunning*—skilful. 6. *She*—a woman.

OLIVIA. Has your master instructed you to deal with my face? It seems you are forgetting your business. However, I will show you my face uncovering the same. See, here in my face, as it is at present. What have you to say about it?

VIOLA. I can only say that if it is your natural face (and not one, which is made up) it is like an excellently painted picture.

OLIVIA. The colour is fast and lasting, sir, and it will not be affected by the changes in the weather.

VIOLA. It is a beautiful picture in which the colours have been excellently mixed; indeed the red and white seem to have been mixed by the skilful hands of Nature itself. Madam, may I say that you are the most cruel woman in the world, if you are determined to die unmarried, leaving no children representing your beauty.

OLIVIA. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out *divers*[1] *schedules*[2] of my beauty: it shall be *inventoried*[3], and every particle and utensil *labeled*[4] to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, *if*[5] you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

1. *Divers*—several. 2. *Schedules*—records; lists. 3. *Inventoried*—entered in detail. 4. *Labeled*—attached. 5. *If*—even if.

OLIVIA. Not at all, sir; I will not be so cruel as to deprive the world of my beauty. For I will publish various copies in which every detail of my beauty will be duly recorded, and the list will be attached to my testament. For example, two fairly red lips, two grey eyes, with lids attached to them, one neck, one chin etc. Have you come here to speak in praise of my beauty?

VIOLA. I now understand your nature, which is full of vanity and pride. But even if you were as proud as the Devil itself, I must admit that you are very lovely. My master loves you deeply; so deep indeed is his love that only the most incomparable beauty in the world, such as you possess, could be a fitting match and reward for it.

OLIVIA. How does he love me?
VIOLA. With adorations, *fertile*[1] tears,
With groans that *thunder*[2] love, with sighs of fire.
OLIVIA. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and *stainless*[3] youth;
In voices well *divulged*[4], free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

1. *Fertile*—copious. 2. *Thunder*—proclaim loudly. 3. *Stainless*—blameless; pure. 4. *Divulged*—spoken of.

OLIVIA. How does he love me?

VIOLA. He worships you, sheds copious tears (that would fertilise the soil they fell on), laments loudly your coldness, and sighs deeply for your love.

OLIVIA. Your master knows my feelings towards him. It is impossible for me to love him. Yet I believe that he is virtuous, of noble birth, rich and blameless in his youth. I know that he is well spoken of by the people, liberal minded, well accomplished and brave. He is a good-looking person with graceful features. Nevertheless I cannot love him. He should have been satisfied with this answer of mine long ago.

VIOLA. If I did love you in my master's *flame*[1],
With such a suffering, such a *deadly life*[2],
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA. Why, what would you ?

VIOLA. *Make*[3] me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my *soul*[4] within the house ;
Write *loyal*[5] cantons of *contemned*[6] love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Halloo[7] your name to the *reverberate*[8] hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O.! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me !

1. *Flame*—passion. 2. *Deadly life*—mortal pain ; living death. 3. *Make*—build. 4. *Soul*—beloved. 5. *Loyal cantons*—songs describing faithful love. 6. *Contemned*—despised. 7. *Halloo*—shout. 8. *Reverberate*—resounding.

VIOLA. If I loved you with the same passion as my master does, and suffered so intensely which is equal to a living death, I should see no sense in your cold denial. I would find no meaning in it.

OLIVIA. Why what would you have done.

VIOLA. I should build a cottage made of willows at your gate and cry upon my beloved within the house ; write songs describing my faithful love rejected by you, and continue to sing them throughout the night ; I would shout your name loudly so that the hills will echo it, thus filling the air with your name which would be heard everywhere. I would persist in this way and leave you no peace of mind until you accepted my love out of pity.

OLIVIA. You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA. *Above*[1] my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he *takes*[2] it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: *spend*[3] this for me.

VIOLA. I am no *fee'd post*[4], lady; keep your purse
My master, not myself, *lacks*[5] *recompense*[6].
Love make his heart of *flint*[7] that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair *cruelty*[8].[*Exit.*

1. *Above*—better than. 2. *Takes*—reacts to. 3. *Spend*—take this (money) as a gift for your trouble. 4. *Feed post*—mercenary or hired messenger. 5. *Lacks*—is in need of. 6. *Recompense*—reward. 7. *Flint*—hard (as a stone). *Cruelty*—cruel woman.

OLIVIA. It seems to me that you could do a great deal indeed, if you were to love me. What is the rank of your family?

VIOLA. It is better than my present position. But that does not mean that I am dissatisfied with my present status. I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA. Go back to your master and tell him that I could not love him. Ask him not to send any more messages. You may come back to tell me how your master received my answer. Farewell. Take this money for your troubles, for which I thank you.

VIOLA. I am by no means a hired messenger, dear lady. Keep your money. It is not myself but my master who needs your rewards. May the heart of him whom you love become as cruel as yours, and may your deep passion for him be treated with similar contempt and coldness. Good bye, cruel beauty. [*Goes.*

OLIVIA. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee *five-fold blazon*:[1] not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the *plague*[2]?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and *subtle stealth*[3]
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be
What ho, Malvolio!

1. *Five-fold blazon*—loud proclamation (literally, coat-of-arms describing one's position). 2. *Plague*—i. e. infection (of love). 3. *Subtle stealth*—secret influence.

OLIVIA. When I asked him about his parentage, he said that it was better than his present position, and that he was a gentleman. I am certain that he is. For his features—his face, style of speaking, limbs, manners and spirit—each one of these serves as a coat of arms to him, and loudly proclaims his high birth. I feel that I am falling in love with him already, but I must be patient. I cannot love him unless he and his master exchange their places. How strange love is! One could be as quickly infected by it as by the plague itself. It seems that this youth's beauty is beginning to secretly influence my heart through my eyes, well, I cannot help it. Malvolio, where are you?

[*Re-enter* MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO. Here madam, at your service.

OLIVIA. Run after that same *peevish*[1] messenger.
The *county's*[2] man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him *I'll none*[3] of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie the Malvolio.

MALVOLIO. Madam, I will. [*Exit*

OLIVIA. I do I know not what and fear to find.
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not *owe*;[4]
What is *decreed*[5] must be, and be this so. [*Exit*

1. *Peevish*—Obstinate; rude. 2. *County*—Count; duke. 3. *I'll none*—I do not at all want. 4. *Owe*—Possess. 5. *Decreed*—destined; fated.

MALVOLIO. Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA. Run after that rude messenger of the count soon. He has gone leaving this ring, whether I may accept it or not. Return it to him and tell him that I do not at all want it. Tell him also not to entertain and flatter his master with false hopes of my love. Let him understand that I will never marry him. If this youth, however, comes back here tomorrow, I will tell him my reasons for the same. Make haste, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO. Very well, madam. [*Goes.*

OLIVIA. I do not know what I am doing. I am afraid that my eyes have been too strongly influenced by the beauty of this youth to be resisted by my mind. (My reason may not commend what my eyes have done.) Human beings are not masters of themselves. They are influenced by Fate, and what is fated to be, must be. Let it be so. [*Goes.*

ACT II

SCENE I—*The sea-coast.*

[*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.]

ANTONIO. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN. By your patience, no. My stars shine *darkly*[1] over me : the *malignancy*[2] of my fate might perhaps *distemper*[3] *yours*[4] ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

1. *Darkly*—unfavourably. 2. *Malignancy*—cruelty. 3. *Distemper*—affect adversely. 4. *Yours*—your fate.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

[ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN *enter*]

पुस्तकालय
इलाहाबाद विश्वविद्यालय

ANTONIO. Will you stay no longer ? And are you determined that I should not go with you ?

SEBASTIAN. No, if you do not misunderstand me. My stars, it seems, are exerting an unfavourable influence upon me at present. I am afraid that, prehaps, my bad luck might affect you also. Therefore, I request you to leave me to face my troubles alone. I should be making a bad return for all your kindness to me, if I were to force you to share my misfortunes.

ANTONIO. In that case, please let me know at least where you propose to go.

SEBASTIAN. If you will not *undo*[1] what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will *tell tales*[2] of me. I am bound to the Court Orsino's court : farewell. [*Exit.*

ANTONIO. The gentleness of all the gods go with there !
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem *sport*,[3] and I will go. [*Exit.*

1. *Undo*—cancel. 2. *Tell tales*—reveal. 3. *Sport*—fun.

SEBASTIAN. If you do not wish to cancel the good you have done me, that is, if you do not wish to kill me whom you have rescued from drowning, please do not persist in your desire to go with me. For if you do so, I may be forced to weep, and thus reveal myself, because my heart is full of softness and gratitude towards you, and in this respect I resemble my mother (i. e. I have a womanly nature, which is likely to weep at the least provocation). I now propose to go to Count Orsino's palace. So let me bid you good-bye. [*Goes.*

ANTONIO. May the gods be kind to you in your journey. I would have liked to follow you, but I have many enemies in Orsino's palace where you are going. However my love for you is so true and deep that, come what may, I will go there to see you, whatever danger I may have to face in doing so. [*Goes.*

SCENE II—*A street.*

[*Enter* VIOLA, MALVOLIA, *following*]

MALVOLIO. Were not you *even*[1] now with the Countess Olivia ?

VIOLA. Even now, sir ; on a moderate *pace*[2] I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO. She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover. that you should put your lord into a *desperate*[3] assurance she will none of him : and one thing more, that you be never so *hardy*[4] to come again in his affairs, udless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

1. *Even*—just. 2. *Pace*—speed. 3. *Desperate*—unqualified; hopelessly final. 4. *Hardy*—i. e. fool-hardy ; rash.

SCENE II—*A street.*

[VIOLA *enters followed by* MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO. Were you not just a moment back at the house of Countess Olivia ?

VIOLA. You are right, sir. I have only reached here just now, walking with a moderate speed.

MALVOLIO. Accept this ring of yours, which my mistress has asked me to return. If you had brought it yourself, I might have been saved from the trouble of walking all the way to return it to you. My lady further says that you should convince your master that it is hopeless on his part to try to court, her love any more. You are to note further that you should not be so foolish and rash to bring further messags from him. But you may come back to tell my lady how your master is affected by her refusal. Here, take back your ring.

VIOLA. She took the ring of me : I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

VIOLA. I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?
Fortune forbid my *outside*[1] have not charm'd her !
She made good view of me: indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue
For she did speak in *starts*[2] *distractedly*[3]
She love me, sure ; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this *churlish*[4] messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, sent her none.

1. Outside—outward appearance ; man's disguise. *2. Starts*—by fits and starts ; excitedly. *3. Distractedly*—in great confusion. *4. Churlish*— uncivil, rude.

VIOLA. She accepted the ring from me. I will not take it back.

MALVOLIO. Now, sir, you are not speaking truly for truth is that you persisted in leaving it with her; and she desires me to leave it with you in the same way. So I throw it here towards you; bend down to take it up, if you value it; if not, let it be taken by him who finds it here. [*Goes.*

VIOLA. I never left any ring with her What does she mean by this? God forbid that she should be captivated by my outward appearance in man's disguise. (I fear that my disgusse has deceived her into loving me). She examined my very closely and keenly; so keenly in fact that I througt that my beauty had struck her dumb, for I noted that she was wholly confused and talked by fits and starts. I am sure she has fallen in love with me and like a clever woman in love, she has now sent this rude fellow (Malvolio) after me, with a pretext to invite me to her house. Otherwise, there is no meaning in her saying that she will not take his ring, for I know that he sent no ring.

I am the man : if it be so, as 'ti,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the *pregnant enemy*[1] does much.
How easy is it for the *proper false*[2]
In women's *waxen*[3] hearts to set their forms !
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this *fadge*[4] ? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, *fond*[5] as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to *dote*[6] on me.

1. *Pregnant enemy*—Satan, full of wiles. 2. *Proper false*—Those who are both beautiful and deceitful. 3. *Waxen*—soft and impressionable. 4. *Fadge*—turn out; end. 5. *Fond*—dote upon ; madly love, 6. *Dote*—madly love.

I am the man she loves; if she has really fallen in love with me, as it is clear she has, I can only pity her because in loving me she will be loving a fanciful illusion (the reality being that I am a woman). I now realise that disguise is full of evil and danger. (My disguise in the form of a man has made Olivia fall in love with me). The Devil (or Satan) who can change his shape and is full of wiles, is always ready, under the cover of disguise, to do much mischief and harm. By disguising one's feelings, it is very easy for one, who is both fair and deceitful, to make an impression on the soft hearts of women, (who are thus victims of deception). Alas, it is our weakness which is to be blamed, not ourselves. Bus we are all weak, and we are fated to be so. I wonder how all this will turn out in the end. My master loves Olivia passionately. And I, disguised as a man, love him as dearly as Olivia, deceived by my disguise, loves me. (This is a monstrous situation).

What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What *thriftless*[1] sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must *untangle*[2] this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit*

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S *house*

[*Enter* SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW]

SIR TOBY. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and '*diluculo surgere*[3],' thou know'st,—

SIR ANDREW. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

1. *Thriftless*—useless. 2. *Untangle*—solve. 3. *Diluculo surgere*—to rise early is healthy.

What is going to be the result of all this confusion, I can not say. Disguised as a man, it will be hopeless on my part to convince him that I love him, and it is equally futile on the part of poor Olivia to waste herself in sighing for my love. It is all a confounding situation. And time alone, not I, could solve this complicated situation. It is beyond my powers to deal with it. [*Goes.*

SCENE III.—*A room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

[SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW *enter*]

SIR TOBY. Come along, Sir Andrew, not to sleep in one's bed after midnight means to rise up early, and to rise up early makes one healthy, you should know.

SIR ANDREW. I really do not know anything; but I know one thing, and it is that if one sits up long, one keeps late hours.

SIR TOBY. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled *can*[1]. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a *stoup*[2] of wine!

[*Enters* CLOWN.]

SIR ANDREW. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLOWN. How now, my *hearts*[3]! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

1. *Can*—glass or vessel. 2. *Stoup*—flagon (vessel). 3. *Hearts*—dear fellows; sweet-hearts.

SIR TOBY. You have made a wrong statement. I hate it as I hate a glass empty of wine. If one is awake after midnight and then goes to sleep, one would be sleeping early. Therefore to sleep after midnight is to sleep early. Do you not know that our life consists of four elements—earth, air, fire and water?

SIR ANDREW. Yes, I have heard that. But I prefer to think that it consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY. I follow what you say, for you are a learned man. Therefore, come, let us eat and drink and be merry. Ho, Maria! Bring us a vessel of wine.

[CLOWN *enters*]

SIR ANDREW. Here comes the fool indeed.

CLOWN. How are you, my dear fellows! Have you not seen the sign-board of an inn on which is planted a picture entitled "We Three"?

SIR TOBY. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a *catch*.[1]

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*.[2] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy *leman*:[3] *hadst*[4] it?

1. *Catch*—song. 2. *Breast*—i. e. voice (breath) for singing. 3. *Leman*—sweet-heart. 4. *Hadst*—did you get it?

SIR TOBY. You are welcome, fool! Give us one of your songs.

SIR ANDREW. Indeed, the fool has a very good voice for singing, I would give forty shillings to have such a good leg and sweet voice as the fool has. Truly, fool, you cut excellent jokes last night when you talked about Pigrogromitus and the Vapians crossing the equinoctial of Queubus. It was all done in your very best style of jesting. Did you get the sixpence that I sent to you for spending on your sweetheart?

CLOWN. I did *impeticos*[1] thy *gratillity*;[2] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW. There's a *testril*[3] of me, too: if one knight give a—

CLOWN. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW. Aye, aye: I care not for good life.

1. *Impeticos*—put into my pocket. 2. *Gratillity*—gift (of sixpence). 3. *Testril*—a coin equal to sixpence.

CLOWN. Your gift of six pence did not serve my purpose, so I put it into my pocket. Because if I were to treat my beloved with good wine, I would have to steal it from the pantry, and Malvolio with his sharp nose would have exposed my mischief. Beside, my beloved is a respectable lady, not to be treated cheaply; and I could not entertain her in a fashionable place like the "Myrmindons", where cheap wine is not sold (and if it were, my beloved could not drink it). So there is how I have used your sixpence by putting it into my pocket.

SIR ANDREW. Well, after all, you have made the most excellent joke out of my sixpence, all things, considered. Now let us hear your song.

SIR TOBY. Yes, give us a song and I will give you sixpence for it.

SIR ANDREW. And I will add another sixpence, for when one gentleman gives sixpence, another, like me, should do the same.

CLOWN. Do you want to hear a love song or a moral or merry song?

SIR TOBY. Let us have a love song and no other.

SIR ANDREW. Quite right; I do not like a song of serious moral life.

[CLOWN. *Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty *sweeting*[1];
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW. Excellent good, i, faith.

SIR TOBY. Good, good.

[CLOWN. *Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff *will*[2] not endure.

1. *Sweeting*—sweet one; dear. 2. *Will*—i. e. which will not last for ever.

CLOWN'S *Song*. O ! my beloved, where have you gone ? O ! stay and listen; for your faithful lover is coming to you. He knows how to sing both in a low and a high pitch. Do not go away, sweet and pretty maiden. All journeys are ended when lovers come together to meet one another. This is known to all who are wise.

SIR ANDREW. Very well done !

SIR TOBY. Excellently sung !

CLOWN'S *Song*. What does love mean? It is not concerned with a life beyond this present life. For the joy of the present produces immediate and certain laughter. The future is all uncertain. There is no sense and profit in delaying, so come and kiss me, dear one, and give me twenty sweet kisses, for youth is a period which does not last long.

SIR ANDREW. A *mellifluous*[1] voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY. A *contagious*[2] breath.

SIR ANDREW. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY. To hear by the nose, it is *dulcet*[3] in contagion. But shall we make the *welkin*[4] dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a *catch*[5] that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW. An you love me, let's do 't. I am *dog*[6] at a catch.

CLOWN. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW. Most certain. Let our catch be. 'Thou knave.'

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1. *Mellifluous*—sweet. 2. *Contagious*--infectious ; catching. 3. *Dulcet*—sweet. 4. *Welkin*—sky. 5. *Cot h*—song. 6. *Dog* —expert.

SIR ANDREW. I declare on my word of a knight that it is a very sweet voice.

SIR TOBY. It is infectious and a "catching" catch (song).

SIR ANDREW. Yes, it is deliciously infectious.

SIR TOBY. It is very sweetly infectious; if one were to hear it with one's nose. Now les us sing (and drink) and make the sky ring and (dance). Let us startle the night-owl with a song that will fully satisfy weavers (lovers of music), (or, a song that will satisfy the three parts of one's soul, the vegetative, the animal and the rational).

SIR ANDREW. If you love me, let us do it indeed. I am very clever in enjoying a song.

SIR TOBY. Some dogs are indeed very clever in catching a game.

SIR ANDREW. Quite true; let us sing the song beginning with "Thou knave".

CLOWN. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained *in't*[1] to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

CLOWN. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*

[*Enter* MARIA.]

MARIA. What a *caterwauling*[2] do you *keep*[3] here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

---

1. *In't*—in that song. 2. *Caterwauling*—wild noise (like quarrelling cats). 3. *Keep*—make.

CLOWN. If it is "Hold thy peace, thou knave", I shall have to call you a knave in singing it. Do you know that, sir?

SIR ANDREW. It is not the first time that I have made people call me a knave. So begin your song, fool. It begins with the words, "Hold thy peace".

CLOWN. How shall I begin if I am to hold my peace (i. e. be silent)?

SIR ANDREW. That is a good joke. Now, let us begin.

[*They sing together.*

[MARIA *comes in*]

MARIA. What a noisy scene are you making here all this while? Believe me, my mistress has been roused and has ordered Malvolio to turn you out of the house.

SIR TOBY. My lady's a *Cataian*[1], we are politicians, Malvolio's a *Peg-a-Ramsey*[2], and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I *consanguineous*[3]? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

CLOWN. *Beshrew me*,[4] the knight 's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, he does well enough if he be *disposed*,[5] and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

MARIA. For the love o' God, peace!

Cataian—Chinese (a term of reproach). 2. *Peg-a-Ramsey*—a term of reproach. 3. *Consanguineous*—related by blood. *Beshrew me*—believe me. 5. *Disposed*—inclined to be merry.

SIR TOBY. Don't try to bluff us, though I know your lady is a sharp schemer; but we are better schemers than her; and as for that fellow Malvolio, he is non-sense, fit to be the subject of a merry song. So I say, (singing) "Three merry men we be." And you harp upon "your lady". After all, am I not related to her by blood? A fig for your lady, do not talk to me of your great lady. [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady". (Your lady, like Malvolio, is also fit for a song).

CLOWN. I say, Sir Toby, you are in your best mood for merry-making.

SIR ANDREW. Perhaps you don't know, fool, that when Sir Toby wishes to be merry, he does it excellently and admirably, and so can I when I am in the mood. But the difference between us is that he does it with acquired skill and refinement whereas I have a natural gift for being a fool.

SIR TOBY. [*Singing*] "O the Twelfth day of December."

MARIA. Stop your song please, for God's sake.

[*Enters* MALVOLIO.]

MALVOLIO. My masters, are you mad ? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to *gabble*[1] like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your *coziers'*[2] catches without any *mitigation*[3] or remorse of voice ? Is there no *respect of*[4] place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. *Sneck up*[5]

1. *Gabble*—prattle; talk nonsense. 2. *Cozier*—cobbler. 3. *Mitigation*—lowering. 4. *Respect of*—consideration for. 5. *Sneck up*—go and hang yourself.

[MALVOLIO *enters*]

MALVOLIO. Have you gone mad, gentlemen ? What has happened to you, I can't understand. Have you lost all sense of proportion, good manners and decency, that you go on chattering like tinkers at this late hour of the night? Do you mean to turn my lady's house into a tavern by singing cobbler's songs at the top of your voice, without any lowering or sparing your voice? Have you lost all consideration for time, place and persons ?

SIR TOBY. We did keep time, sir, in our songs. Go and better hang yourself.

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be *round*[1] with you My lady bade me tell you, that, though she *harbors*[2] you as her kinsman, she's nothing *allied to*[3] your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house ; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

MARIA. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MALVOLIO. Is 't even so ?

SIR TOBY. 'But I will never die.'

1. *Round*—plain ; outspoken. 2. *Harbours*—retains ; houses. 3. *Allied to*—does not at all like or tolerate.

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be plain and outspoken with you. My lady has commanded me to let you know that though she retains you in her house as her relation, she does not at all put up with your unruly behaviour. She will gladly allow you to remain here, provided you give up your disorderly habits. If you do not intend to do so, you may please take leave of her, and she will be willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY. [*Singing*] "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MARIA. Good Sir Toby, please behave yourself.

CLOWN. [*Singing*] "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MALVOLIO. Has it indeed come to this ?

SIR TOBY. [*Singing*] "But I will never die."

CLOWN. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO. This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY. 'Shall I bid him go?'

CLOWN. 'What an if you do?'

SIR TOBY. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

CLOWN. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TOBY. Out o' tune sir; ye lie. *Art any more*[1] than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more *cakes and ale*.[2]

CLOWN. Yes, by Saint Anne, and *ginger*[3] shall be hot i' the mouth too.

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1. *Art any more*—are you anything more important. 2. *Cakes and ale*—jollity; merriment in life. 3. *Ginger*—used as a spice with wine.

CLOWN. Sir Toby, you make a mistake (for all men are mortal) or you are lying down dead drunk.

MALVOLIO. You think you are behaving finely, do you?

SIR TOBY. [*Singing*] "Shall I bid him go"?

CLOWN. [*Singing*] "What an if you do"?

SIR TOBY. [*Singing*] "Shall I bid him go, and spare not"?

CLOWN. [*Singing*] "O, no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TOBY. You have sung it out of tune, sir, and it is you now who is mistaken, (to Malvolio) you speak as if you were some very great man, and not merely a steward. Do not imagine that there will be no jollity and merriment, just because you claim to be a very virtuous fellow.

CLOWN. I swear by St. Anne that we shall have spice and ginger along with our wine.

SIR TOBY. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO. Mistress Mary, if you *prized*[1] my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

MARIA. Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY. Do't, knight: I 'll *write thee*[2] a challenge; or I'll deliver thy *indignation*[3] to him by word of mouth.

1. *Prized*—valued, obeyed. 2. *Write thee*—send in writing.
3. *Indignation*—offence; anger (and hence the challenge.)

SIR TOBY. You are quite right; fool. (to Malvolio) Go and clean your chain (of authority) with pieces of bread. (Attend to your own business). Now, Maria, let us have a full vessel of wine.

MALVOLIO. Maria, you shall do no such thing, if you have any regard for your mistress' orders. You shall not supply them with the means of revelry and unruly behaviour. I swear that I am going to inform my lady of all this. [*Goes.*

MARIA. Don't shake your fingers at us; rather go and shake your own long, assinine ears, ass that you are.

SIR ANDREW. It would be as good a fun as to drink when one is hungry, and to challenge Malvolio to a duel, and make a fool of him by not going to the duel.

SIR TOBY. Do it, Sir Andrew. I will write out a challenge on your behalf, or inform him of your challenge by word mouth.

MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much *out of quiet*[1]. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not *gull*[2] him into a *nayword*[3], and make him a common *recreation*[4] do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed; I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY. Possess us, *possess*[5] us; tell us something of him.

MARIA. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

SIR TOBY. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

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1. *Out of quiet*—upset; deeply distracted. 2. *Gull*—befool. 3. *Nayword*—byword. 4. *Recreation*—laughing-stock. 5. *Possess*—inform; tell us.

MARIA. Good Sir Toby, please let us be quiet and peaceful for this night, because my mistress has been greatly distracted and upset ever since that young messenger from the count came to visit her, so far as this Malvolio is concerned, trust me to deal with him myself, and believe me to have no sense enough to lie straight in my bed if I do not make him look like a fool, a byword for stupidity and the laughing stock of everyone.

SIR TOBY. Do tell us something about him.

MARIA. Well, Sir, I may tell you that he often behaves extremely solemnly, like a Puritan.

SIR ANDREW. If that is true, I would thrash him like a dog.

SIR TOBY. Do you mean that you would thrash him because of his being a Puritan? Let us know your good reasons for doing so, good Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a *time-pleaser*;[1] an *affectioned*[2] ass, that *cons*[3] *state*[4] without book and utters it by *great swarths*[5] : the best persuaded of himself, so *crammed*,[6] as he thinks, with *excellencies*,[7] that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY. What will thou do ?

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1. *Time-pleaser*—time server. 2. *Affectioned*—pretentious. 3. *Cons*—has learnt by heart. 4. *State*—court phrases. 5. *Great swarthes*—by heaps ; at length. 6. *Crammed*—full of. 7. *Excellencies*—virtues and merits.

SIR ANDREW. I can give no exact reasons, though my reasons are good enough.

MARIA. Let me assure you that he has none of the good qualities of a Puritan at all. He is constant and true in nothing. He is no more than a time-server, an affected ass, a fellow who has learnt by heart a number of courtly phrases and expressions, and keeps on repeating them at great length. But doing thus often he has come to convince himself that he is a personage of such overflowing virtues and gifts that everybody who meets him will straightaway be impressed with his charming manners, the ass that he is. My plan is to carry out my comic revenge on this weakness (of seif-love) of his, and I am sure it will be capital fun.

SIR TOBY. How do you propose to do it ?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure *epistles*[1] of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the *expressure*[2] of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly *personated*[3]. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our *hands*[4].

SIR TOBY. Excellent! I *smell*[5] *a device*[6].

SIR ANDREW. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a *horse of that color*.

1. *Epistles*—letters. 2. *Expressure*—expression; look. 3. *Personated*—represented; described fully. 4. *Hands*—handwriting. 5. *Smell*—detect; know. 6. *Device*—plan. 7. *Horse of that colour*—similar to it.

MARIA. I will write some vague love-letters and place them where he is sure to get them. When he comes to read them he will find that it is to himself that they are addressed, from the exact description of the eyes, the form, features and look of his face, all of which will resemble his own. I can very easily imitate the handwriting of my lady, your niece; and so well can I do this that on a matter that has been forgotten, even we will not be able to distinguish between our writing.

SIR TOBY. That is capital. I now understand your plan.

SIR ANDREW. And so can I.

SIR TOBY. The object of your letters will be to make him think that they are written to him by my niece, and that she is in love with him.

MARIA. My object is indeed exactly the same.

SIR ANDREW. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW. O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA. *Sport royal*[1] I warrant you: I know my *physic*[2] will work with him. I will *plant*[3] you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his *construction*[4] of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY. Good-night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW. Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY. She's a *beagle*,[5] true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

1. *Sport royal*—excellent fun. 2. *Physic*—medicine (that is, plan to cure his disease of self-love). 3. *Plant*—place. 4. *Construction*—interpretation. 5. *Beagle*—a small hound.

SIR ANDREW. So your object is to make him look like an ass.

MARIA. Exactly like an ass, I am sure.

SIR ANDREW. I will be very fine indeed.

MARIA. It will be capital fun, believe me. I know that my plan will hav the intended effect upon him. I will place you two, and make the clown join you, and thus all three of you will se when he picks up the letters, and how he interprets them. Now you may retire to your beds and dream of the result of our plot. Good-bye. [*Goes*

SIR TOBY. Goodnight, you Queen of the Amazons!

SIR ANDREW. By God, she s a splendid creature.

SIR TOBY. She is a nice little creature of the right stock; and she has a very good opinion of me. But it does not matter to me.

SIR ANDREW. I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a *foul way out.*[1]

SIR TOBY. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, *call me cut.*[2]

SIR ANDREW. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY. Come, come, I 'll go *burn*[3] some *sack*[4]; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt*

1. *Foul way out*—greatly out of my pocket. 2 *Call me cut*—call me horse or fool. 3. *Burn*—warm. 4. *Sack*—wine (dry Spanish wine).

SIR ANDREW. I, too, was once adored.

SIR TOBY. Let us go to bed now, Sir Andrew. You should send for some more money.

SIR ANDREW. If I cannot win the love of your niece, (who is rich) then I will be in great want of mony, (having spent so much on her in vain).

SIR TOBY. Don't worry, Sir Andrew, but send for more money, and if you do not win her heart at last, you may call me a fool.

SIR ANDREW. Be sure I will call you a fool, however you may take my words.

SIR TOBY. I shall now go to dink some wine, for it is too late to go to bed. Come along with me, Sir Andrew.

[*They go.*

SCENE IV—*The* DUKE'S *palace.*

[*Enter* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others*]

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, *but that piece of song*[1]
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did *relieve*[2] my passion much.
More than *light airs*[3] and *recollected terms*[4]
Of these most *brisk*[5] and *giddy-paced times*[6].
Come, but one verse.

CURIO. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it?

1. *But that piece of song*—that song alone. 2. *Relieve*—sooth; comfort. 3. *Light airs*—merry songs. 4. *Recollected terms*—studied, artificial expressions. 5. *Brisk*—lively. 6. *Giddy-paced times*—crazy, maddening days.

SCENE IV—*A room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

[*The* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO *and others enter*]

DUKE. Let me have some music. Good-morning, friends. Now my dear Cesario, sing to us just that well-known and old-fashioned song that you sang last night. I think it soothed my agonised heart better than the merry songs and artificial expressions that have become so common in these crazy modern days. Please sing, if it is only one stanza.

CURIO. He who sang it last night is not here, sir.

DUKE. Who was it?

CURIO. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is *about*[1] the house.

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO. *Music plays.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet *pangs*[2] of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid[3] and *skittish*[4] in all *motions*[5] else,
Save in the constant image of the *creature*[6]
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA. It *gives a very echo*[7] to the seat
Where love is *throned*.[8]

1. *About*—somewhere inside. 2. *Pangs*—bitter experience. 3. *Unstaid*—varying. 4. *Skittish*—giddy; capricious. 5. *Motions*—emotions. 6. *Creature*—person. 7. *Gives a very echo to*—touches deeply and directly. 8. *Throned*—seated.

CURIO. It was Feste, the jester, my lord. He is the fool who was very much liked and appreciated by the father of Lady Olivia. He seems to be somewhere in the house.

DUKE. Then, go and find him out. Meanwhile, let the tune be played.

[CURIO *goes*; *music is played*.

Come near me, boy. If ever you fall in love, then remember me while you suffer the tormenting delights of love. All true lovers are in the same wretched condition that I am—changeable and capricious in all their emotions except in being constant and true to the one whom they love. How do you like this tune?

VIOLA. It profoundly touches the heart, which is the seat of love.

DUKE. Thou dost speak *masterly*[1]:
My lire upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath *stay'd*[2] upon some *favor*[3] that is loves :
Hath it not, boy ?
VIOLA. A little, by your favour.
DUKE. What kind of woman is 't ?
VIOLA. Of your *complexion*.[4]
DUKE. She is not gorth thee, then. *What years*[5] i' faith ?
VIOLA. About your years, my lord.

1. *Masterly* - authoritatively; like one who is a master in the art of love. 2. *Stayed*—rested; looked. 3. *Favour*—face. 4. *Complexion*—looks ; appearance. 5. *What years*—what is her age.

DUKE. You speak like one who is a master in the art of love. I am sure that though you look young you must have looked fondly on the face of one you loved. Have you not, boy ?

VIOLA. Yes, I have looked so a little by your kindness (or on your face).

DUKE What kind of woman is it ?

VIOLA. She looks somewhat like yourself.

DUKE. If so, she is not good enough for you. How old is she ?

VIOLA. About as old as you are, sir.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder[1] than herself; so *wears*[2] she to him,
So *sways*[3] she *level*[4] in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more *giddy*[5] and *unfirm*[6]
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and *worn*,[7]
Than women's are.

VIOLA. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot *hold the bent*[8],
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth *fall*[9] that very hour,

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1. *An elder*—one who is older than. 2. *Wears*—adapts herself. 3. *Sways*—rules. 4. *Level*—well balanced. 5. *Giddy*—whimsical. 6. *Unfirm*—changing; inconstant. 7. *Worn*—tired; surfeited. 8. *Hold the bent*—remain true and constant. 9. *Fall*—fade.

DUKE. If so, I should say that she is too old to be your wife. A woman should always marry one older than herself, and then she can adapt herself to him and can hope to have a steady place in his heart. For, my dear boy, however much we may boast of our constancy, men's fancies and desires are more changeful and inconstant and wear out sooner than women's.

VIOLA. I also think the same, my lord.

DUKE. Then, let the woman you love be younger than yourself. Otherwise your love cannot remain true and constant. For women are like roses which fade away as soon as they are in full bloom.

VIOLA. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

[*Re-enter* CURIO *and* CLOWN.]

DUKE. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain :
The *spinsters*[1] and the *knitters in the sun*[2]
And the *free*[3] maids that weave their thread with *bones*[4]
Do use to *chant*[5] it : it is *silly*[6] *sooth*,[7]
And *dallies with*[8] the innocence of love,
Like the *old age*.[9]

CLOWN. Are you ready, sir ?

1. *Spinsters*—spinners. 2. *Knitters in the sun*—those who do their knitting in sunshine. 3. *F*[illegible] (free from cares). 4. *Boes*—bobbins made of bone. 5. *Chant*—sing. 6. *Silly*—simple ; innocent. 7. *Sooth*—truth. 8. *Dallies with*—is eloquent about ; dwells lovingly upon. 9. *Old age*—the Golden age.

VIOLA. Alas, it is true, sir ; and it is a pity that they should die at the very time when they are in their full bloom of beauty.

[CURIO *comes back bringing the* CLOWN.]

DUKE. Come, fellow, let us hear the song you sang last night. Listen to it, Cesario. It is a simple and old-fashioned song. It is often sung by women sitting in the sun spinning and knitting, and by merry girls weaving lace with bones. It contains words which are simple and eloquent of love, such as are to be found in songs sung in the Golden Age.

CLOWN. May I now begin my song, sir ?

DUKE. Aye; prithee, sing. [*Music*

CLOWN. [*Sings*]

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, *breath*[1];
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, *stuck*[2] all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be *strown*;[3]
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

1. *Breath*—life. 2. *Stuck*—decorated. 3. *Strown*—scattered.

DUKE. Yes, please, do sing.

CLOWN. [*Sings*] O Death, come to me. Let me be put into a coffin made of the wood of cypress. Let my life depart soon. I am being killed by the cruelty of a beautiful maiden. Let my winding sheet of white cloth be prepared and decorated with the leaves of the yew tree. There is no one who has suffered and died for love like myself. Let no flowers be used in decorating my black coffin. Let no friends mourn for me where my bones lie buried. Let me be buried where no true lover may mourn for me in sadness, (so that a thousand sighs will be spared.)

DUKE. *There 's*[1] for thy pains.

CLOWN. No pains, sir ; I take pleasuae in singing, sir.

DUKE. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLOWN. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLOWN. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make the *doublet*[2] of changcable *toffeta*,[3] for thy mind is a very *opal*.[4] I would have men of such constancy put to sea. that their business might be every thing and their *intents*[5] every where ; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing Farewell. [*Exit*.

1. *There's* fo—take this (money or reward). 2. *Doublet*—dress. 3. *Taffeta*—shot silk. 4. *Opal*—of changing colours like the opal. 5. *Intent*—aim ; direction.

DUKE. Take this reward for your beautiful song.

CLOWN. I sing not for money, sir, but for pleasure.

DUKE.. Let me then pay for your pleasure

CLOWN. Indeed sir, pleasure will be followed sooner or later with pain.

DUKE. May I now ask you to withdraw ?

CLOWN. May the god of melancholy now bless you, and may your tailor make a garment of shot silk for you, which with its changing colours suit your mind and heart which vary like the colours of the opal. I would send men of such little constancy for a voyage in the sea so that they might sail in any direction they please and keep themselves busy with everything. In this way they will be always able to turn their voyage to some good purpose. Good-bye. Sir.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.
[CURIO *and* ATTENDANTS *retire*.
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same *sovereign cruellty*[1] :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as *giddily*[2] as fortune ,
But 'tis that miracle and *queen of gems*[3]
That nature *pranks*[4] her in attracts my soul
VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir ?
DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.
VIOLA. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia ; you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd

1. *Sovereign cruelty*—lady who is extremely cruel. 2. *Giddily*—lightly. 3. *Queen of gems*—woman of supreme beauty. 4. *Pranks*—adorns.

DUKE. Let everyone retire now. [CURIO *and the rest go*. Now, listen to me, Cesario. Go to that supremely cruel lady, Olivia, once again, and tell her that my love for her is nobler than it is in common people, and that I do not love her for her rich lands which I regard as no more than dust. Tell her also that I regard lightly all that fortune has gifted her with. Let her know that what I value in her is that most wonderful and preciaus beauty which nature has conferred on her more than anything else.

VIOLA. But what if she persists in refusing to love you sir ?

CUKE.. Tell her that I am not going to take any refusal from her.

VIOLA. But, sir, you will be compelled to take it. For example, suppose there is a lady (as there is likely to be one) who suffers for your love as deeply as you do for the love of Olivia ; and, suppose that you cannot love this lady and that you tell her so. Will she not be compelled to be satisfied with your refusal ?

DUKE. There is no woman's *sides*[1]
Can *bide*[2] the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much, they lack *retention*.[3]
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the *liver*[4]; but the *palate*[5],—
That suffer surfeit, *cloyment*[6] and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no *compare*[7]
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA. Aye, but I know,—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

1. *Sides*—i. e., heart. 2. *Bide*—bear; endure. 3. *Retention*—steadfastness in love. 4. *Liver*—the seat of love. 5. *Palate*—taste. 6. *Cloyment*—satiety. 7. *Compare*—comparison.

DUKE. There is no woman who can bear the torments of so strong a passion of love as preys upon my heart. No woman can have so big a heart to contain so much love as I have. Women cannot love steadily for any length of time. Alas, their love is only a passing taste of love, and not a deep-seated desire. We may say that it is just an appetite which is soon fed up, becomes disgusting and finally turns to rebellion. My love, on the other hand, is as hungry as the sea, and as insatiable. Therefore let no comparison be made between my love for Olivia and a woman's love for man.

VIOLA. It may be so (with some women) but I know.

DUKE. What is it that you know.

VIOLA. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter *loved*[1] a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A *blank*[2] my lord. She never told her love,
But let *concealment*,[3] like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her *damask*[4] cheek; she *pined in thought*[5]
And with a *green and yellow*[6] melancholy
She sat like *patience*[7] on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than *will*[8]; for *still*[9] we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love

1. *Loved*—i. e. who loved. 2. *Blank*—inexpressibly deep; a blank page. 3. *Concealment*—secret love. 4. *Damask*—rosy. 5. *Pined in thought*—wasted herself in mental agony. 6. *Green and Yellow*—bodily and mental (excessive). 7. *Patience*—the embodiment of patience or silent suffering. 8. *Will*—the will to carry out or realise. 9. *Still*—ever; always.

VIOLA. I know only too well what woman's love is. Indeed women are as true in love as we men are. My father had a daughter who loved a man as deeply and truly as I might love you, sir, if I were a woman.

DUKE. And what is the story of her love?

VIOLA. There is nothing to be said about it, my lord, for hers was a love not to be described in language. She never spoke a word about her love, and allowed her hidden love to destroy the beauty of her cheek, just as a worm eats up the heart of a rose. She wasted herself to a shadow by the pangs of love, bodily and mentally. She suffered it all in heroic silence, smiling in her grief, and seemed to be a statue representing patience (personified). Was not this true love? We men may speak and swear our love, but our professions of love are only verbal and are not put into action. (We promise more than we wish to perform.) In matters of love men's deeds fall short of their words.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
VIOLA. I am *all the daughters*[1] of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, *shall I*[2] to this lady?
DUKE Aye that's the *theme*[3]
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, *bide no denay*[4]. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S *garden*

[*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN]

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian

FABIAN. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a *scruple*[5] of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy

1. *All the daughters*—the only daughter. 2. *Shall I*—shall I now proceed to. 3. *Theme*—point. 4. *Bide no denay*—bring no denial. 5. *Scruple*—smallest portion.

DUKE. But did your sister die of love, my boy?

VIOLA. I am the only daughter and son living in my father's house. I don't know what to say about it. Now, sir, may I proceed to the house of this lady (Olivia)?

DUKE. Yes; that is the point. Go at once, give her this jewel, and tell her that my love for her is not to be conquered or resisted. Be sure you bring no refusal from her.

[*They go.*

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

[SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW *and* FABIAN *enter*]

SIR TOBY. Come along with us Fabian.

FABIAN. I am coming indeed, for if I miss even the smallest part of this joke I may die of disappointment and regret.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the *niggardly*[1] rascally *sheep-biter*[2] *come by*[3] some notable shame?

FABIAN. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here

SIR TOBY. To *anger*[4] him we'll have the bear again and we will fool him *black and blue*[5]: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. An we do not. it is pity of our lives

SIR TOBY. Here cames the little villain

[*Enters* MARIA]

How now, my *metal of India*[6]!

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1. *Niggardly*—miserly. 2. *Sheep-biter*—killjoy; surly fellow. 3. *Come by*—experience; meet with. 4. *Anger*—Provoke. 5 *Black and blue*—completely. 6. *Metal of India*—dear, preciou one.

SIR TOBY. Would it not delight you to see this miserly, killjoy (of a Malvolio) put to some bitter shame?

FABIAN. It would give me the greatest delight, man. You know how he made me come under the displeasure of my mistress in the matter of a bear-baiting sport here?

SIR TOBY. And to provoke him we shall have another bear-baiting done here. We shall befool him completely, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. It will be a matter of ever-lasting regret if we do not do so.

SIR TOBY. See, here comes our little rogue.

[MARIA *enters*]

How do you do, my precious jewel?

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this *walk*:[1] he has been yonder i' the sun practing *behaviour*[2] to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a *contemplative idiot*[3] of him. *Close*,[4] in the name of *jesting*! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the *trout*[5] that must be caught with *tickling*[6] [*Exit*.

[*Enters* MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did *affect*[7] me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she *fancy*,[8] it should be one of my complexion.

1. *Walk*—path. 2. *Behaviour*—courtly attitudes. 3. *Contemplative idiot*—complete fool; self-conscious fool. 4. *Close*—hide yourselves. 5. *Trout*—fish; fool. 6. *Tickling*—flattering; cajoling. 7. *Affect*—love. 8. *Fancy*—love.

MARIA. Go all of you and hide yourselves behind that box tree, for Malvolio is coming down this way. He has been standing for a whole half-hour in the sun practising courtly attitudes before his own shadow. If you wish to have capital fun, observe him now carefully, for I am certain that when he finds this letter (and begins to think about it) he will present the spectacle of a self-conscious fool. Now hide yourselves, if you are fond of sport. [The men go to hide themselves]. Now let me place this letter in his way [throws down a letter]. For here is coming a silly fool who is sure to be deceived by the contents of this flattering love-letter (as a fish is caught by a bait). [*Goes away*.

[MALVOLIO *Comes*]

MALVOLIO. It is all a matter of good luck and nothing else. Maria once told me that Olivia had a fancy for me. And I have heard Olivia herelf say that if she loved anyone, it would be one who is like me in character and appearance,

Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that *follows her.*[1] What should I think on 't ?

SIR TOBY. Here's an *overweening*[2] rogue!

FABIAN. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he *jets*[3] under his *advanced*[4] plumes !

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight , I could so beat the rogue !

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio !

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue !

SIR ANDREW. *Pistol*[5] him, pistol him

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace !

MALIVOLIO. There is *example*[6] for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the *yeoman of the wardrobe*[7]

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, *Fezebel*[8]

1. *Follows her*—serves her. 2. *Overweening*--wholly conceited 3. *Jets*—struts. 4. *Advanced*—puffed up. 5. *Pistol*—shoot. i6. *Example*—precedent. 7. *Yeoman of the wardrobe*--officer n charge of the ward-robe. 8. *Zezebel*—scoundrel (term of reproach and contempt).

Besides, she treats me with greater regard than the rest of the servants. What is the meaning of all this ?

SIR TOBY. Here is a self conceited rogue.

FABIAN. Be silent ! His vanity is making him behave like a turkey-cock that struts with puffed up feathers.

SIR ANDREW. By God, I wish to thrash this rogue soundly.

SIR TOBY. Please be quiet.

MALVOLIO. Supposing that I became Count Malvolio—(by marrying Olivia)—

SIR TOBY. O, Villain !

SIR ANDREW. Shoot him at once ; shoot him !

SIR TOBY. Silence ; silence !

MALVOLIO. It is not impossible, for there is example and precedent of such an event. It is said that the lady of the Strachy married her own officer in charge of the ward-robe.

SIR ANDREW. Shame on him, the devil !

FABIAN. O, peace! now he's *deeply in*[1]: look how imagination *blows*[2] him

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my *state*[3].—

SIR TOBY O, for a *stone-bow*[4], to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me. in my *branched*[5] velvet gown; having come from a day-bed. where I have left Olivia sleeping.—

SIR TOBY. *Fire and brimstone*[6]!

FABIAN.. O; peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. And then to have the *humor of state*[7]: and after a ;*demure*[8] *travel of regard*[9], telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

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1. *Deeply in*—fully caught in the trap. 2. *Blows*—puffs him up. 3. *State*—with the air and authority of a lord. 4. *Stone-bow*—cross-low. 5. *Branched*—embroidered with figures of branches and flowers. 6. *Fire and brimestone*—hell. 7. *Humours of state* - proud behaviour suiting my high position. 7. *Demoure*—grave : serious. 9. *Travel of regard*—lookiug over them one by one.

FABINE. Silence! I see he is now fully caught in the net (of vanity). Look how his imagination and self-love make him puffed up with pride.

MALVOLIO-. Having married Olivia, and one day siting in my state chair of authority—

SIR TOBY. I wish I had a cross-bow to hit him in the eye!

MALXOLIO, Robed in my velvet-gown, fully embroidered with figures of leaves, having just left my countess I would call my servants about me, and—

SIR TOBY Hell!

FABIAN. Silence! silence!

MALVOLIO. I shall then assume an air of dignity. and after casting my looks deliberately and gravely at one after another, I will declare to them that I have become their matser, and that they should all understand their duty towards me. And then I shall send for my cousin Toby—

SIR TOBY. *Bolts and shackles*[1] !

FABIAN. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an *obedient start*[2], make out for him : I frown the *while*[3], and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my - some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; *courtesies*[4] there to me.—

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live ?

FABIAN. Though our silence be *drawn from us with cars*[5], yet peace.

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, *quenching*[6] my familiar smile with an *austere*[7] regard of *control*[8],—

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby *take*[9] you a blow o' the lips then ?

1. *Bolts and shackls*—put him into prison. 2. *Obedient start*—readily obeying my orders. 3. *While*—meanwhile. 4. *Courtesies*—bows to me. 5. *Drawn from us with cars*—is put under the severest strain. 6. *Quenching*—suppressing. 7. *Austere*—serious. 8. *Control*—authority. *Take*—give.

SIR TOBY. How I wish I could arrest and put this fellow into a prison !

FABIAN. For God's sake, let us all be silent now.

MALVOLIO. I will then order seven of my most obedient servants to go in search of him. Meanwhile, I shall put on a threatening look (of displeasure), or perhaps I may just play with my watch or some jewel. Then Toby comes, bowing before me.

SIR TOBY. This fellow ought to be murdered !

FABIAN. Let us keep silent, though our patience is now put under the severest trial.

MALVOLIO. I shall offer my hand in this way, and assume a very severe look of authority, suppressing all signs of my usual genial smiles

SIR TOBY. And shall I not strike you immediately on your mouth ?

MALVOLIO. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this *prerogative*[1] of speech,'—

SIR TOBY. What, that?

MALVOLIO 'You must *amend*[2] your drunkenness'

SIR TOBY. Out, *scab*[3]!

FABIAN. Nay, patience, or we break the *sinews*[4] of our plot

MALVOLIO. 'Besides, you waste the *treasure of your time*[5] with a foolish knight,'—

SIR ANDREW. that's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO. What *employment*[6] have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

1. *Prerogative*—privilege. 2. *Amend*—give up; reform. 3. *Scab*—scurvy, mean fellow. 4. *Sinews*—essence; important part. 5. *Treasure of your time*—your precious time. 6. *Employment*—business; engagement.

MALVOLIO. I will say to him: "Cousin Toby, my good luck having united me with your niece in marriage, allow me the privilege of speaking to you on an important point—

SIR TOBY. What indeed are you about to say?

MALVOLIO. "You must abandon your habit of drinking."

SIR TOBY. Get away, you scurvy fellow.

FABLIN. Now, be patient, otherwise we may be deprived of the most injoyable part of your scheme.

MALVOLIO. "Besides, you are wasting away your precious time in the company of a very foolish knight."

SIR ANDREW. I know he is referring to me.

MALVOLIO. "His name is Sir Andrew"—

SIR ANDREW. I knew it was I, for many men are in the habit of calling me a fool.

MALVOLIO. [*seeing the letter*] what is this here, engaging my attention?

FABIAN. Now is the *woodcock*[1] near the *gin*[2].

SIR TOBY. O, peace! and the *spirit of humours*[3] *intimate*[4] reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus *makes*[5] she her great P's. It is, *in contempt of question*[6] her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's and her T's: Why that?

MALVOLIO. [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes':—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the *impressure her Lucrece*[7], with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

1. *Woodcock*—a foolish bird. 2. *Gin*—trap. 3. *Spirit of humours*—the genius of merriment. 4. *Intimate*—inspire; urge. 5. *Makes*—writes. 6. *In contempt question of*—undoubtedly. 7. *Impressure her Lucrece*—impression (of her seal) with the figvre of Lucrece.

FABIAN. The foolish bird (Malvolio) is not getting into the trap we have set.

SIR TOBY. Peace! may the genious of humour and fun inspire him to read aloud the contents of that letter.

MALVOLIO. (taking up the letter) Why this is written in my lady's own handwriting. She writes her C's, U's, T's in this way, and this P here is most emphatically her own. It is, beyond a shadow of doubt, written by her own hand.

SIR ANDREW. What does he mean by saying that the C's and U's and T's are all in her handwriting?

MALVOLIO. [*reading the letter*] "This letter is addressed to the unknown beloved with all good wishes." Why, these phrases are her very own. O wax; permit me to open this seal. Let me not be impatient! And here is the impression of her seal having the figure of Lucrece. Surely this is from my mistress. To whom might she have written this letter, I wonder.

FABIAN. This *wins, him*[1] *liver and all*[2].

MALVOLIO. [*Reads*] Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.
'No man must know.' What follows? the *numbers*[3] *altered*[4]!
'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY. Marry, hang thee, *brock*[5]!

MALVOLIO. [*Reads*] I may command where I adore;
But scilence like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke may heart doth *gore*[6]
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FABIAN. A *fustian riddle*[7]!

SIR TOBY. Excellent wench, say I.

1. *Wins him*—entraps, befools. 2. *Liver and all*—thoroughly. 3. *Numbers*—meter. 4. *Altered*—changed; different. 5. *Brock*—badger (an animal). 6. *Gore*—pierce. 7. *Fustian riddle*—a bombastic (meaningless) puzzle.

FABIAN. This entraps him thoroughly.

MALVOLIO. [*reads*] God knows that I love; but whom do I love? Let no lips utter the name of my love, for no one should know him. No man should know". Let me see why, and what follows. The next stanza is written in a different meter.—"No man should know"—Who knows that it might not refer to you, Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. You foolish badger, go and be hanged!

MALVOLIO. [*reads*] "I may command obedience where I love devotedly. Bul silence, like the dagger of Lucrece, pierces my heart without letting out blood. M. O. A. I. rules my life.

FABIAN. It is all a fantastic, meaningless puzzle.

SIR TOBY. Maria is a smart, witty girl, I must say.

MALVOLIO. 'M, O, A, I, doth *sway*[1] my life' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see·

FABIAN. *What dish o poison has she dressed him*[2]!

SIR TOBY. And with what *wing*[3] the *staniel cleces at it*[4]!

MALVOLIO. I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me, I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any *formal capacity*[5]; there is no *obstruction*[6] in this, and the end—what should that *alphabetical position*[7] *portend*[8]? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly,! M, O, A, I,—

SIR TOBY. O, aye, make up that: he is now at a cold scant.

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1. *Sway*--rule. 2. *What dish...him*—what a poisonous food has she cooked up for him. 3. *Wing*—flight. 4. *Staniel checks at it*—the hawk stops in its flight to chase another game. 5. *Formal capacity*- ordinary intelligence. 6. *Obstruction*—difficulty. 7. *Alphabetical position*—the letters M, O, A, I, 8. *Portend*—signify; suggest.

MALAVOLIO. "M. O. A. I. rules my life"—let me first think out what all this may mean.

FABIAN. What a poisonous food has Maria prepared for him to digest!

SIR TOBY. And how the hawk rushes to chase a chance game, turning away from the true one! (How this fool of a Malvolio is pursuing a false scent!)

MALVOLIO. "I may command where I love devotedly." Why, surely, she may very well commend my obedience. I am her servant, and she is my mistress. All this is plain to any ordinary intelligence. There is no difficulty in it. Now let me consider what is at the end. What may be the meaning of the letters, M. O. A. I.? Let me see if by any chance they refer to my name. Patience! M. O. A I.—

SIR TOBY. O, yes, put them together. He is now following the wrong trail.

FABIAN. *Sowter*[1] *will cry upon't*[2] for all this, though it be *as rank as a fox*[3].

MALVOLIO. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

FABIAN. Did not I say he would work it out? the *cur*[4] is excellent at *faults*[5].

MALVOLIO. M,—but then there is no *consonancy*[6]: in the *sequel*[7]; that suffers under *probation*[8]: A should follow, but O does.

FABIAN. And *O shall end*,[9] I hope.

SIR TOBY. Aye, or I'll *cudgel*[10] him, and make him cry O!

MALVOLIO. And then I comes behind.

1. *Sowter*—a kind of hound. 2. *Will cry upon it*—will bark at it. 3. *As rank as a fox*—as strong a scent as that of a fox. 4. *Cur*—a clumsy dog. 5. *Faults*—wrong scent. 6. *Consonancy*—consistency; right order. 7. *Sequel*—that which follows. 8. *Probation*—scrutiny. 9. *O shall end*—end with a cry of O! 10. *Cudgel*—thrash.

FABIAN. The clumsy dog (Malvolio) will pick up the scent and bark proudlv, although the scent was plain and strong like that of fox.

MALVOLIO. This M here must stand for Malvolio, since my name begins with the letter M.

FABIAN. Did I not tell you that he would somehow twist the whole to suit his own desire? He (the clumsy dog) is an expert in following the wrong track.

MALVOLIO. M is alright, but it does not fit in with what comes after it. The whole thing breaks down when it is exmind carefully. A should come after M, but O is put there.

FABIAN. And I hope that it will all end with your crying O (in your utter discomfiture).

SIR TOBY. If it does not, I will make him cry O, by soundly thrashing him.

MALVOLIO. And the letter 'I' here comes behind.

FABIAN. Aye, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more *detraction*[1] at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO. M, O, A, I; this *simulation*[2] is not as the former: and yet, to *crush*[3] this a little, it would *bow*[4] to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, *revolve*[5]. In my *stars*[6] I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy *blood*[7] and spirit embrace them; and, to *inure*[8] thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble *slough*[9] and appear fresh.

1. *Detraction*—slander; deprecation. 2. *Simulation*—disguised or indirect meaning. 3. *Crush*—twist; force a meaning out of. 4. *Bow*—refer. 5. *Revolve*—think. 6. *Stars*—fortune; luck. 7. *Blood*—courage. 8. *Inure*—accustom. 9. *Slough*—outward appearance.

FABIAN. Yes, if you had eyes behind your head, you would see more slander and deprecation at your back than good luck in front of you.

MALVOLIO. M. O. L. I. The disguised meaning of this is not so clear as the first letter of the previous line. Yet by a little twisting and guessing, the letters might give out a meaning suited to me, for each one of these letters is to be found in my full name. Let me consider carefully. Here is something written in prose. [*Reads*] "Think out when you receive this letter. In fortune I am better than you; but do not be disheartened by my greatness. For some people are born great, some become great by their efforts, and some have greatness forced upon them. Your luck seems to be ready to favour you with gifts. Be bold and spirited enough to receive them. And in order to get accustomed to the high position which is to be yours abandon your usual habit of humbleness, and behave like one who is full of life and energy.

Be *opposite*[1] with a kinsman, *surly*[2] with servants, let thy tongue *tang*[3] arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of *singularity*[4], she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever *crossed-gartered*[5] I say. Remember. Go to, *thou art made*[6] if thou desired to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servents, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would *alter*[7] services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

1. *Opposite*—contrary. 2. *Surly*—rude. 3. *Tang*—ring with; be full of. 4. *Singularity*—eccentricity; oddity. 5. *Cross-gartered*—put on garters across both above and beneath the knee. 6. *Thou art made*—you will be favoured with fortune. 7. *Alter*—exchange.

Be hostile towards a relative (Sir Toby) and be rude to the servants. Let your language be full of political wisdom. Cultivate an extremely odd behaviour. This is the advice given to you by one who sighs for your love. Remember who it was that praised the beauty of your yellow stockings and wished you always to put on cross-garters. Do not forget this point. And now I say that you will be fully favoured by fortune, if only you grasp this opportunity. If not let me see you to be always a steward, the companion of servants, and not worthy at all of being favoured by luck and chance. Farewell. I remain one who would like to chang places with you (by serving you as a wife instead of you serving me as a steward), and one who, though being fortunate in wealth is yet unhappy for not getting your love.'

FABIAN Aye, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more *detraction*[1] at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO M, O, A, I; this *simulation*[2] is not as the former: and yet, to *crush*[3] this a little, it would *bow*[4] to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, *revolve*[5]. In my *stars*[6] I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em Thy Fates open their hands; let thy *blood*[7] and spirit embrace them; and, to *inure*[8] thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble *slough*[9] and appear fresh.

1. *Detraction*—slander; deprecation. 2. *Simulation*—disguised or indirect meaning. 3. *Crush*—twist; force a meaning out of. 4. *Bow*—refer. 5. *Revolve*—think. 6. *Stars*—fortune; luck. 7. *Blood*—courage. 8. *Inure*—accustom. 9. *Slough*—outward appearance.

FABIAN. Yes, if you had eyes behind your head, you would see more slander and deprecation at your back than good luck in front of you.

MALVOLIO. M. O. L. I. The disguised meaning of this is not so clear as the first letter of the previous line. Yet by a little twisting and guessing, the letters might give out a meaning suited to me, for each one of these letters is to be found in my full name. Let me consider carefully. Here is something written in prose. [*Reads*] "Think out when you receive this letter. In fortune I am better than you; but do not be disheartened by my greatness. For some people are born great, some become great by their efforts, and some have greatness forced upon them. Your luck seems to be ready to favour you with gifts. Be bold and spirited enough to receive them. And in order to get accustomed to the high position which is to be yours abandon your usual habit of humbleness, and behave like one who is full of life and energy.

Be *opposite*[1] with a kinsman, *surly*[2] with servants, let thy tongue *tang*[3] arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of *singularity*[4], she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever *crossed-gartered*[5] I say, remember. Go to, *thou art made*[6] if thou desired to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servents, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would *alter*[7] services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

1. *Opposite*—contrary. 2. *Surly*—rude. 3. *Tang*—ring with; be full of. 4. *Singularity*—eccentricity; oddity. 5. *Cross-gartered*—put on garters across both above and beneath the knee. 6. *Thou art made*—you will be favoured with fortune. 7. *Alter*—exchange.

Be hostile towards a relative (Sir Toby) and be rude to the servants. Let your language be full of political wisdom. Cultivate an extremely odd behaviour. This is the advice given to you by one who sighs for your love. Remember who it was that praised the beauty of your yellow stockings and wished you always to put on cross-garters. Do not forget this point. And now I say that you will be fully favoured by fortune, if only you grasp this opportunity. If not let me see you to be always a steward, the companion of servants, and not worthy at all of being favoured by luck and chance. Farewell. I remain one who would like to chang places with you (by serving you as a wife instead of you serving me as a steward), and one who, though being fortunate in wealth is yet unhappy for not getting your love.'

Daylight and *champain*[1] *discovers*[2] not more; this is *open*[3]. I will be proud. I will read politic authors. I will baffle SIR TOBY, I will *wash off*[4] *gross acquaintance*[5] I will be *point devise*[6] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination *jade*[7] me; for every reason *excites*[8] to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of *injunction*[9] *drives*[10] me to these *habits*[11] of her liking.

1. *Champion*—open country. 2. *Discovrs*—reveals. 3. *Open*—plain. 4. *Wash off*—wholly abandon. 5. *Gross acquaintance*—company of vulgar persons· 6. *Point devise*—at all points; exactly. 7. *Jade*—deceive. 8. *Excites*—encourages. 9. *Injunction*—order, admonition. 10. *Drives*—urges. 11. *Habits*—dress and behaviour.

Why, all this is very plain and simple, and daylight and open country would not have made it more plain and simple. I will be proud, I will study the books of politicians, I will qurrel with Sir Toby and I will abandon the company of vulgar people. I will obey these instructions at every point, and be the man she wishes me to be. I will not let my imagination to make a fool of me, because it is my reason which assures me that Olivia loves me. I distinctly remember how Olivia praised the beauty of my yellow stockings lately, and how she admired my legs in cross-garters. This is how she shows her love for me by urging me in a way to put on these items of dress and behaviour which she seems to like very much.

I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, *stout*,[1] in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a *postscript*.[2] [*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles *become thee*[3] well; therefore in my presence *still*[4] smile, dear my sweet, I prithee'.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt *have*[5] me.

[*Exit.*

1. *Stout*—proud. 2. *Post-script*—additional note. 3. *Becomes thee*—fits you. 4. *Still*—always. 5. *Have*—desire of.

I am thankful to my stars for making me happy in this way I will now begin to keep myself aloof, and be resolute in looks, and will immediately put on yellow stockings and cross-garters. I thank God and my stars. Here is a note at the end of the letter. It reads: "It is easy for you to find out who I am. If you care to love me, keep yourself always smiling, because you look very charming when you smile. Therefore, be always smiling in my presence, my dear, I pray you."

God, I thank thee; I will certainly smile, and do every thing that you wish me to.

FABIAN. I will not *give*[1] my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the *Sophy*.[2]

SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this *device*.[3]

SIR ANDREW So could I too.

SIR TOBY. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW. Nor I neither.

FABIAN. Here *comes my noble gull-catcher*.[4]

[*Re-enters* MARIA.]

SIR TOBY. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

SIR ANDREW. Or o' mine either ?

SIR TOBY. Shall I play my freedom at *tray-trip*[5], and become thy bond-slave ?

SIR ANDREW. I' faith, or I either ?

1. *Give*—i. e. give up; miss. 2. *Sophy*—the Shah of Persia. 3. *Device*—plot. 4. *Gull-catcher*—one who entraps fools. 5. *Tray-trip*—a game of cards or dice.

FABIAN. I would miss a pension of a thousand pounds from the King of Persia rather than give up my share of joy in this exquisite fun.

SIR TOBY. I would go to the extent of marrying this clever girl who can scheme such plots.

SIR ANDREW. So would I.

SIR TOBY. And I would not ask for any other dowry for marrying her other than one more jest of this kind.

SIR ANDREW. I, too, would not.

FABIAN. Here comes the excellent girl who can entrap and expose fools.

[MARIA *comes back*]

SIR TOBY. (to Maria) I will let you put your foot upon my neck (for giving us such fun).

SIR ANDREW. I also would do the same.

SIR TOBY. I am prepared to gamble away my liberty for you, and become your slave for ever.

SIR ANDREW. So am I.

SIR TOBY. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the *image*[1] of it leaves him, he must run mad.

MARIA. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY. Like *aque vitae*[2] with a *midwife*[3]

MARIA. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she *abhors*[4] and cross-garter d, a fashion she detets ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a *melancholy*[5] as she is, that cannot but turn him into a *notable contempt*[6] If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY. To the gates of *Tartar*[7] ; thou most excellent devil of wit !

SIR ANDREW. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt*.

1. *Image*—illusion ; picture (of the dream). 2. *Aquo-vitae*—strong wine. 3. *Midwife*—nurse. 4. *Abhors*—deeply dislikes. 5. *Melancholy*—sadness. 6. *Notable contempt*—extremely contemptible. 7. *Tartar*—hell.

SIR TOBY. You have raised up such a happy dream before this poor fellow that he will go mad when he finds that the dream is unreal.

MARIA. Tell me truly, is my plot acting well on him ?

SIR TOBY. Yes, it is acting like brandy upon a nurse.

MARIA. If you really wish to see and enjoy the result of this joke, you should see him when he goes to meet my mistress. He will go with yellow stockings and my lady dislikes that colour ; he will be putting on cross-garters, and she deeply dislikes this fashion ; and he will keep on smiling and this is sure to make him look extremely contemptible because as you know she is now in a mood of mourning. If you wish to see all this, come with me.

SIR TOBY. I will follow you even to the gates of hell, you inventor of exquisite and devilish sport.

SIR ANDREW. And I will not lag behind. [*They*

ACT III

SCENE I—OLIVIA'S *garden.*

[*Enter* VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*]

VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music : dost thou live by thy *tabor*[1] ?

CLOWN. No, sir, I live *by the church.*[2]

VIOLA. Art thou a churchman ?

CLOWN No such matter, sir : I do live by the church ; for I do live at my house, an my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA. So thou mayst say, the king *lies*[3] by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

1. *Tabar*—a small drum. 2. *By the church*—near the church. 3. *Lies*—lives.

ACT III

SCENE I—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

[VIOLO *enters, followed by the* CLOWN, *holding a tabor*].

VIOLA. God bless you and your music ; friend. Do you make your livelihood by playing upon this drum ?

CLOWN. No, Sir, I live by (the side of) the Church.

VIOLA. Are you then employed in the service of the Church?

CLOWN. No such thing, sir, and yet I say that I live by the Church, because I live in my house which is situated by the side of the Church.

VIOLA. So if one follows your logic, one might as well say that a king lives with a beggar, if that beggar lives near him ; or that the Church stands near your tabor, because you play on your tabor near the Church.

CLOWN. You have *said*[1], sir. To see this age ! A sentence is but a *cheveril glove*[2] to a good wit : how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

VIOLA. Nay, that 's certain , they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them *wanton*[3].

CLOWN. I would, therefore; my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA. Why, man?

CLOWN. Why, sir, her name 's a word. But indeed words are very *rascals*[4] since *bonds disgraced*[5] them.

VIOLA. Thy reason, man ?

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1. *Said*—said rightly. 2. *Cheveril glove*—soft-glove (made of kid leather). 3. *Wonton*—unruly ; loose. 4. *Rascals*—rogues. 5. *Bonds disgraced*—money-bonds made them disreputable.

CLOWN. You have put it quite well, sir. How clever are we all getting in this modern age ! A sentence is just like a soft kid-glove in the hands of a witty man. He can twist it and turn it inside out as he likes.

VIOLA. What you say is true. Those who play upon words will surely make them loose in meaning.

CLOWN. I therefore wish that my sister had no name.

VIOLA. Why, friend ?

CLOWN. Because sir, a name is only a word, and to play on that word may very well make her loose (in character.) But truly speaking, words have been made disreputable by people breaking them, and using them in more senses than one.

VIOLA. Give me your reason for saying so, fellow.

CLOWN. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am *loath*[1] to prove reason with them.

VIOLA. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

CLOWN. Not so, sir, I do care for something but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir! the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husband's as *pilchards*[2] are to *herrings*[3]; the husbands the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her *corrupter*[4] of words.

1. *Loth*—unwilling. 2. *Pilchards*—small fish. 3. *Herrings*—another kind of small fish. 4. *Corrupter*—jester (who plays upon words).

CLOWN. Well, sir, I can give no reasons; for reasons can be given only in words and I am unwilling to use words which are notorious for their looseness and double meaning.

VIOLA. You seem to me to be a jolly fellow, caring for nothing and no one.

CLOWN. You cannot say that to me, sir, for I do care for some one, but it is not for you. Now if this means that I care for nothing, then I wish you were nothing, (and that you would vanish into the air and be invisible).

VIOLA. Are you not the fool employed by Olivia?

CLOWN. No sir because Lady Olivia has got no folly in her; She will have no fool with her, until she gets married (when she may be said to be keeping a fool—her husband); and there is no difference except in size between a husband and a fool (as there is none between a pilchard and a herring), only the husband is a bigger fool. I am not at all a fool of Lady Olivia; I only misuse and abuse her words (am a jester, playing upon her words).

VIOLA. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the *orb*[1] like the sun, it shines everywhere, I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA. Nay, an thou *pass upon*[2] me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's *expenses*[3] for thee.

CLOWN. Now, Jove, in his next *commodity of hair*,[4] send thee a beard!

VIOLA. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

1. *Orb*—globe; earth. 2. *Pass upon*—play jokes on me. 3. *Expenses*—money (for you to spend). 4. *Commodity of hair*—consignment of hair (sent down on earth from heaven).

VIOLA. I saw you lately at the court of Orsino.

CLOWN. Folly, sir, is universal, for it moves like the earth and shines like the sun everywhere. I should be sorry, sir, if the fool should not be found as often with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom in Orsino's court.

VIOLA. If you wish to play your jokes on me, I will have nothing to do with you. Here, take this and spend it as you wish.

CLOWN. I pray that God may bless you with a beard when he sends down his next consignment of hair to this earth.

VIOLA. I tell you I am longing for one (with a beard—i.e. a man), though I do not want the beard to grow on my face. Is your mistress at home?

CLOWN. Would not a pair of these have *bred*[1], sir ?

VIOLA. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLOWN. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir. to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA. I understand you, sir ; *tis well begged*.[2]

CLOWN. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar : Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir I will *construe*[3] to them whence you come ; who you are and what you would are out of *my welkin*.[4] I might say 'element,' but the word is *overworn*[5].

[*Exit.*

1. *Bred*—multiplied. 2. *It's well begged*—cleverly begged. 3. *Construe*--explain. 4. *My Welkin*—my sphere. 5. *Overworn*—abused ; hackneyed.

CLOWN. (pointing to the coin) will not this coin get multiplied if it had another to make a pair ?

VIOLA. Yes, by being lent on interest.

CLOWN. I wish to play the part of Pandarus of Phrygia and to get a Cressida to this lovely Troilus (coin) here.

VIOLA. I understand your meaning, sir; you have made a clever request (begging) for more money.

CLOWN. It is a small matter, sir, when I beg for a beggar, for Cressida was a beggar (of love). My lady is at home. I will go and tell her where you come from. But who you are and why you have come, I cannot say, for they are out of my province or, I may say sphere but I find that this word is getting hackneyed nowadays, (used by everybodv very often).

VIOLA. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that *well craves*[1] a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the *haggard*,[2] *check at every feather*[3]
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, *folly-fall'n*,[4] quite *taint*[5] their wit.

[*Enter* SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.]

SIR TOBY. Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*[6]

1. *Well craves*—needs a good deal of. 2. *Haggard*—untrained hawk. 3. *Check at every feather*—pursue any chance bird. 4. *Folly-fallen*—stooping to, or fallen into, folly. 5. *Taint*—corrupt; injure. 6. *Dieu vous etc.*—French for "God bless you".

VIOLA. This fellow has wit enough to play the part of a good jester. To be a good jester one needs a good deal of wit and intelligence. A jester has to study occasion and the humour and social status of the person he wishes to jest at. He should be able to make use of any chance incident for his jesting, just as an untrained hawk turns to pursue any bird that it sees. All this requires practice and laborious exercise of wisdom. A fool who studies the mood and character of the person he jests at is admirable, but a wise man who stoops to folly loses his reputation for wisdom.

[SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW *enter.*]

SIR TOBY. God bless you, gentleman.

VIOLA. The same to you, sir.

SIR ANDREW. (speaking in French) God save you sir.

VIOLA. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*[1]

SIR ANDREW. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TOBY. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your *trade*[2] be to her.

VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the *list*[3] of my voyage.

SIR TOBY. *Taste your legs*,[4] sir; put them to motion.

VIOLA. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are *prevented*[5].

1. *Et vous etc.*—French for "God bless you; I am your humble servant". *Trade*—Business. 3. *List*—limit; destination. 4. *Taste your legs*—walk; go. 5. *Prevented*—anticipated; forestalled.

VIOLA. (speaking in French) God bless you; I am your humble servant.

SIR ANDREW. I hope you are, sir; and I, too, am your humble servant.

SIR TOBY. Will you now enter the house? If your business is with my niece, she is ready to meet you.

VIOLA. Yes, sir, I have certainly come to see your niece; I mean she is the object of my journey.

SIR TOBY. If so, put your legs into motion, and walk.

VIOLA. My legs stand under me better than I understand what you mean by asking me to taste my legs.

SIR TOBY. I only meant, sir, that you should enter the house.

VIOLA. I shall obey you by walking in. But I see that we are anticipated (Olivia is coming before we go to see her).

[*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.]

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens *rain odors*[1] on you!

SIR ANDREW. That youth's a *rare*[2] courtier: 'Rain odors;' well.

VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most *pregnant*[3] and *vouchsafed*[4] ear.

SIR ANDREW. 'Odors,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:'—I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA. What is your name?

VIOLA. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

1. *Rain odours*—send sweet fragrance. 2. *Rare*—admirable. 3. *Pregnant*—fruitful; responsive. 4. *Vouchsafed*—gracious; attentive.

[OLIVIA *and* MARIA *enter*.]

Most excellent and richly endowed lady, may God shower upon you sweet fragrance.

SIR ANDREW. This youth is an admirable courtier to use such language! "Rain odours" is a phrase to be noted and studied.

VIOLA. The message I bring is to be heard only by your ready, responsive ear which is graciously attentive.

SIR ANDREW. I will surely note and study these words, "odours, pregnant and vouchsafed"

OLIVIA. Let the gates of the garden be closed, and let everyone retire, leaving me alone to hear this youth. [SIR ANDREW *and others go away*]. Now, let me greet and shake hands with you, sir.

VIOLA. It is my duty to be your most humble servant, madam.

OLIVIA. What is your name?

VIOLA. My name is Cesario, fair lady!

OLIVIA. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since *lowly feigning*[1] was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA. And he is yours, and *his*[2] must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts.
Would they were *blanks*,[3] rather than fill'd with me!

VIOLA. Madam, I come to *whet*[4] your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you under take another suit,
I had rather hear you to *solicit*[5] that
Than music from the spheres.

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1. *Lowly feigning*—vulgar pretentions of humility. 2. *His*—his servant. 3, *Blanks*—devoid (of thoughts of me). 4. *Whet*—sharpen; stimulate. 5. *Solicit*—urge; put forth.

OLIVIA. What do you mean by saying that you are my servant. The world seems to be degenerating by such vulgar and pretentious humility as you are affecting. As a matter of fact, you are the servant of Count Orsiny, not mind.

VIOLA. Since Orsino is your servant (as a lover) I, who serve him, must also be counted as your servant. For your servant's servant is surely your own servant.

OLIVIA. I do not at all think about Count Orsino. And I wish that he keeps his mind free from thoughts about me, rather than fill it with thoughts of me.

VIOLA. Madam, I have come from Count Orsino to stimulate your thoughts about him.

OLIVIA. Please do not do anything of the kind, and remember that I have asked you never to speak to me about him. If however, you come with some other petition to urge before me, I shall be pleased to listen to it more than to the music of the spheres.

VIOLA. Dear ladoy—
OLIVIA. Give me leave, beseech you, I did send,
After the last *enchantment*[1] you did here,
A ring *in chase*[2] of you; so did I *abuse*[3]
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you;
Under your *hard construction*[4] must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful *cunning*[5],
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake
And baited it with all the *unmuzzled thought's*[6]
That tyrannous heart think? To one of *your receiving*[7]
Enough is shown; a *cyprus*[8], not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

1. *Enchantment*—magic spell (which you exercised upon me). 2. *In chase of*—to be delivered to. 3. *Abuse*—deceive. 4. *Hard construction*—harsh judgment. 5. *Cunning*—trick. 6 *Unmuzzled thoughts*—unchecked, bitter, thoughts (about my conduct). 7. *Your receiving*—your quick understanding. 8. *Cyprus*—a thin, transparent veil.

VIOLA. My dear lady.

OLIVIA. Let me speak first, please. When you came to me last, I was so very charmed by you that I sent a ring to be delivered to you. In doing so I have acted most unfairly, towards myself, towards my servant, and, I am afraid, towards you also. I am now therefore subject to the most unfavourable interpretation that you are likely to put upon me for having forced you to accept a thing that does not belong to you. I am really ashamed of having played this trick upon you. I wonder what you think of me. Have you not, provoked by my conduct, [illegible] your severest thoughts to attack my honour, just [illegible] hounds attack a bear at the stake? I have revealed myself enough to be understood by one of your quick intelligence. I may truly declare that what hides my heart is not the bosom but only a thin and transparent veil. You may now proceed to tell me what you think of me.

VIOLA. I pity you.
OLIVIA. That 's *a degree to*[1] love.
VIOLA. No, not a *grize*[2] for 'tis a *vulgar proof*,[3]
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLIVIA. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock *upbraids*[4] me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to *harvest*[5],
Your wife is *like to reap*[6] a proper man;
There lies your way, due west.

1. *A degree to*—a step towards. 2. *Grize*—step. 3. *Vulgar proof*—common experience. 4. *Upbraids*—warns. 5. *Harvest*—ripencess. 6. *Like to reap*—likely to get.

VIOLA. I can only pity you.

OLIVIA. Pity is a first step towards love.

VIOLA. No, not always, for it is commonly seen that we very often pity those whom we hate.

OLIVIA. If it is so, I will become cheerful (and not be the object of your pity.) How proud are poor and humble people likely to be! It is better to be rejected in love by one who is highly placed (a lion among men) than by a low and base person (a wolf). [The clock strikes]. The clock tells me that I am wasting my time in your company. Have no fear, young man, I am not going to ask you to marry me. I am sure, however, that when your intelligence ripens and you reach manhood, your wife will be having a handsome person in you. Your way lies due west; you may now go.

VIOLA. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing,[1] madam, to my lord by me?
OLIVIA. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIOLA. That you do think you are not what you are.
OLIVIA. If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIOLA. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
OLIVIA. I would you were as I would have you be!
VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

1. *You'll nothing*—do you dismiss me with no message?

VIOLA. Well, then, I will proceed westward. May God bless your ladyship with a kindly disposition and good humour. Have you nothing to say to my lord's message?

OLIVIA. Wait a little; tell me what you think of me.

VIOLA. I think that you have a wrong opinion of yourself.

OLIVIA. And I think the same of you.

VIOLA. You are right, for I am not what I seem to be.

OLIVIA. I wish you were what I like you to be.

VIOLA. Do you think, madam, that it would be better than what I am at present? I wish it were so, for now you are only trifling with me.

OLIVIA. O, what a *deal*[1] of scorn looks beautif
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A *murderous guilt*[2] shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's *night*[3] is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, *maugre*[4] all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this *clause*,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason *fetter*,[6]
Love *sought*[7] is good, but given unsought is better.

1. *Deal*—good deal. 2. *Murderous guilt*—guilt of murder. 3. *Night*—secrecy (will reveal itself as light-noon). 4. *Maugre*—in spite of. 5. *Clause*—confession. 6. *Fetter*—conquer, enchain. 7. *Sought*—voluntarily courted; begged.

OLIVIA. (to herself) How beautiful this youth looks with all the contempt and disdain shown in the curling of his lips. The guilt of murder is not revealed so quickly as the passion of love which tries to hide itself. Love is a light which even the darkest night cannot hide. (To Viola) Cesario, I swear by the roses of the spring, by maidenhood, honour, truth and every thing that I love you so much that though you despise me, I cannot with all my reason and understanding conceal my passion. Do not, however, be misled by this confession of my love into thinking that because I court you, you should not care for me. If you are inclined to think so, correct yourself by arguing that love which is desired and voluntarily courted is good but love which is given without being solicited is better.

VIOLA. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam : never more
Will I my master's tears to you *deplore*[1].

OLIVIA. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—OLIVIA'S *house.*

[*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.]

SIR ANDREW. No, faith, I 'll not stay a *jot*[2] longer.

SIR TOBY. Thy reason, dear *venom*,[3] give thy reason.

1. *Deplore*—bewail. 2. *Jot*—bit. 3. *Venom*—surly, angry fellow.

VIOLA. I, too, swear by the innocence of my youth that my heart recognises but one loyalty (I love only one person) and that no woman has a place in it (my heart). Neither shall any maiden be the owner of it, excepting myself. And now let me bid you good bye. I will never come to lament before you my master's sufferings.

OLIVIA. But you may come again because you may be able to soften my heart which now hates to accept your master's love.

[*They go.*

SCENE II—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

[SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW *and* FABIAN *enter*]

SIR ANDREW. Certainly, I am not going to stay here a moment longer.

SIR TOBY. What is your reason for it my dear angry fellow ; let me know your reason.

FABIAN. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY. Did she see thee *the while*,[1] old boy? tell me that.

SIR ANDREW. As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN. This was a great *argument*[2] of love in her toward you.

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight' will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TOBY. And they have been *grand jurmen*[3] since before Noah was a sailor.

1. *The while*—meanwhile. 2. *Argument*—proof. 3. *Grand-jurymer*.—men serving on the Jury; good evidence.

*FABIAN.. You must give your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Well, I saw your niece showing greater favour to the count's messenger than she has ever cared to show towards me. I have seen this with my own eyes in the garden.

SIR TOBY. Did she look at you, friend, when she was addressing the messenger? Let me know this, my friend.

SIR ANDREW. Yes; she saw me as plainly as I am seeing you now.

FABIAN. Then you should know that this was a sure proof of her loving you.

SIR ANDREW. Nonsense! Are you trying to make a fool of me?

FABIAN. I will prove it with sound logic, on oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TOBY. And they (judgment and reason) have been considered as sound jurymen (men of reliable evidence) from the days before Noah sailed in the Ark.

FABIAN. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to *exasperate*[1] you, to awake your *dormouse*[2] valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have *accosted*[3] her; and with some excellent jests, *fire-new*[4] from the *mint*,[5] you should have *banged*[6] the youth into *dumbness*.[7] This was looked for at your hand, and this was *balked*[8]: the double *gilt*[9] of this opportunity you let time *wash off*,[10] and you are now sailed *into the north of*[11] my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do *redeem*[12] it by some *laudable*[13] attempt either of valor or *policy*[14].

1. *Exasperate*—provoke. 2. *Dormouse*—dormant (sleeping). 3. *Accosted*—addressed. 4. *Fire-new*—fresh; brand new. 5. *Mint*—i.e. your brain. 6. *Banged*—beaten; defeated. 7. *Dumbness*—silence. 8. *Balked*—missed. 9. *Gilt*—excellent opportunity. 10. *Wash off*—destroy; lose. 11. *Into the North of*—in the unfavourable position. 12. *Redeem*—recover. 13. *Laudable*—praiseworthy. 14. *Policy*—tact; craft.

FABIAN. The fact that she showed more favour to the youth in your presence only proves that she wanted to provoke you, to arouse your dormant valour, to kindle the fire of courage in your heart and of love in your liver. You should have known this and addressed her at that very moment. You should have made some excellent jokes, freshly invented by you and thus silenced that youth. She expected all this from you, but you have disappointed her in this. You had a golden opportunity but you have missed making use of it. This has resulted in her disfavour towards you. Now you will be as forlorn as an icicle hanging down the beard of a Dutchman, unless you recover her favour by some praiseworthy deed, either of courage or of craft and tact.

SIR ANDREW. An 't be any way, it must be with valor: for policy I hate: I had as *lief*[1] be a *Brownist*[2] as a politician.

SIR TOBY. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in *eleven*[3] places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no *love-broker*[4] in the world can more *prevail*[5] in man's *commendation*[6] with woman than report of valor.

FABIAN. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

1. *Lief*—willingly; rather. 2. *Brownist*—puritan. 3. *Eleven*—i.e. many. 4. *Love-broker*—love-agent; that which wins the love of a woman. 5. *Prevail*—impress; plead. 6. *Commendation*—praise.

SIR ANDREW. If there is any way of recovering my lost opportunity, it should be a display of courage. I hate to use craft and deceit. I would as soon be willing to be a puritan as a political intriguer.

SIR TOBY. Very well, then, win the favour of my niece by showing your courage. Let us see you challenge the Count's messenger for a duel. Inflict several wounds on him, and you will see that my niece will be deeply impressed in your favour. And be sure that nothing will impress a woman more favourably towards her lover than reports of his courageous deeds.

FABIAN. Quite right, Sir Andrew, this is the surest way of winning her, and there is no other way.

SIR ANDREW. Will any one of you be willing to carry my challenge to this youth?

SIR TOBY. Go, write it in a *martial*[1] hand; be *curst*[2] and brief; it is no matter how witty, *so*[3] it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the *license*[4] of ink: if thou *thou'st*[5] him some thrice, it shall not be *amiss*,[6] and as many *lies*[7] as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, *about*[8] it. Let there be *gall*[9] enough in thy ink, though thou write with a *goose-pen*[10], no matter: about it.

SIR ANDREW. Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*:[11] go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

1. *Martial*—bold and challenging. 2. *Curst*—sharp; surly. 3. *So*—provided. 4. *Licence*—freedom (possible in a letter). 5. *Thou'st*—call him 'thou', which is an insulting form of address. 6. *Amiss*—wrong. 7. *Lie*—consist. 8. *About*—begin; proceed. 9. *Gall*—bitterness. 10. *Goose-pen*—pen made of goose-quill, (the goose being a symbol of cowardliness, and foolishness.) 11. *Cubiculo*—chambers.

SIR TOBY. Go, and write out your challenge in a bold and challenging letter. Be sharp and brief. It does not matter if it has not enough wit in it, provided it is eloquent and original. Provoke him with all the freedom that a letter allows. It will be effective if you address him as "thou" in several places. Include as many false charges against him as your letter could contain, even though the letter may be as broad and big as the famous bed of Britain which is capable of holding twelve persons at a time. Now proceed and begin your letter. And even though the pen you use may be made of the quill or feather of a goose, put as much bitterness and valour in your letter as possible. It does not matter; now proceed.

SIR ANDREW. Where can I find you when I have written?

SIR TOBY. We will come to meet you in your own house; go.

FABIAN. This is a *dear manakin*[1] to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. I have been *dear*[2] to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FABIAN. We shall have a *rare*[3] letter from him : but you 'll not deliver 't ?

SIR TOBY. Never trust me, *then* ;[4] and by all means *stir*[5] on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and *wainropes*[6] cannot *hale*[7] them together. For Andrew, if he were *opened*[8], and you find so much blood in his liver as will *clog*[9] the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the *anatomy*[10].

1. *Dear manakin*—dear little person. 2. *Dear*—costly ; i.e. caused him to spend on my behalf. 3. *Rare*—most enjoyable. 4. *Then*—in that case. 5. *Stir*—provoke; incite. 6. *Wain-ropes*—ropes used in pulling waggons 7. *Hale*—bring. 8. *Opened*—cut open. 9. *Clog*—encumber. 10. *Anatomy*—body.

FABIAN. There goes one who is dear to you.

SIR TOBY. I have made him spend dearly for me, to the extent of no less than two thousand pounds or so.

FABIAN. We shall be having an enjoyable letter from him. But I am sure that you are not going to deliver it to the young fellow.

SIR TOBY. Why, I am certainly going to deliver it, and also to provoke that youth to send as rude a reply as possible, though I know that the two cannot be brought together even if they were pulled by the strongest of ropes. So far as Sir Andrew is concerned, if you were to cut open his body you will not find enough blood (courage) in him to encumber the leg of a flea ; I am prepared to eat up the rest of his body, if you find any blood in him.

FABIAN. And his *opposite*[1], the youth, bears in his *visage*[2] no great *presage*[3] of cruelty.

[*Enters* MARIA.]

SIR TOBY. Look; where the youngest *wren of nine*[4] comes.

MARIA. If you desire the *spleen*,[5] and will laugh yourselves into *stitches*[6] follow me. *Yond gull*[7] Malvolio is turned *heathen*,[8] a very *renegado*;[9] for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible *passages of grossness*[10]. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY. And cross-gartered ?

1. *Opposite*—opponent. 2. *Visage*—appearance. 3. *Presage*—sign. 4. *Wren of nine*—a term of endearment. 5. *Spleen*—laughter. 6. *Stiches*—pain in the sides due to excessive laughter. 7. *Yond gull*—that fool. 8. *Heathen*—non-Christian; pagan. 9. *Renegade*—apostate; deserter. 10. *Passages of grossness*—deeds of stupidity.

FABIAN. And so far as his opponent is concerned, that youth (Viola) shows no signs of courage in his face.

SIR TOBY. And here comes our precious little maiden.

[MARIA *comes*]

MARIA. If you wish to enjoy fun that will cause you to laugh till your sides split, come with me. That fool of a Malvolio seems to have turned a pagan, a very apostate, for no true Christian with sense enough to save his soul by believing rightly can ever be brought to commit such deeds of gross stupidity (as he is doing). You see, he is wearing yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY. And cross-garters as well ?

MARIA. Most *villanously*;[1] like a *pedant*[2] that keeps a school i' the church. I have *dogged*[3] him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to *betray*[4] him: he does smile his face into more *lines*[5] than is in the new map with the *augmentation*[6] of the Indies: you have not seen such thing as 'tis. I can hardly *forbear*[7] *hurling*[8] things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do; he 'll smile and take 't for a great favor.

SIR TOBY. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

1. *Villainously*—outrageously. 2. *Pedant*—school master. 3. *Dogged*—followed. 4. *Betray*—expose (his folly). 5. *Lines*—creases and curves. 6. *Augmentation*—addition. 7. *Forbear*—prevent myself from. 8, *Hurling*—throwing at.

MARIA. Most unashamedly and openly, like a school master conducting a school in the Church. I have followed him secretly like a murderer. He is obeying every detail mentioned in that letter which I dropped to befool him. He smiles and keeps smiling until his face becomes distorted with more lines and curves than are to be found in the new map which has been supplemented with the addition of the Indies. You have never seen such a spectacle as this. I am so delighted that I can hardly restrain myself from throwing things at him. I am sure that my mistress will box his ears when she sees him thus. And the fun is, that if she does so, the fool will take it as a sign of her favour towards him.

SIR TOBY. Lead us quickly to where he is.

[*They go.*

SCENE III—*A street.*

[*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.]

SEBASTIAN. I would not *by my will* [1] heve troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further *chide*[2] you

ANTONIO. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than *filed steel*,[3] did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But *jealousy*[4] what might *befall*[5] your travel,
Being *skilless*[6] in these *parts*;[7] which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and *unhospitable*:[8] my *willing*[9] love
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

1. *By my will*—of my own accord. 2. *Chide*—blame; protest against (your action). 3. *Filed steel*—sharpened weapons. 4. *Jealousy*—deep concern; anxiety. 5. *Befall*—happen. 6. *Skilless*—ignorant of. 7. *Parts*—place. 8. *Unhospitable*—inhospitable. 9. *Willing*—voluntary; sincere.

SCENE III—*A Street.*

[SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *enter*]

SEBASTIAN. I would not have given you this trouble of my own accord, but since you are so good as to say that it is no trouble but pleasure, I will no longer object to your deed.

ANTONIO. I could not bear being left behind you. My desire (for your safety), sharper than weapons of bright steel, forced me to follow you. It was not wholly for the love of being in your company · though I love you enough to undertake a longer journey with you—but I was anxious as to what might happen to you in your journey in these places where you are ignorant of the locality, and where a stranger with no guide often has to face rudeness and want of hospitality. It is this my own sincere love for you, full of anxiety for your safety, which has made me come after you so far.

SEBASTIAN. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever thanks; and oft *good turns*[1]
Are *shuffled off*[2] with such *uncurrent pay*:[3]
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the *reliques*[4] of this town?

ANTONIO. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do *renown*[5] this city.

1. *Good turns*—kind deeds. 2. *Shuffled off*—forgotten; returned with. 3. *Uncurrent pay*—worthless repayment. 4. *Reliques*—antiquities. 5. *Renown*—make famous.

SEBASTIAN. My dear Antonio, the only answer I can make is to thank you wholeheartedly. You know how often in this world kindness is forgotten and at best dismissed with worthless repayment. But if I were as rich as you have been kind to me, I would have treated you more substantially. What shall we do now? Shall we go and see the antiquities of this town?

ANTONIO. We will do that tomorrow; but let us first find out a good lodging for you.

SEBASTIAN. I am not at all tired, and there is still plenty of time before it is dark. Let us gratify ourselves with the sight of those monuments which have made this city famous.

ANTONIO. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count *his galleys*[1]
I did some service; of such *note*[2] indeed.
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be *answer'd*.[3]

SEBASTIAN. *Belike*[4] you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit[5] the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody *argument*.[6]
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for *traffic's sake*,[7]
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be *lapsed*[8] in this place,
I thall pay dear.

1. *His galleys*—the count's boats (galleys). 2. *Note*—valour. 3. *Answered*—satisfy (the Count). 4. *Belike*—perhaps. 5. *Albeit*—although. 6. *Argument*—cause (of bloodshed). 7. *Traffic's sake*—for the sake of trade. 8. *Lapsed*—caught.

ANTONIO. You must excuse me there, because it is not safe for me to walk abroad in these streets. You should know that once in a sea-fight against the Count's galleys, I distinguished myself in such a bold and courageous way that if I were caught in these streets I would not be able to defend myself to the satisfaction of the Duke.

SEBASTIAN. Did you by any chance kill a great number of his people?

ANTONIO. I am not guilty of having shed so much blood; though it is true that the circumstances in which we fought might have led to much bloodshed. Most of our men might have made reparations for the loss inflicted during the fight, on account of the trade our city carried on with this city, but I have not done so, and so I might be the victim of punishment if I were to be caught in these streets.

SEBASTIAN. Do not then walk too open.
ANTONIO. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the *Elephant*,[1]
Is best to lodge : I will *bespeak*[2] our diet,
Whiles[3] you *beguile*[4] the time and *feed*[5] your knowledge
With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.
SEBASTIAN. Why I your purse ?
ANTONIO. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your *store*,[6]
I think, is *not for idle*[7] markets, sir.

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1. Elephant—name of an inn. 2. *Bespeak*—arrange. *3. Whiles*—when. *4. Beguile*—spend (your time) ; amuse. *5. Feed*—add to. 6. *Store*—funds. *7. Not for idle markets*—not to be spent in purchasing trifling things.

SEBASTIAN. You should not, then, expose yourself by wandering about openly.

ANTONIO. I know it is not safe for me to do so. Meanwhile, take my purse with you. The best place for lodging here is at the inn called *The Elephant* in the suburbs, south of the town. I shall go and arrange for the meals. You may now go to see the famous things of this town and meet me at the lodging.

SEBASTIAN. What shall I do with your purse ?

ANTONIO. Perhaps you may wish to buy some object of curiosity which you like. And I do not wish that you should waste your money, which is limited, in buying it.

SEBASTIAN. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

ANTON O. To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

[*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.]

OLIVIA. I have sent after him: he says he'll come:
How shall I feast him? what *bestow of* him?
For youth is *bought*[2] more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my *fortunes*[3]:
Where is Malvolio?

1. *Bestow of*—present; bestow on. 2. *Bought*—won; influenced. 3. *Fortunes*—circumstances.

SEBASTIAN. Well, then, I shall keep your purse and part from you for an hour.

ANTONIO. Remember that it is at *The Elephant* that we are to meet.

SEBASTIAN. Yes, I do remember. [*They go.*

SCENE IV—OLIVIA'S *Garden*

[OLIVIA *and* MARIA *enter*]

OLIVIA. I have sent a messenger to bring him, and I do hope that he is coming. Let me think of what feast I am to provide for him, and of the presents I should bestow on him. For I know that young men are sooner won by gifts than by entreaties and solicitations. Let me not speak too loudly. I wonder where Malvolio is. He is the best man to wait on me in my present state of mind, for he is both sober and serious-minded. Where is Malvolio?

MARIA. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is, sure, *possessed*,[1] madam.

OLIVIA. Why, what 's the matter ? does he *rave*[2] ?

MARIA. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some *guard*[3] about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is *tainted*[4] in *wits*[5].

OLIVIA Go call him hither [*Exit* MARIA.] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
[*Re-enter* MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.]
How now, Malvolio !

MALVOLIO. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA. Smilest thou ?
I sent for thee upon a sad *occasion*.[5]

1. *Possessed*—is under the influence of some evil spirit; haunted by a ghost ; mad. 2. *Rave*—talk nonsense, or excitedly. 3. *Guard*—body-guard. 4. *Tainted*—diseased. 5. *Wits*—brains. 6. *Occasion*—matter ; business.

MARIA. He is coming, madam : but he seems to be strangely transformed. I am sure he is mad, and haunted by some evil spirit.

OLIVIA. Why, what has happened to him ? Does he keep talking excitedly and nonsense ?

MARIA. No madam, but he keeps continuously smiling at everything. Your ladyship should have some body-guard about you when he comes here, for I am sure the fellow has gone wholly mad.

OLIVIA. Go and bring him here. [Maria goes] I am as mad, in a way, as Malvolio is, for I am mad with sorrow and he is mad with mirth.

[MALVOLIO *is brought by* MARIA]

How are you, Malvolio ?

MALVOLIO. Sweet lady (and begins to laugh).

OLIVIA. You should not laugh, for I have to discuss a serious matter now.

MALVOLIO. Sad, Lady? I could be sad: this does make some *obstruction*[1] in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true *sonnet*[2] is, 'Please one, and please all.'

OLIVIA. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO. Not *black*[3] in my mind, though yellow in my legs.

It[4] did come to his hands, and commands shall be *executed*[5]:

I think we do know the sweet *Roman*[6] hand.

OLIVIA. Wilt thou *go to bed*,[7] Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. To bed! aye, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

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1. *Obstruction*—trouble; pain. 2. *Sonnet*—song; poem. 3. *Black*—evil thought. 4. *It*—the letter. 5. *Executed*—obeyed. 6. *Roman*—the delicate, Italian hand-writing. 7. *Go to bed*—go and have some rest.

MALVOLIO. You say it is serious, lady? Well, this cross-gartering is causing pain enough to make me also sad and serious. But it does not matter. If it gives some pleasure to some one, well, I will repeat what the poem says in "Please one, please all."

OLIVIA. Why, Malvolio, what is the matter with you?

MALVOLIO. I have no evil (black) thoughts, though I am wearing yellow stockings. Your letter fell into the hands of the right man, and the directions in it will be obeyed. I think there cannot be any mistake about the delicate Italian hand-writing which is yours.

OLIVIA. I think, Malvolio, it will do you good to go and sleep for some time.

MALVOLIO. To sleep! yes, my beloved, I will come to you.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA. How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. At your request! yes; nightingales answer *daws*.[1]

MARIA. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well *writ*.[2]

OLIVIA. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'—

OLIVIA. Ha!

MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

1. *Daws*—jackdaws. 2. *Writ*—written.

OLIVIA. May God help you! Why do you smile and kiss your hand so often?

MARIA. What has happened to you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. Must I answer you? Yes, one has sometimes to speak with chattering jackdaws (like you, Maria).

MARIA. Why do you come with such ridiculous audacity before my lady?

MALVOLIO. "Be not afraid of great men"—it was well written.

OLIVIA. What do you mean by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. "Some people are born to be great."

OLIVIA. Really!

MALVOLIO. "And some people attain greatness"

OLIVIA. What sayest thou ?

MALVOLIO. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA. Heaven *restore*[1] thee !

MALVOLIO. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

OLIVIA. Thy yellow stockings !

MALVOLIO. 'And wished to see the cross-gartered '

OLIVIA. Cross gartered !

MALVOLIO. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ;'—

OLIVIA. Am I made ?

MALVOLIO. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA. Why, this is very *midsummer madness*.[2]

1. *Restore*—cure. 2. *Midsummer madness*—madness produced by summer.

OLIVIA. What is it you are saying ?

MALVOLIO. "And greatness is forced upon some people."

OLIVIA. May God cure your madness !

MALVOLIO. "Remember who praised your yellow stockings."

OLIVIA. The yellow stocking ?

MALVOLIO. "And wished you to put on cross-garters."

OLIVIA. Cross-garters !

MALVOLIO. "Go, you are now made, if you wish."

OLIVIA. Am I made ?

MALVOLIO. "If not, then let me see you still a servant."

OLIVIA. Why, this is rank madness, produced by the heat of midsummer.

[*Enter* SERVANT.]

SERVANT. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA. I'll come to him [*Exit* SERVANT.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him *miscarry*[1] for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

MALVOLIO. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This *concurs*[2] directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear *stubborn*[3] to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.

1. *Miscarry*—come to harm. 2. *Concurs*—agrees. 3. *Stubborn*—rude; unpleasant.

[A SERVANT *enters*]

SERVANT. Lady, the young messenger of the Count has come back. It was difficult to persuade him to come. He is waiting to hear what your ladyship wishes to say.

OLIVIA. I will see him presently [SERVANT *goes*]. Good Maria, have an eye on this Malvolio. Meanwhile where is my cousin Toby? Let some of my people attend to this Malvolio carefully. I would rather lose half my dowry than let him come to any harm. [MARIA *and* OLIVIA *go.*

MALVOLIO. Well, well! So you are now beginning to understand me! Sir Toby, her own kinsman is to look after me! All this is in exact agreement with what was written in the letter. For in it I was asked to behave rudely towards him, and she is now giving me an opportunity to do so.

'Cast thy humble slough,' says she ; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servents ; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity ;' and consequently sets down the manner how ; *as*[1], a sad face, a reverend *carriage*[2], a slow tongue, in the habit of some *sir*[3] of note, and so forth. I have *limed*[4] her; but it is Jove's doing and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow ! not Malvolio, nor *after my degree*[5], but fellow. Why, every thing *adheres*[6] together, that no *dram*[7] of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no *incredulous*[8] or unsafe circumstance - What can be said ? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. ✓

1. As—as for example. *2. Carriage*—bearing. *3. Sir*—man of distinction. *4. Limed*—caught. *5. After my degree*—according to my position. *6. Adheres*—fits. *7. Dram*—smallest detail. *8. Incredulous*—unbelievable.

"Discard your humbleness" says she in the letter. "and oppose my kinsman, and be rough and rude towards the servants ; talk authoritatively on politics, and affect a haughty manner. Be eccentric." She further instructs me as to how I should carry out her commands. For example. I must put on a grave expression, carry myself with dignity, be deliberate in my speech, following the style of some nobleman of distinction, and so on. I have her now completely in my power. But it is all by the grace of God, and I thank God for it. Just now when she left me she said : "Let this fellow be attended to." She said "Fellow", not "Malvolio" nor "my steward" according to my status, but "Fellow", which means that she regards me as her equal. Why, every detail points to the same fact ; there cannot be the least little doubt about it all ; no opposition ; no, not the least hint of any incredible or risky circumstance. The inference is quite clear. There is nothing to prevent the fulfilment of my hopes.

Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

[*Re-enter* MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN]

SIR TOBY. Which way is he, in the name of *sanctity* ?[1] If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and *Legion*[2] himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir ? how is 't with you, man ?

MALVOLIO. Go off ; I discard you : let me enjoy my *private*[3] go off.

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

1. *Sanctity*—Holiness ; God. 2. *Legion*—all the devils. 3. *Private*—Privancy.

God, not I, has done all this, and so I should thank God.

[MARIA *comes back with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.]

SIR TOBY. Where, in the name of all that is holy, is this Malvolio ? If all the devils in hell together possessed him, I would still speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is. How do you do, sir ? What is the matter with you, man ?

MALVOLIO. Get away ; I dont want to see you. Let me enjoy my own privacy. Get away.

MARIA. Listen in what a hoarse voice the devil is speaking within him. Did I not tell you ? Sir Toby, my lady requests you to look after him.

MALVOLIO. Ah, ha ! Does she request him to do so ?

SIR TOBY. Go to, go to; peace, peace: we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say?

MARIA. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not *bewitched*.[1] My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

MALVOLIO. How now, mistress!

MARIA. O LORD!

SIR TOBY. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you *move*[2] him? let me alone with him.

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1. *Bewitched*—under a spell; possessed. 2. *Move*—provoke; irritate.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace, I say! We should deal with him gently. How do you do, Malvolio? What is the matter with you? Well, man, be brave and challenge the devil that is trying to possess you. You should remember that the Devil is an enemy of mankind.

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you are talking?

MARIA. Look to him! How seriously is he annoyed if you speak ill of the Devil. I pray to God that he may not be under the spell of an evil spirit. My mistress will not part with him under any circumstance.

MALVOLIO What are you saying, madam?

MARIA. O! God help us!

SIR TOBY. Silence! This is not the way in which he ought to be treated. Don't you see that you are only irritating him. Leave me alone to deal with him,

FABIAN. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY. Why, how now, my *bawcock*[1] ! now dost thou, *chuck* ?[2]

MALVOLIO. SIR !

SIR TOBY. Aye, *Biddy*,[3] come with me. What man ! 'tis not for *gravity*[4] to play at *cherrypit*, with Satan : hang him, *foul collier*[6] !

MARIA. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO. My prayers, *minx*[7]!

MARIA. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

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1. *Bawcock*—fine fellow. 2. *Chuck*—dear fellow. 3. *Biddy*—term used for calling chickens. 4. *Gravity*—grave person. 5. *Cherrypit*--childish game ; deal lightly with. 6. *Foul Collier*—term of abuse. 7. *Minx*—sharp, naughty girl.

FABIAN. There is no dealing with him except gently. The devil is rude, and ought not to be treated rudely.

SIR TOBY. Well, my fine fellow ! How do you do, dear ?

MALVOLIO. Behave yourself, sir !

SIR TOBY. Well, Biddy, come with me. What, man ! It is not good for serious men to trifle with the Devil. The Devil deserves to be hanged.

MARIA. Make him say his prayers. Good Sir Toby, do make him pray.

MALVOLIO. You say I should say my prayers, you naughty girl !

MARIA. What did I say ? See, he will never be made to say his prayers.

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your *element*[1]: you shall know more hereafter.

SIR TOBY. Is 't possible?

FABIAN. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an *improbable*[2] *fiction*[3]

SIR TOBY. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man

MARIA. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device *take air and taint*[4]

FABIAN. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA. The house will be the quieter.

1. *Element*—sphere. 2. *Improbable*—unbelievable. 3. *Fiction*—exaggeration. 4. *Take air and taint*—become known and so be spoilt.

MALVOLIO. Go and hang yourselves! You are all shallow-minded fellows. I do not belong to your world. You shall know me well later.

[*Goes.*

SIR TOBY. Is it possible that he should be like this?

FABIAN. If all that he does were enacted upon the stage, I would dismiss it as an impossible and absurd exaggeration.

SIR TOBY. Our plot has taken him in completely.

MARIA. Let us pursue him so that our plot may not be revealed beforehand and get spoiled.

FABIAN. We may be forcing him to become mad.

MARIA. Then the house will be having a quiet time.

SIR TOBY. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.
My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very *pastime*,[1] tried out of breath, *prompt*[2] us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and *crown*[3] thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

[*Enter* SIR ANDVEW]

FABIAN. More matter for a *May morning*.[4]

SIR ANDREW. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's *vinegar and pepper*[5] in 't.

FABIAN. Is 't so *saucy*[6] ?

SIR ANDREW. Aye, is 't I warrant him: do but read.

1. *Pastime*—joke. 2. *Prompt*—drive; make. 3. *Crown*—reward. 4. *May morning*—festival. 5. *Vinegar and pepper*—bitter and angry tone. 6. *Sauty*—full of scorn.

SIR TOBY. Come, we shall get him bound and placed in a dark room. My niece is already convinced that he had gone man; we will continue to play this joke for our merriment and his punishment, untill we are tried, and then we shall take pity on him. At that moment we shall hold a court and sit in judgement and reward you, Maria, as a clever discoverer of mad men. But look, who comes here!

[SIR ANDREW *Enters*]

FABIAN. Here is more matter for fun as befits the festivities of a May morning!

SIR ANDREW. I have brought the challenge here. Read it. I am sure it is written in a language full of anger and challenging scorn.

FABIAN. It it really so very scornful?

SIR ANDREW. Yes, sir, read it and you will know.

SIR TOBY. Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a *scurvy*[1] fellow.

FABIAN. Good and valiant.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, not admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.'

FABIAN. A good note; that *keeps you*[2] from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest *to*[3] the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

FABIAN. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

1. *Scurvy*—mean. 2. *Keeps you*—protects you. 3. *To*—according to.

SIR TOBY. Here, let me read it. [*Reads*] "Whoever you are, young man, you are a mean follow."

FABIAN. That is brave and fine!

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "Do not be surprised, and do not try to find the reason why I call you so, for I have no reasons to give."

FABIAN. It is well written, and it protects you from all legal reprisals.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "You visit my lady, Olivia, and she treats you favourably in my presence. But you are guilty of the grossest falsehoods, and that is not the reason why I send you this challenge."

FABIAN. The letter is very brief, and according to good sense, there is no sense in it.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] 'I will *waylay*[1] thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

FABIAN. Good.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIAN. Still you keep '*o' the windy side of*[2] the law: good.'

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him.

1. *Waylay*—attack. 2. *O' the windy side of*—on the safe side.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "I shall attack you on your way home, where, if it be your chance to kill me."

FABIAN. Good, good!

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "You kill me like a rogue and a villain."

FABIAN. All this is yet on the safe side of the law, Good!

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "Fare well! And may God have mercy upon the soul of one of us. He may have indeed mercy upon my soul, but I hope for a better thing, and therefore be careful. Your friend according as you treat him, and your deadly and sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK." If this challenge does not bring him to the combat, then the reason is that his legs will not carry him to the combat. I will now deliver this to him.

MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for 't : he is now in some *commerce*[1] with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY. Go, Sir Andrew ; *scout*[2] me for him at the corner of the orchard like a *bum-baily*[3] : so soon as ever thou seest him, *draw*[4] ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a *swaggering accent*[5] sharply *twanged off*[6] gives manhood more *approbation*[7] than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away !

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

1. *Commerce*—conversation. 2. *Scout*—watch (for him). 3. *Bum-baily* - officer of a sheriff. 4. *Draw*—attack ; draw your sword. 6. *Swaggering account*—bullying or blustering tone. 6. *Twanged off*—spoken in an affected tone. 7. *Approbati n*—approval ; credit.

MARIA. You may have a good opportunity for delivering it to him. He is at present talking with my mistress, and will be soon going home.

SIR TOBY. Go, Sir Andrew, and watch for him, like a sheriff's officer, at the corner of the garden. Draw your sword as soon as you see him ; and swear violently as you draw it ; because a thundering oath, delivered in a boastful manner, gives a man a greater reputation for bravery than any actual deed of courage itself. Go now at once.

SIR ANDREW. Trust me for swearing most violently. [*Goes.*

SIR TOBY. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece *confirms*[1] no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently *ignorant*[2], will *breed*[3] no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a *clodpole*.[4] But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and *impetuosity*[5]. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like *cockatrices*[6].

1. *Confirms*—makes it clear. 2 *Ignorant*—meaningless; nonsensical. 3. *Breed*—inspire. 4. *Clodpole*—idiot. 5. *Impetuosity*—rashness. 6. *Cockatrices*—legendary serpents, supposed to kill their victims with a mere look.

SIR TOBY. Now I am not going to deliver this letter. For the behaviour of the youth (Viola) is that of a man of good education and intelligence. And the errand on which he is employed between his master and my niece also makes this fact clear. Therefore, this lettet which is full of nonsense will produce no terror in him. He will certainly find that it is written by a stupid fellow. But, sir, I will deliver the challenge orally; tell him that Sir Aguecheek has a great reputation for courage. I will persuade the youth—knowing that he will readily believe what I say—in such way that he will have the most horrible idea of his anger, skill in dueling, violence and rashness. They will then be both so much frightened of each other that they will kill each other by mere looks, like those imaginary serpents described in legends, called cockatrices.

[*Re-enter* OLIVIA *with* VIOLA]

FABIAN. Here he comes with your niece : give them way till he take leave, and presently *after*[1] him.

SIR TOBY. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challeng e

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA]

OLIVIA. I have said too much unto a *heart of stone*[2]
And laid mine honour *too unchary out* :[3]
There's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong *potent*[4] fault it is,
That it but *mocks*[5] reproof.

VIOLA. With the same *havior*[6] that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

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1 *After*—go after. 2. *Heart of stone*—unfeeling heart. 3. *Too unchary out*—exposed io carelessly. 4 *Potent*—powerful. 5. *Mo.ks* —defias. 6. *'Havior*—behaviour.

[Olivia *and* VIOLA *come back*]

FABIAN. He is coming this way with your niece. Wait till he takes leave of her, and then follow him at once.

SIR TOBY. Let me meanwhile think out some terrible message for a challeng.

[SIR TOBY, FABIAN *and* MARIA *go*]

OLIVIA. I have appealed in vain to an unfeeling heart, and exposed my honour to carelessly. My sonscience is punish ing me for this fault of main, but it is such a powerfull and impulsive fault that it befies all reproach.

VIOLA. The grief of my master at being demied your love is as stubbosn and defiant as your own love,

OLIVIA. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my *picture*[1];
Refuse it not; it hath *no tongue*[2] to *vex*[3] you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honor saved may upon asking give?

VIOLA. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

OLIVIA. How with mine honor may I give him that which I have given to you?

VIOLA. I will *acquit*[4] you.

OLIVIA. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell
[*Exit*

1. *Picture* i. e. contain my portrait 2. *No tongue*—no voice. 3. *Vex*—annoy. 4. *Acquit*—release.

OLIVIA. Here, wear this jewel for my, saSe it contains my portrait; bo not refuse it. Having no voice it (my portrait) cannct annoy you in any way. And I request you to come to me to-morrow. I can deny nothing that you may ask of me, excepting that whicq is forbidden by honour.

VIOLA. I want nothing except your love for. my master.

OLIVIA. How can I give that to your master which, in all honour, I have given to you?

VIOLA. I will free you from all obligation towards me.

OLIVIA Well, come again to-morrow; farewell. A devil as handsome as you might easily carry my soulto hell.

[*They go*]

[*Re-enter* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN]

SIR TOBY. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA. And you, Sir.

SIR TOBY. That defense thou hast, *betake*[1] thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy *intercepter*[2] full of *despite*[3] bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: *dismount thy tuck*,[4] be *yare*[5] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my *remembrance*[6] is very free and clear from any *image*[7] of offense done to any man.

1. *Betake*—avail yourself of. 2. *Intercepter*—one who is going to attack you. 3. *Despite*—deep malice. 4. *Dismount thy tuck*—draw your sword. 5. *Yare*—careful; ready. 6. *Remembrance*—memory. 7. *Image*—evidence; shadow.

[SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN *come back*]

Sir Toby. May God protect you, gentleman.

Viola. And you, too, sir.

Sir Toby. Make use of all the means of defence at your dis-disposal. I do not know what wrong you have done to him. But he who is lying in wait for you is full of deep malice, blood-thirsty as a hunter; and he is ready to attack you at the orchard.gate. Therefore, draw your sword, be quick and careful and ready, because your enemy is energetic, skilled in the use of weapons and a determined hater of you.

Viola. You are mistaking me, sir; for I know that no one has any quarrel to pick up with me. My memory is very clear on this point, for I do not remember to have offended any one.

SIR TOBY. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you *hold your life at any price*[1] betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man *withal*[2].

VIOLA. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY. He is knight, dubbed with *unhatched*[3] rapier and *on carpet*[4] consideration: but he is a devil in private *brawl*[5]: souls and bodies hath he *divorced*[6] three; and his *incensement*[7] at this moment is so *implacable*[8], that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of deaths and *sepulchre*[9]. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

1. *Hold your life at any price*—value your life. 2. *Withal*—with. 3. *Unhatched*—never used in battle. 4. *On carpet*—only as a matter of ceremony; theoretically. 5 *Brawl*—quarrel; duel. 6. *Divorced*—separated (i. e. killed). 7. *Incensement*—anger. 8. *Implacable*—unappeasable. 9. *Sepulchre*—grave.

Sir Toby. You will find that it is not as you think. Therefore, if you value your life, be ready to defend yourself at once. For your opponent has the best of youth, strength, skill and fierceness that one can possess.

Viola. I request you to tell me what kind of man is he.

Sir Toby. He has been made a knight with a sword that has never been used in a battle, but has undergone all the ceremonies of knighthood in the drawing room. But in a private duel, he is indeed a formidable rival. He has killed three of his rivals so far in duelling, and his fury now is so intense that it could not be satified except by killing his opponent and seeing his corpse buried in the graveyard. Hit or miss is his watch-word; give it or take it (that is, come what might).

VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some *conduct*[1] of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to *taste*[2] their valour: belike this is a man of that *quirk*.[3]

SIR TOBY. Sir, no; his indignation *derives itself out*[4] of a very *competent*[5] injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. *Back*[6] you shall not to the house unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or *strip*[7] your sword *stark naked*[8]; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear *iron*[9] about you.

1. *Conduct*—escort. 2. *Taste*—test. 3. *Quirk*—type; humour. 4. *Derives itself out*—springs from. 5. *Competent*—genuine; just. 6. *Back*—go back. 7. *Strip*—drew. 8. *Stark naked*—completely. 9. *Iron*—weapons.

Viola. If it is so, I will go to Lady Olivia and ask her to give me an escort. I am not accustomed to fighting. I have heard that there are some people who force a quarrel upon others in order to test and exercise their own valour. I think this fellow is one of that type.

Sir Toby. No, sir. His anger springs from a just and genuine wrong. Therefore go and give him satisfaction. I will not let you to enter the house unless you fight with me with the same risk as in fighting that fellow. Therefore I say, proceed, or draw your sword fully; you must either fight him in single combat, or you will have to swear to carry no weapons about you.

VIOLA. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my *purpose*[1].

SIR TOBY. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

VIOLA. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to mortal *arbitrement*[2] but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIOLA. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

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1. *Purpose*—intention. 2, *Arbitrement*—duel; combat.

Viola. This seems to me as rude as it is fantastic. Please do me the favour of inquiring of the knight as to what wrong I have done to him. I am sure it is all due to my negligence and nothing that is done purposefully.

Sir Toby. I will do so, Fabian, stay here by this gentleman till I return. [*Goes.*

Viola. Do you, sir, know anything of this matter?

Fabian, All that I know is that the knight is deeply offended and angry with you, and that nothing less than a settlement by mortal combat will satisfy him. I know nothing more than this.

Viola. Please tell me what kind of man is this knight.

FABIAN. Nothing of that wonderful promise, *to read*[1] him by his *form*[2], as you are like to find him in the proof of his volor.
He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA. I shall be much *bound*[3] to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with *sir priest*[4] than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my *mettle*.[5]

[*Exeunt*.

1. *To read*—observe; look, 2, *Form*—appearance. 3. *Bound*—obliged 4. *Sir Priest*—the priest. 5. *Mettle*—courage,

Fabian. He does not impress you much, if you were to judge him by his appearance. But you will find him different in a real test of courage. Indeed, sir, he is the most skilful, bloody-minded and pitiless opponent that you could possibly meet with in any part of Illyria. If you come to him I will try to make him pacified towards you.

Viola. I shall be much obliged to you for it. By nature I am one who would rather associate with a priest than with a knight. I do not care if people call me a coward.

[*They go.*

[*Re-enter* SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW]

SIR TOBY. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a *firago*[1]. I had a *pass*[2] with him, rapier scabbard and all, and he gives me the *stuck*[3] in with such a mortal motion, that it is *inevitable*[4] and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW. Pox on 't, I 'll not *meddle*[5] with him.

SIR TOBY. Aye, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce *hold*[6] him yonder.

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1. *Firago*—violent person. 2. *Pass*—test or trial of skill in the use of weapons and fighting. 3. *Stuck*—blow; thrust. 4. *Inevitable*—inescapable; irresistible. 5. *Meddle*—interfere with; contact, 6. *Hold*—control; restrain.

[SIR TOBY *comes back with* SIR ANDREW]

Sir Toby. Why, man, he seems to be the very devil; I have never seen such a violent fellow. I had a trial of fighting with him, using sheathed swords, and he gave me such a deadly thrust that there was no escape from it; and in his counter-attack he gets at you as surely as your feet touch the ground on which they walk. It is said that he has been a trainer in fencing employed by the Shah of Persia.

Sir Andrew. I will have nothing to do with that fellow.

Sir Toby. But you see, he is not in a mood to be pacified by any means. Fabian there finds it impossible to restrain him.

SIR ANDREW. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so *cunning*[1] in fence I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter *slip*[2] and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

SIR TOBY. I 'll make the *motion*[3] : stand here, make a good show on 't : this shall end without the *perdition*[4] of souls. [*Aside.*]
Mary, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Re-enter* FABIAN *and* VIOLA]

[*To* FABIAN.] I have his horse to *take up*[5] the quarrel : I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

1. *Cunning*—expert. 2, *Slip*—be forgotten. 3. *Motion*—proposal; offer. 4. *Perdition*—death. 5. *Take up*—make up for ; settle.

Sir Andrew. Confound it, if I had known that he was so brave and expert in fencing, I would have rather seen him go to hell than challenge him. If you somehow persuade him to drop this matter, I will give him my grey Capilet (horse).

Sir Toby. I shall carry your offer to him. Meanwhile, stand here, putting on a brave face. This quarrel must end without either of you being killed. (Aside.) By God, I shall ride your horse as much as I am making a fool of you.

[FABIAN *and* VIOLA *re-enter*]

[**Addressing Fabian.** He has promised to give me the horse in return for making up the quarrel. I have convinced him that the youth possesses the courage of a devil.

FABIAN. He is as horribly *conceited of*[1] him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY. [*To* VIOLA.] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the *supportance*[1] of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN. *Give ground*[3], if you see him furious.

1. *Conceited of*—fearful opinion of. 2. *Supportance*—keeping up; maintaining. 3. *Give ground*—yield.

Fabian. He (Viola) has an equally fearful opinion of his valour (Sir Andrew's). He looks pale and pants as if a bear was pursuing him.

Sir Toby. (*To* **Viola.**) There is no way of escape, sir. He will fight with you because he has taken an oath to do so. Indeed he has thought deeply over this matter, and is ready to drop it as of little significance. So you have to draw your sword only to help him maintain his oath. He has promised me that he is not going to inflict any injury during the fight.

Viola. (*To* **Herself**) May God help me! I feel like revealing my being a woman at the slightest excuse.

Fabian. Be yielding, if you see him advancing furiously against you.

SIR TOBY. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one *bout*[1] with you; he cannot by the *duello*[2] avoid it: but he has promised me, *as he is*[3] a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't

SIR ANDREW. Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They draw.*

[*Enter* ANTONIO]

ANTONIO. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offen d him, I for him defy you.

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1. *Bout*—round (of fighting). 2. *Duello*—i. e. by the laws of duelling. 3. *As he is*—i. e. upon the word of.

Sir Toby. Come on, Sir Andrew, there is no way out. The gentleman is going to have just one round of fighing with you, for the sake of keeping up his oath. He is forced to do this by the laws of duelling. But he has assured me on the word of a gentleman that he is not going to hurt you. Therefore, come along now.

Sir Andrew. May God make him keep up his promise.

[*Draws*

Viola. I assure you that I fight against my will. [*Draws.*

[ANTONIO *enters*]

Antonio. Put back your swords. If this youth has done anything to offend you, I am prepared to take the repsponsibility upon myself. And if you have offended him, I challenge you on his behalf,

SIR TOBY. You, sir ! why, what are you ?

ANTONIO. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him *brag*[1] to you he will.

SIR TOBY. Nay, if you be an *undertaker*[2], I am for you. [*They draw.*

[*Enter* OFFICERS]

FABIAN. O good Sir Toby, hold ! here come the officers.

SIR TOBY. I 'll be with you anon.

VIOLA. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, will I, sir ; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word : *he*[4] will bear you easily and *reins*[4] well.

1, *Brag*—boast. 2. *Undertaker*—one who takes up the quarrel of another. 3. *He* i. e. the horse. 4. *Reins*—responds to the reins.

Sir Toby. You, sir, who are you ?

Antonio. I am one, sir, who for his love, is prepared to do more than you have heard him boast before you that he will. [*Draws.*

[OFFICERS *Enter.*]

Sir Toby. Well, if you are one who takes up the quarrel of another, I am ready to meet you. [*Draws.*

Fabian. Good Sir Toby ; stop, for here come the officers of the law.

Sir Toby. (*To* ANTONIO) I shall be with you immediately.

Viola. (*To* Sir ANDREW) Please put your sword back, sir, if you do not mind.

Sir Andrew. Certainly, sir, I will. I will keep my word, as I promised you. My horse will carry you easily, and responds to the rein satisfactorily.

FIRST OFFICER This is the man ; do thy *office*[1]

SECOND OFFICER. Antonio, arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER. No, sir, *no jot*[2] ; I know your *favour*[3] well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away : he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO. I must obey. [*To* VIOLA.] This comes *with*[4] seeking you :
But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;
But be of comfort.

1. *Office* –duty. 2. *No jot*—not in the least, 3. *Favour*—face. 4. *With*—on account of.

First Officer, Here is the man ; do your duty, (i. e. arrest him).

Second Officer. Antonio, I arrest you on the orders of Count Orsino.

Antonio. You seem to be mistaken, sir,

First Officer. No, sir, not in the least. I know your face very well, though now you do not wear the sailor's cap. Remove him ; he is sure that I am not making any mistake about him.

Antonio. I must obey. (*Addressing* VIOLA) All this is on account of seeking you. But it cannot be helped I am ready to answer the charges against me. I am only wondering what you will do now, since I am in need and so have to ask you to return my purse. My regret is more for being able to do so little for you than for what has happened to me. You seem to be very much puzzled. But take heart.

SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, away.
ANTONIO. I must entreat of you some of that money.
VIOLA. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my *lean and low*[1] ability
I 'll lend you something; my *having*[2] is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you;
Hold, there's half my *coffer*[3].
ANTONIO. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my *desserts*[4] to you
Can lack persuation? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to *upbraid*[5] you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

1. *Lean and low*—insufficient; poor (wealth). 2. *Having*—possession; property. 3. *Coffer*—treasure; cash. 4. *Desserts*—obliging actions; kindness. 5. *Upbraid*— reproach.

Second Officer. Come away, sir.

Antonio. (*To* VIOLA) I must request you to return part of that money.

Viola. What money sir? Partly for the kindness you have shown me here, and partly because I am moved by your present distress, I shall lend you some money out of my poor resources. I do not possess much. But I shall share with you all that I have with me. Take this, which is half of what money I have.

Antonio. Are you going to deny me your assistance? I cannot believe that my kind actions towards you cannot persuade you (to help me). Do not provoke me in my distress lest I might be so upset that I might accuse you of ingratitude for those acts of kindness that I have so far done for you.

VIOLA. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying *vainness*[1], *babbling*[2] drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits[3] our frail blood.

ANTONIO. O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such *sanctity*[4] of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

---

1. *Vainness*—vanity. 2. *Babbling*—irresponsible talking 3. *Inhabits*—acts powerfully upon; affects. 4. *Sanctity*—holiness; sacredness.

Viola. I do not know of any kindness done by you. Nor do I recognise you either by your voice or features. I hate ingratitude in man more than falsehood, vanity, irresponsible, loose talking, drunkenness, or any other vice which is capable or affecting our weak human nature.

Antonio. Heavens! what am I hearing!

Second Officer. Come on, sir; please follow us.

Antonio. Allow me to speak a little more. I saved from the jaws of death this young man whom you see here, I comforted him with sacred love; and worshipped his fair face which seemed to promise the posssssion of praiseworthy qualities, deserving revere.

First Officer. We have nothing to do with all that you say. Do not waste our time. Let us move on.

ANTONIO. But O how *vile an idol*[1] proves this god !
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the *beauteous evil*[2]
Are empty trunks, *o'erflourish'd*[3] by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER. The man grows mad : away with him!
Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO. Lead me on. [*Exit with* OFFICERS.

VIOLA. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself : so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en *for*[4] you !

1. *Vile an idol*—false and worthless an idol (person). 2. *Beauteous-evil*—those who are fair but bad. 3. *Overflourished* decorated extravagantly on the outside. 4. *For*—i. e. mistaken for you.

Antonio. O, what a worthless idol has this god I worshipped proved to be ! Sebastian, you have done a great injustice to your handsome appearance and features. In nature there is no defect except the defect of the mind ; for none is ugly except those who are unkind or unnatural. Virtue alone is beautiful, and those who possess a corrupt mind in a beautiful body, are like empty trunks decorated lavishly on the outside by the devil.

First Officer. Why, this man seems to be getting mad ; take him away at once. Come, sir, come now.

Antonio. I am ready ; lead me. [*They go.*

Viola. He spoke with such deep feeling that he seems to belive that what he said was right, namely, that he has saved me from drowning, and that I have behaved ungratefully. But I think that he is wrong. I pray god that what I imagine might prove to be real, and that I might be mistaken for my brother (SEBASTIAN). For that means that he is alive.

SIR TOBY. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most *sage saws*[1].

VIOLA. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in *my glass*[2]; even such and so
In *favor*[3] was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

1. *Sage saws*—wise maxims or sayings. 2. *My glass*—i. e. when I see my reflection in my mirror. 3, *Favour*—facial appearance.

Sir Toby. Come here, knight, and Fabian, we shall recite a verse or two full of wise sayings.

Viola. He named Sebastian; I know that my brother lives again when I look at my own image in my mirror, for he resembles me in facial appearance. Further, he dressed himself in the style, colour and decoration that I have now adopted (in my disguise), since I am imitating him. O, if this proves to be true (i. e. if he is alive) then storms are kind and salt waves are full of benevolence.
[*Goes.*

SIR TOBY. A very dishonest *paltry*[1] boy, and more a coward than a *hare*[2] : his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him ; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN. A coward, a most devout coward, *religious*[3] in it.

SIR ANDREW. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY. Do : *cuff*[4] him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

FABIAN. Come let 's see the event.

SIR TOBY. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

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1. *Paltry*—worthless ; mean. 2. *Hare*—which is a symbol of cowardice. 3. *Religious*—thoroughly, devoutly cowardly. 4. *Cuff*—thrash.

Sir Toby. This boy is a dishonourable and worthless fellow more cowardly than a hare. This is proved by his deserting his friend in the hour of distress. If you want further evidence of his cowardice, ask Fabian.

Fabian. Yes, he is a thorough and devout coward.

Sir Andrew. If so by God, I shall follow and beat him.

Sir Toby. Do beat and beat him soundly, but be careful not to draw out your sword.

Sir Andrew. If I do not—(i.e. I will never draw my sword) [*Goes.*

Fabian. Come, let us go and watch the result.

Sir Toby. I swear and bet that all this will come to nothing serious [*They go.*

ACT IV

SCEN EI—*Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

[*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN]

CLOWN. Will you make me believe that. I am not sent for you ?

SEBASTIAN. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow : Let me be clear of thee.

CLOWN. Well *held out*[1] 'ifaith ! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN. I prithee, *vent*[2] thy *folly*[3] somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

1. *Held out*—maintained ; pretended. 2. *Vent*— speak ; utter. 3. *Folly*—nonsense ; foolish words.

ACT IV

[*Scene I. Before* OLIVIA'S *House*]

The CLOWN *and* SEBASTIAN *enter.*

Clown. Do you mean to persuade me that I am not sent to fetch you ?

Sebastian. Go away ; you are silly. Let me be rid of you.

Clown. Your pretence of not knowing me is perfect. O, no ! I do not at all know you, and neither has my lady Olivia sent me to request you to come and speak to her. Your name is not Cesario, of course, and this is not my nose which I touch. Indeed nothing is as it seems to be,

Sebastian. I pray you, go and utter your nonsense before someone else. You cannot claim to have the slightest acquaintance with me.

CLOWN. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great *lubber*,[1] the world, will prove a *cockney*.[2] I prithee now, *ungird*[3] thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you *tarry*[4] longer, I shall give worse payment.

CLOWN. By my troth thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—*after fourteen years' purchase*[5].

1. *Lubber*—big, rude fellow. 2. *Cockney*—one who speaks affectedly; pretentious fellow. 3. *Ungird*—abandon; take off. 4. *Tarry*—wait. 5. *After fourteen years' purchase*—after spending excessively; for a heavy price.

Clown. Utter my nonsense! I am sure he has heard some great man use that phrase, and now he is using it while addressing a fool. Vent my folly, indeed! It seems to me that this foolish world is getting pretentious and affected everywhere. (Every one is becoming pretentious). I say, please abandon your pretence of being a stranger, and let me know your message to my mistress. May I tell her that you are coming?

Sebastian. I tell you, foolish fellow, get away from me. Here, take some money, but if you wait longer you will get something undesirable.

Clown. You seem to me to be certainly a very liberal person. These wise men who give money to fools get their reputation for liberality at a very excessive cost.

[*Enter* SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN]

SIR ANDREW. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

SEBASTIAN. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit*.

SIR TOBY. Come on, sir; *hold*[1].

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an *action of battery*[2] against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

1. *Hold*—stop. 2. *Action of battery*—legal action for assaulting me.

[SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN *enter*]

Sir Andrew. O, sir, are you here again? Take this from me. [*Strikes* SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian. Well, take this from me in return, and some more. [*Beats* SIR ANDREW.
Are all these fellow mad, indeed?

Sir Toby. Stop there, sir; or I will snatch your weapon and throw it away.

Clown. Let me go straight and tell my lady all this. I would not be in your position for any sum you might pay me. [*Goes*.

Sir Toby. I said stop, sir!

Sir Andrew. No, leave him to do what he likes. I am going to deal with him in a different manner. If there is any law in Illyria, I am going to take legal action against him for assaulting me, even if it is I who first assaulted him.

SEBASTIAN. Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are *well fleshed*[1]; come on.

SEBASTIAN. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this *malapert*[2] blood from you.

[*Enter* OLIVIA]

OLIVIA. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY. Madam!

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1. *Well fleshed*—tasted blood enough. 2. *Malapert*—impudent.

Sebastian. Take off your hand.

Sir Toby. No, sir, I will not let you go. Come along, my young soldier, put your weapon back. You have tasted blood enough; now come with me.

Sebastian. I must get myself free from you. (Disengaging himself). What is it that you want from me now? If you wish to provoke me further, be prepared to draw your sword.

[*Draws.*

Sir Toby. Do you say so? Well then, I must spill an ounce or two of your impudent blood.

[OLIVIA *enters*]

Olivia. Stop there, Sir Toby; stop, if you value your life, I say.

Sir Toby. Madam.

OLIVIA. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby[1]; be gone!
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW *and* FABIAN]
I prithee, gentle friend.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, *sway*[2]
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless *pranks*[3]
This ruffian hath *botch'd up*[4], that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. *Beshrew his soul*[5] for me.
He *started*[6] one poor heart of mine in thee.

1. *Rudesby*—rough fellow. 2. *Sway*—control. 3. *Pranks*—mischief. 4. *Botched up*—foolishly contrived or brought about. 5. *Beshrew his soul*—may mischief befall him. 6. *Started*—startled; shocked.

Olivia. Will there be no end to your being a nuisance? Ill-mannered fellow! you are fit to live in the jungle and mountain caves where no good and civil manners are known. Get out of my sight. Please do not take offence, Cesario—you rude fellow, get away. [**Sir Toby, Andrew** *and* **Fabian** go]. I request you, gentle friend, be guided by your good sense (and not by anger) in regard to this rude and unjust attack against you, who are of a peaceful nature. Come with me to my house and I will there relate to you how this rude fellow has foolishly contrived several scenes of mischief, so that you will laugh at him (rather than get angry). You must now come with me. Do not say no. May mischief befall this Toby! He shocked my heart, which is full of concern for you.

SEBASTIAN. What *relish*[1] is in this? how runs the *stream?*[2]
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe *steep*;[3]
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN. Madam, I will.

OLIVIA. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—OLIVIA'S *house*

[*Enter* MARIA *and* CLOWN]

MARIA. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby *the whilst*[4]. [*Exit.*

1. *Relish*—taste; i. e. sense. 2. *Stream*—i. e. currents of circumstance. 3. *Steep*—drown. 4. *The whilst*—in the meantime.

Sebastian. What is the sense of all this? Where is the current of circumstance leading me? It seems to me that I am mad or dreaming. May my imagination completely drown my sense in forgetfulness. Let me continue to sleep, if this kind of dream attends on sleep.

Olivia. Pray, come with me. I wish that you will continue to do as I wish.

Sebastian. Yes, madam, I will.

Olivia. Say so, and act so, too. [*They go.*

[*Scene II.* OLIVIA'S *House*]

[MARIA *and* CLOWN *Enter.*]

Maria. I request you to put on this grown and beard. Make him believe that you are Sir Topa, the curate. Be quick, and meanwhile, I will fetch here Sir Toby. [*She goes.*

CLOWN. Well I'll put it on, and I will *dissemble*[1] myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to *become the function*[2] well, not lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The *competitors*[3] enter.

[*Enter* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA]

SIR TOBY. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

1. *Dissemble*—Disguise. 2. *Become the function*—to fit in the part of. 3. *Competitors*—conspirators or partners.

Clown. Yes, I am going to put on the gown, disguise myself and behave like a priest; and I wish that I were the only person in the world who, being a priest, put on disguises and played the hypocrite (i. e. Priests as a class are pretentious). I am not, however, tall enough to fit in the part of a priest, nor lean enough to seem to be a scholarly clergyman. But to be thought of as an honest house-keeper is as good as being called a great scholar and a priest full of cares. Here come the conspirators.

[SIR TOBY *and* MARIA *enter*]

Sir Toby. God bless you, master Parson.

CLOWN. *Bonos dies*;[1] Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

SIR TOBY. To him, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY. The knave *counterfeits*.[2] well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO. [*Within*] Who calls there?

CLOWN. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

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1. *Bonos dies*—may you be having happy days. 2. *Counterfeits*—imitates; plays the part of the priest.

Clown. May happy days attend on you, Sir Toby! For as the old saint of Prague, who was illiterate, made a witty remark to the niece of King Gorboduc, "whatever is, is". Therefore, I, playing the priest, am a priest. For what does "that" mean except "that", and "is" except "is"?

Sir Toby. Now you should address him, Sir Topas.

Clown. Who is there, I say! Let there be peace in this prison.

Sir Toby. The fool plays the part of the priest admirably. He is an excellent fool, the hypocrite.

Malvolio. (*from within*) who is it that calls me?

Clown. I am Sir Topas, the priest! and I have come to visit the mad fellow, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLOWN. Out, *hyperbolical*[1] fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY. Well said, master Parson.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLOWN. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms: for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

1. *Hyperbolical*—exaggerating! extravagant.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, good, kind Sir Topas, please go and see my lady.

Clown. Get out, thou exaggerating evil spirit! Why are you possessing this man? Can you not talk of anyone except ladies?

Sir Toby. Well said, master priest.

Malvolio. Listen, Sir Topas, no man was ever treated as unjustly as I am. Good Sir Topas, please do not think that I am mad. They have forced me to live in this disgusting dark room.

Clown. Shame, shame, thou evil spirit! I am addressing you in modest terms. For I am kind enough to treat even Satan himself politely. Do you mean to tell me that the room is dark?

MALVOLIO. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. Why, it hath *bay windows*[1] transparent as *barricadoes*[2], and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as *ebony*,[3] and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

CLOWN. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness *but*[4] ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

1 *Bay-windows*—windows forming a recess; big windows 2. *Barricadoes*—barricades. 3. *Ebony*—black substance. 4. *But*—excepting.

Malvolio. As dark as hell itself, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, the room has got bay-windows as transparent as barricades, and upper-windows facing the south north—and they are all as shining as ebony itself—and yet you complain of the want of light.

Malvolio. I am not at all mad, Sir Topas. I assure you that this room is emphatically dark.

Clown. You are wrong, mad fellow! I declare that there is no darkness excepting ignorance, and that confounds you more than the fog confounded the Egyptians.

MALVOLIO. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any *constant*[1] question.

CLOWN. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO. That the soul of our grandam might *haply*[2] inhabit a bird.

CLOWN. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO. I think nobly of the soul, and *no way*[3] approve his opinion.

1. *Constant*—consistent; logical. 2. *Haply*—possibly. 3. *No way*—never; under no circumstances.

Malvolio. I assure you that this room is dark as ignorance, though ignorance may be as dark as hell, and I tell you that no man was so ill-treated than myself. I am no more mad than you are. You may test my sanity by putting any logical questions.

Clown. Well then, tell me what is the opinion of Pythagoras regarding wild fowl?

Malvolio. That the spirit of our grand-mothers may after death inhabit the body of a bird.

Clown. What is your opinion of such an opinion?

Malvolio. I have a very high regard for the soul, though I never believe in the theory of Pythagoras.

CLOWN. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will *allow of thy wits*[1] and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou *dispossess*[2] the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN. Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

1. *Allow of thy wits*—certify that you are sane. 2. *Dispossess*—deprive.

Clown. Good-bye: may you remain always in darkness. I will certify that you are sane only when you accept the theory of Pythagoras. I shall always be afraid of killing a wood-cock for fear that you may deprive the soul of your grand-mother of its dwelling. Farewell.

Malvolio. Sir Topas! Good Sir Topas!

Sir Toby. O my most excellent Sir Topas!

Clown. O, I am prepared for playing any part.

Maria. You might have as well played the part of Sir Topas without wearing the gown and beard. For Malvolio cannot at all see you.

SIR TOBY. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this *knavery*[1]. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offense with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the *upshot.*[2] Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

CLOWN. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO. Fool,—

CLOWN. My lady is unkind, *perdy*[3].

MALVOLIO. Fool,—

CLOWN. Alas, why is she so?

1. *Knavery*—mischief. 2. *Upshot*—end. 3. *Perdy*—by God.

Sir Toby. (*Addressing the Clown*) Now go and speak—to Malvolio in your own voice and let me know how you find him. I wish we had done with this mischief. I wish to see him released, if it could be done conveniently. For my niece is greatly offended by me that I dare not carry this plot to its natural conclusion. See me in my chamber soon.

[*Sir Toby and Maria go.*

Clown. (*Singing*) "O Robin, happy Robin, tell me how my lady does."

Malvolio. Is that you, fool?

Clown. (*Singing*) "My lady is very cruel, by God."

Malvolio. Listen, fool!

Clown. (*Singing*) "Alas, why is she so cruel?"

MALVOLIO. Fool, I say,—
CLOWN. She loves another—Who calls, ha ?
MALVOLIO. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand. help me to a candle, and pen ink and paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.
CLOWN. Master Malvolio !
MALVOLIO. Aye, good fool.
CLOWN. Alas, sir, how *fell you besides*,[1] your five wits ?

1. *Fell you besides*—lose your senses ; i. e. become mad.

Malvolio. I say, look here, fool !
Clown. (*Singing*) "She loves another fellow". Did any one call me ?
Malvolio. Dear fool ! Please supple me with a candly, pen, ink and paper, for which I will reward you handsomely. On my word of a gentleman, I will remain grateful to you for ever.
Clown. Are you master Malvolio ?
Malvolio. Yes, my dear fool.
Clown. Alas, sir, how did you happen to lose your senses ?

MALVOLIO. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool as thou art.

CLOWN. But as well ? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO. They have here *propertied me* ;[1] keep me in darkness, send *ministers*[2] to me, asses, and do all they can to *face*[3] me out of my wits.

CLOWN. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain *bibble babble*[4].

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas,—

1. *Propertied*—made a tool (property) of me. 2. *Ministers*—priests. 3. *Face*—bully. 4. *Bibble-babble*—idle talk.

Malvolio. O fool ! I tell you no man was ill-treated as I am. I am in fact as sane as you, fool, are.

Clown. As same as myself ! then you are mad indeed if you are not better than a fool.

Malvolio. They have all made a tool of me here. They keep me in the dark-room, send priests to look to me : they are all asses, trying to do all that they can to prove that I am mad, by declaring impudently that I am mad.

Clown. Be careful in what you say, for the priest is here—(imitating the priest)—O Malvolio ! Malvolio ! may the gods make you sane. Try to get some sleep and rest, and give up idle talk.

Malvolio. Is it Sir Topas !

CLOWN. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir ? not I, sir, God be wi' you, good sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

CLOWN. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am *shent*[1], for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper : I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLOWN. Well-a-day that you were, sir !

MALVOLIO. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light ; and convey what I will set down to my lady : it shall *advantage*[2] thee more than ever the *bearing*[3] of letter did.

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1. *Shent*—rebuked. 3. *Advantage*—benefit. 3. *Bearing*—carrying.

Clown. (*Pretending to speak in the voice of the priest to the clown*) Do not speak to him, good fellow. (Speaking in his own voice) who, I, sir ? No, sir, I am not at all going to speak with him. May God protect you, Sir Topas. (*Again pretending to be the priest*) Well, be it so. (*Speaking in his own voice*) I will, sir, I will.

Malvolio. Fool, Fool, listen to me !

Clown. Alas, sir, be silent. What do you wish to say, sir ? I shall be rebuked for speaking with you, sir.

Malvolio. Good fool, get me some paper and light. I assure you that I am as sane as any man in Illyria.

Clown. I wish you were so, sir.

Malvolio. I swear that I am so. Dear fool, get me some ink, paper and light, and carry the message that I write to my lady. It will benefit you more than any letter that you have ever so far carried.

CLOWN. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but *counterfeit*?[1]

MALVOLIO. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

CLOWN. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO. Fool, I 'll require it in the highest degree : I prithee, be gone.

CLOWN. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir.
And anon, sir.
I 'll be with you again,
In a *trice*[2],
Like to the old vice ;
Your need to sustain ;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil :
Like a mad lad,
Pare[3] thy nails, ded ;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

1. *Connterfeit*—pretend. 2. *Trice*—short time. 3. *Pare*—clip : trim'

Clown. I will get them for you. But let me know whether you are really not mad at all ? or are you only pretending to be mad ?

Malvolio. Trust me, I am not at all pretending ; I tell you the truth.

Clown. But I will never believe the words of a mad man until I examine his brains. Now I am going to bring the ink, paper and light for you.

Malvolio. Do, fool ! I will reward you excellently, Now, pray, go and bring them.

Clown. [*Singing*] " I am gone, sir, and presently I shall be returning, sir, to help you in your need, like the figure of vice in the old plays, who, arming himself with a dagger, made of plaster, cries in anger, Ah, ha, to the devil." Now trim your nails, like a mad boy, and good-bye, good devil."
[*Goes*

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S *garden*.

[*Enters* SEBASTIAN.]

SEBASTIAN. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that *enwraps*[1] me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was: and there I found this *credit*[2],
That he did *range*[3] the town to seek me out.

1. *Enwraps*—envelops; covers. 2. *Credit*—belief. 3. *Range*—wander about.

SCENE III—OLIVIA'S *Garden*.

[SEBASTIAN *Enters*.)

Sebastian. There can be surely no mistake about this air that I breathe, and this gloriously shining sun that I see. This is the pearl she gave me, and, I can see and touch it. Though I am lost in amazement—yet it is not madness. Where, then, can Antonio be? I was not able to meet him at the *Elephant*. Yet I was told that he had gone there, and that he went away in search of me through the city,

His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense.
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all *instance*[1]; all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And *wrangle*[2] with my reason, that persuade me any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so.
She could not *sway*[3] her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, *discreet*[4] and *stable bearing*[5]
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

1. *Instance*—experience; example; precedent. 2. *Wrangle*—dispute; argue, 3 *Sway*—rule over. 4, *Discreet*—wise; sensible. 5. *Stable bearing*—self-assured behaviour,

His advice might help me now a good deal. Even though I doubt, in spite of the evidence of my senses, that this can only be an error, (and not madness) yet this sudden stroke of good luck so far beats all reason and experience that I am ready to disbelieve the evidence of my own senses, and challenge my reason which tells me that I am not mad, or otherwise that the lady is mad. But if she were mad, how could she rule over her house, command her servants, attend to her business and get through it all in such a wise, sensible and dignified manner as I can see? There must be something deceptive about all this But here comes the lady herself.

[*Enter* OLIVIA *and* PRIEST]

OLIVIA. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the *chantry*[1] *by*[2]: there, before him,
And underneath that *consecrated*[3] roof,
Plight[4] me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our *celebration*[5] keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

1. *Chantry*—chapel. 2. *By*—nearby. 3. *Consecrated*—holy. 4. *Plight*—pledge; promise. 5. *Celebration*—marriage.

[OLIVIA *and* PRIEST *Enter*]

Olivia. Do not reproach me for this haste. If you wish to do me good, come with me now and with this priest into the chapel nearby. There pledge me your faith and honour in his presence and beneath the holy roof so that my soul, which is troubled by uncertainty, may have peace. The priest will keep this matter a secret so long as you wish it, and it shall be made public only when you desire it at the time of the celebration of our marriage, befitting my birth and social status. What do you say to this?

SEBASTIAN. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA. Then lead the way, good *father*[1]; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I — *Before* OLIVIA'S *house*

[*Enter* CLOWN *and* FABIAN]

FABIAN. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLOWN. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN. Any thing.

CLOWN. Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN. This is, to give a dog, and in *recompense*[2] desire my dog again.

1. *Father*—priest. 2. *Recompense*—return: exchange.

Sebastian. Yes, I will follow this good man, and come with you, and after swearing the truth, will for ever remain true.

Olivia. Then lead us on, holy priest, and may the heavens shine on this act of mine.

[*They go.*

ACT V

SCENE I—*Before* OLIVIA'S *house*

[*The* CLOWN *and* FABIAN *enter*]

Fabian. Now show me the letter, as you are my friend.

Clown. Good master Fabian, let me ask you to grant another request of mine.

Fabian. Yes, you may ask for anything.

Clown. Please do not wish to see this letter.

Fabian. Why, this is like giving a dog as a gift, and requesting for its return for the favour done.

[*Enter* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* LORDS]

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends ?

CLOWN. Aye, sir : we are some of her *trappings*[1]

DUKE. I know thee well : how dost thou, my good fellow ?

CLOWN. Truly, sir, *the better*[2] for my foes and *the worse*[3] for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

CLOWN. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be ?

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1. *Trappings*—retinue ; belongings 2. *The better*—the wiser. 3. *The worse*—suffer for my friends.

[DUKE, VIOLA CURIO *and the* LORDS *enter*]

Duke. Do you all serve the Lady Olivia ?

Clown. Yes, sir, we form part of the retinue of Lady Olivia.

Duke. I know you well. How do you do, my dear, fellow ?

Clown. To speak truly, sir, my foes make me wiser, and I have to suffer for my friends.

Duke. You speak wrongly ; you should say that your friends make you wiser.

Clown. No, sir, they make me worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

CLOWN. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the *knowledge of myself*[1] ; and my friends I am *abused*[2] ; so that, *conclusions*[4] to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, *this*[4] is excellent.

CLOWN. By my troth, sir, no ; thought it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me : there's gold.

1. *Knowledge of myself*—my own faults. 2. *Abused*—flattered. 3. *Conclusions*—the inference. 4. *This*—i. e. your wit.

Clown. Because, sir, my friends praise me and make a fool of me (by making me blind to my faults), which my enemies tell me openly that I am a fool, so that I get a true knowledge of myself from my enemies. But I am deceived (i.e. flattered) by my friends. Therefore, supposing inferences are like kissings, if four negatives make two affirmatives, why then, it follows that while my friends abuse me, my enemies help me in knowing myself.

Duke. Why; you have an excellent wit.

Clows. Truly sir, it is not so, though I know that you are one of my friends.

Duke. You will not fare worse through me (your friend) Take this money.

CLOWN. But that it would be *double-dealing*[1], sir, I would you could *make it another*[2].

DUKE. O, you give me *ill*[3] counsel.

CLOWN. Put your *grace*[3] in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your *flesh and blood*[5] obey it.

DUKE Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double dealer : there's another.

CLOWN. *Primo, secundo, tertio*[6] ; is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the triplex, sir, is a good *tripping measure*[7] ; or the bells of Saint Bannet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

1. *Double-dealing*—deceit ; giving once again. 2. *Make it another*—give one more coin. 3. *Ill*—wrong 4. *Grace*—virtue. 5. *Flesh and blood*—instinct ; natural bent. 6. *Primo, secundo, tertio*—first, second, third. 7. *Tripping measure*—dancing song.

Clown. I wish you could add another coin sir, if it were not duplicating your act, and thus double-dealing, sir.

Duke. You are giving me a wrong advice (by asking me to make doule-dealings—giving double the money.)

Clown. You may abandon your virture for the present, and allow your natural instinct to follow my advice.

Duke. I will double my present to you, though it involves (literally) double-dealing (which is a sin). Here, take another coin.

Clown, First (coin) second (coin) third (coin)—is a good play, sir. And the proverb says : "The third throw makes up for all former losses." The triple time in music, sir, is a very good tune for dancing. Or the chimings of the bells of Saint Bennet, may tell you the same. So I say, one, two, three. (Give me the third coin).

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at *this throw*[1] if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it my *awake my bounty*[2] further.

CLOWN. Marry, sir, *lullaby to*[3] your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of *covetousness*[4]; but, as you say, sir, set your bounty *take a nap*[5]; I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

VIOLA. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

[*Enter* ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well:
Yet, when I saw it last, it was *besmear'd*[6]:
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:

1. *At this throw*—On this occasion. 2. *Awake my bounty*—make me more generous. 3. *Lullaby to*—may sleep attend upon (i. e. stop being generous). 4. *Covetousness*—greed. 5. *Take a nap*—rest; sleep. 6. *Besmeared*—blackened.

Duke. Do not expect to get more money out of me by your fooling on this occasion. If, however, you will tell your mistress that I am here to speak to her, and bring her along with you, it may awaken my generosity further.

Clown. Well, sir, let your generosity sleep a little till I return. I am now going, sir. But please do not think that in desiring to have more money I am guilty of the sin of greed. Let your generosity sleep in the meanwhile, and I will come back to wake it up soon. [*Goes.*

Viola. Here comes the man, sir, who saved me from danger.

[ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS *enter*]

Duke. I know him well by his face. Only, when I saw him last, his face was blackened like that of Vulcan with the smoke of battle.

A *bawbling*[1] *vessel*[2] was he captain of,
For shallow *draught*[3] and bulk *unprizable*[4];
With which such *scathful grapple*[5] did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the *tongue of loss*[6]
Cried fame and honor on him. What 's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her *fraught*[7] from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In *private brabble*[8] did we *apprehend*[9] him.

1. *Bawbling*—small and contemptible. 2. *Vessel*—ship. 3. *Draught*—depth. 4. *Unprizable*—insignificant. 5. *Scathful grapple*—destructive battle; close pursuit causing great loss and damage. 6. *Tongue of loss*—those who were defeated (by him). 7. *Fraught*—freight; cargo. 8. *Private brabble*--private quarrel. 9. *Apprehend*—arrest.

He was the captain of a small, insignificant ship which could not draw much water and was contemptible in its size. In such a worthless ship he fought and pursued closely and made a great havoc on the best ship in our fleet in such a way that even those who hated him for the injuries and defeat he inflicted could not help praising him for his bravery openly. What is the matter with him?

First Officer. Orsino. this is that Antonio who captured the ship, named Phoenis, and her cargo from Candy. This is the same man who came on board the ship, Tiger by force, when your young nephew, Titus, lost his leg in the fight that followed. We arrested him in the streets of this city when he was involved in a private quarrel, reckless of the shames or danger in such a circumstance.

VIOLA. He did me kindness, sir, *drew on my side*[1];
But in conclusion *put strange speech upon me*[2]:
I know not what it was but *distraction*[3].
DUKE. Notable pirate! thou *salt-water thief*[4]!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their *mercies*[5];
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
ANTONIO. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I *shake off*[6] these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or priate,
Though I confess, on *base and ground*[7] enough,
Orsino's enemy.

1. *Drew on my side*—drew his sword to save me 2. *Put strange speech upon me*—spoke to me as a stranger. 3. *Distraction*—madness. 4. *Salt-water thief*—sea-robber: pirate. 5. *Mercies*—power. 6. *Shake off*—repudiate: protest against. 7. *Base and ground*—basis and cause.

Viola. He was very kind to me sir, and drew his sword to defend me, but at the time of parting, he spoke to me as a stranger, mysteriously, so that I thought that he was not in his senses

Duke. You notorious pirate and sea-robber! What foolish rashness placed you under the power of these officers whom you had made your enemies by your desperate enmity and damage you inflicted upon our fleet?

Antonio. Noble Orsino! May it please you to note that I protest against the names that you apply to me. Antonio was never in his life a thief or a pirate, though I must admit that there were good reasons to be the enemy of Orsino.

A *witchcraft*[1] *drew*[2] me hither :
That most *ingrateful*[3] boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and *foamy*[4] mouth
Did I *redeem*[5], a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without *retention*[6] or restraint,
All his *in dedication*[7] for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this *adverse*[8] town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to *partake with me*[9] in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquintance,
And grew a *twenty years removed thing*[10]
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

1. *Witchcraft*—magic ; enchantment. 3 *Drew*—attracted. 3. *Ingrateful*—ungrateful. 4. *Foamy*—full of foam. 5. *Redeem*—save. 6. *Retention*—reservation. 7. *In dedication*—devoted to his service. 8. *Adverse*—hostle. 9. *Partake with me*—to share my danger. 10. *Twenty-years-removed thing*——became a total stranger.

It was some magic and infatuation that brought me to this place. That ungrateful boy, standing near you, was saved by me from the foam and fury of a stormy sea, which would otherwise have drowned him completely. I thus gave him his life, and I loved him without reservation, devoting myself wholly to his safety and service. And it was for his sake, wholly for the love I bore him, that I took the risk of exposing myself to the dangers of this hostile city. I drew my sword in his defence when he was attacked, and it was then that I was arrested. But he, cunning and ungrateful, not wishing to help me in my danger, began to disown my acquaintance, and behaved as if he were an absolute stranger towards me (even though I had helped him only a moment before). He refused to return my money which I had given to him only a moment before for his use.

VIOLA. How can this be?
DUKE. When came he to this town?
ANTONIO. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim[1]; not a minute's *vacancy*[2].
Both day and night did we keep company.
[*Enter* OLIVIA *and* ATTENDANTS]
DUKE. Here comes the countess: now *heaven*[3] walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath *tended*[4] upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
OLIVIA. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

1. *Interim*—interval. 2, *Vacancy*—absence. 3. *Heaven*—i. e. heavenly, angelic creature. 4. *Tended*—attended; served.

Viola. How can this be?
Duke. Do you know when he arrived in this town?
Autonio. To-day, my lord; and before this for three months he has been in my company day and night, without leaving me for any interval, not even for a moment.
[OLIVIA *and* ATTENDANTS *enter*]
Duke. Here comes the countess. A heavenly creature seems to tread on earth now! As for yourself, fellow, you seem to me to be talking nonsense. Because this youth has been attending on me for the last three months. Let us talk of this later on. Take him away, at present.
Olivia. Excepting that which I cannot give him, what is it that my lord desires, in which Olivia may serve him? You, there Cesario, have not kept your promise to me.

VIOLA. Madam!
DUKE. *Gracious*[1] Olivia,—
OLIVIA. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
VIOLA. My lord would speak; my duty *hushes*[2] me.
OLIVIA. It is *be aught to the old tune*[3]; my lord,
It is as *fat and fulsome*[4] to mine ear
As howling after music.
DUKE. Still so cruel?
OLIVIA. Still so constant, lord.
DUKE. What, *to perverseness*[5]? you uncivil lady,
To whose *ingrate*[6] and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath *breathed out*[7]
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
OLIVIA. Even what it please my lord, that shall *become*[8] him.

1. *Gracious*—noble; generous. 2. *Hushes*—bids me be silent. 3. *Be aught to the old tune*—if it is your old subject or theme (i. e. love for me). 4. *Fat and fulsome*—distasteful and offensive. 5. *To perverseness*—in being stubborn. 6. *Ingrate*—ungreateful. 7. *Breathed out*—expressed. 8. *Become*—befit

Viola. What are you saying, Madam!
Duke. Noble Olivia—
Olivia. What have you got to say, Cesario? My lord—
Viola. It is my master who wishes to speak. As for me, my duty bids me be silent.
Olivia. If it is the old theme that you wish to speak of, my lord, it will be as unwelcome and offensive as shouting after good music.
Duke. Are you still persisting in your cruelty?
Olivia. I am only persisting in my constancy, mv lord-
Duke. What, are you constant in your preversity, your rude lady, on whose ungrateful and unfavourable altars my heart offered the most faithful worship that dovotions ever prompted? What am I to do now?
Olvia. My lord is free to do whatever he likes, if it is worthy of him.

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love ?—a savage jealousy
That sometimes *savors nobly*[1]. But hear me this :
Since you to *non-regardance*[2] cast my *faith*[3],
And that I partly know the *instrument*[4]
That *screws*[5] me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the *marble-breasted tyrant*[6] *still*[7];
But this your *minion*[8], whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I *tender*[9] dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's *spite*[10].
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite[11] a *raven's*[12] heart within a dove.

1. *Savours nobly*—leaves a noble impression. 2. *Non-regardance*—neglect. 3. *Faith*—love. 4 *Instrument—cause*; agent. 5. *Screws*—separates; forces me away from. 6. *Marble-breasted tyrant*—hard-hearted cruel woman. 7. *Still*—for ever. 8. *Minion*—darling. 9. *Tender*—love. 10. *Spite*—vexation ; annoyance. 11. *To spite*—punish. 12. *Raven*—cruel.

Duke If I had the wish to do it, I would now do as the Egyptian thief did on the point of dying, namely, destroy the object that I love. It might seem to be the result of a brutal fit of jealousy, but such a wild deed sometimes leaves an impression of nobility. But listen to what I have got to say. Since you have wholly neglected my devotion, and partly I know the agent who has separated me from your favour, may you live for ever the hard-hearted woman that you are. But this young darling of yours, whom I know you love, and for whom I feel so much, I will snatch away from your sight where he rules like a King in order to vex his master. Boy, come now with me. I am now ready to do some evil-deed. I am going to destroy the lamb that I love in order to punish the heart of a ravenish woman, enclosed within the body of a dove.

VIOLA. And I, most *jocund*[1] apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
OLIVIA. What goes Cesario ?
VIOLA. After *him*[2] I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do *feign*[3] you witnesses above
Punish my life for *tainting*[4] of my love !
OLIVIA. Aye me, detested ! how am I beguiled !
VIOLA. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?
OLIVIA. Hast thou forgot thyself ? is it so long ?
Call forth the holy father.

1. *Jocund*—merrily. 2. *Him*—i.e. him whom. 3. *Feign*—pretend ; dissemble, 4, *Tainting*—corrupting ; dishonouring.

Viola. And I am most glad, willing and prepared to die a thousand deaths, if that brings you peace of mind.
Olivia. Where is Cesario going ?
Viola. After him whom I love more than my eyes, more than my life, and much more than I shall ever love a wife. If I am dissembling in this, may the gods above destroy me for dishonouring my love.
Olivia. Alas ! How am I being hated and deceived !
Viola. Who is deceiving you, or doing you wrong ?
Olivia. Have you forgotten what you did ? Was it so very long ago ? Let the holy priest be called.

DUKE. [*To* VIOLA] Come, away!
OLIVIA. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
DUKE. Husband!
OLIVIA. Aye, husband: can he that deny?
DUKE. Her husband, sirrah!
VIOLA. No, my lord, not I.
OLIVIA. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee *strangle thy propriety*[1]:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

1. *Strangle thy propriety*—hide and suppress your individuality or identity.

DUKE. [*To* VIOLA] Come away!

OLIVIA. Where to, my lord? Cesario, my husband, stop.

DUKE. Husband!

OLIVIA. Yes, he is my husband; dare he deny it?

DUKE. Are you really her husband, fellow?

VIOLA. No, my lord, not I!

OLIVIA. Alas! it is the meanness of fear which forces you to suppress your individuality. Do not fear, Cesario! Make use of your good fortune. If you declare to be what you really are, then you will be as noble and highly-placed as Count Orsino, of whom you are so very afraid.

[*Enters* PRIEST]

O, welcome, father !
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to *unfold*[1], though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual *joinder*[2] of your hands,
Attested[3] by the *holy close of lips*[4],
Strengthen'd by *interchangement of*[5] your rings ;
And all the ceremony of this *compact*[6]
Seal'd in my *function*[7] by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travel'd but two hours.

1. *Unfold*—removal. 2. *Joinder*—joining; union. 3. *Attested*—witnessed ; confirmed. 4. *Holy close of lips*—sacred kiss of love. 5. *Interchangement*—exchanging. 6. *Compact*—contract ; betrothal. 7. *Function*—official duty (as a priest).

[*The* PRIEST *Enter*]

O, you are right welcome, priest, ! I request you, priest, in the name of your holy office, to reveal here what you know has taken place between this youth and myself—though we wished to keep it a secret. which necessity now discloses before the proper time.

PRIEST. A betrothal of enternal love between you two here, confirmed by mutual joining of your hands, by the holy kiss of love, and by the exchanging of your rings. And all the details of this ceremony have been performed by me as priest and witness. It was only two hours ago by my watch that this ceremony was gone through.

DUKE. O thou *dissembling cub*[1] what wilt thou be
When time hath *sow'd a grizzle*[2] on thy *case*?[3]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own *trip*[4] shall be thine *overthrow*[5]
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA. My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

[*Enters* SIR ANDREW]

SIR ANDREW. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. What's the matter?

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1. *Dissembling cub*—deceitful villain. 2. *Sow'd a grizzle*—brought on grey hair. 3. *Case*—skin. 4. *Trip*—catch. 5. *Overthrow*—defeat.

DUKE. O, you deceitful boy villain! what a dangerous villain will you turn out to be when your hair grows grey with age? Or will not your villainy grow so fast that it will bring you to ruin before you come to age. Go, good-bye, take her, but never come across my way.

VIOLA. My lord! I protest—

OLIVIA. O, do not swear. Have a little faith when you are having so much fear.

[SIR ANDREW *Enters*]

SIR ANDREW. For God's sake, let me have a doctor to attend on me, and send one immediately to help Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. Why, what is the matter?

SIR ANDREW. He has broke my head across and has given Sir
Toby a bloody *coxcomb*[1] too : for the love of God, your help !
I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

SIR ANDREW. The count's gentleman, one Cesario : we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil *incardinate*[2].

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario ?

SIR ANDREW. *'Od's lifelings*[3], here he is ! You broke my head for nothing , and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you :
You drew your sword upon me without cause ;
But I *bespake*[4] you fair, and hurt you not.

1. *Coxcomb*—(wounded, red) head. 2. *Incardinate*—i.e. in carnate. 3. *Od's lifelings*—form of swearing. 4. *Bespake*—spoke and treated.

SIR ANDREW. He has broken my head across, and given to Sir Toby a wounded head. For God's sake, let me be helped. I wish I were at home more than have forty pounds.

OLIVIA. Who has done all this, Sir Andrew ?

SIR ANDREW. Cesario, the Count's gentleman. We mistook him to be a coward, but he is the very personification of devilry (i.e. dare-devilry).

DUKE. What, my gentleman, Cesario ?

SIR ANDREW. God help us, here he is ! You, sir, broke my head without any provocation. And what I did by way of offending you, was incited by Sir Toby.

VIOLA. Why are you speaking thus of me ? I never injured you ; it was you who attacked me without any provocation, and I spoke kindly to you, and never injured you.

SIR ANDREW. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you *set nothing by*[1] a bloody coxcomb.

[*Enter* SIR TOBY. *and* CLOWN]

Here comes Sir Toby *halting*[2] ; you shall hear more : but if he had not been in drink, he would have *tickled*[3] you *other gates*[4] than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentleman ! how is 't with you ?

SIR TOBY. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end *on 't*[5]. *Sot*[6], didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

CLOWN. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour *agone*[7] ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY. Then he 's a rogue, and a *passy measures pavin*[8] :
I hate a drunken rogue.

1. *Set nothing by*—think nothing of. 2. *Halting*—limping. 3. *Tickled*—treated. 4. *Othergates*—otherwise. 5. *On't*—of it 6. *Sot*—fool. 7. *Agone*—before. 8. *Passy measures pavin*—name of a stately dance.

SIR ANDREW. If giving a bloody wound on the head is an injury, you have surely injured me. Or, do you suppose that a wound on the head is not a serious thing at all ?

[SIR TOBY *and the* CLOWN *enter.*]

Why, you see here; Sir Toby coming limping. You will hear more about it later. But if Sir Toby were not drunk, he would have dealt with you in a different manner.

DUKE (*to* SIR TOBY). How do you do, gentleman ?

SIR TOBY. It as all the same to me. Fact is that he has hurt me, and there is no more to be said. (*To the clown*) Fool, did you seek the doctor ?

CLOWN. O, he was drunk an hour before, Sir Toby. His eyes were closed at eight in the morning.

SIR TOBY. In that case he is a rogue and an egregious fool. I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA. Away with him! Who hath made this *have*[1] with them?

SIR ANDREW. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, *a gull*![2]

OLIVIA. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW
Enter SEBASTIAN]

SEBASTIAN. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with *wit*[3] and safety.
You *throw a strange regard*[4] upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

1. *Havoc*—devastation. 2. *Gull*—fool. 3. *Wit*—regard for.
4. *Throw a strange regard*—look strangely (at me).

OILVIA. Take him away. Who is the cause of all this bloody deed?

SIR ANDREW. I will help you, Sir Toby, because we are going to be dressed (for the wounds) together.

SIR TOBY. Do you wish to attend on me, you who are a fool and a block-head, a lean-faced fellow and a simpleton?

OLIVIA. Take him away and put him on the bed, and look to his injuries.

[*The* CLOWN. SIR TOBY, ANDREW *and* FABIAN. *go away*
SEBASTIAN *Enters*]

SEBASTIAN. I am sorry to have injured your relation, madam. But even if he had been my own brother, I should have done the same in keeping myself safe. By your strange look, you seem to be offended at me. But remembering what we did a moment before, you must excuse me, sweet one.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural *perspective*[1]; that is and is not!
SEBASTIAN. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours *rack'd and tortured*[2] me,
Since I have lost thee!
ANTONIO. Sebastian are you?
SEBASTIAN. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
ANTONIO. How have you made *division of yourself*[3]?
An apple, *cleft*[4] in two, is not more *twin*[5]
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
OLIVIA. Most wonderful!

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1. *Perspective*—optical delusion. 2. *Racked and tortured*—tormented excessively. 3. *Division of yourself*—split yourself into two. 4. *Cleft*—divided; cut. 5. *Twin*—alike.

DUKE. Two persons with a similar face, voice and dress. This seems to be an optical delusion produced by nature. It seems to be true and yet not true.

SEBASTIAN. O, Antonio! dear Antonio! How excessively have I been tormented since the time I parted from you!

ANTONIO. Are you Sebastian, indeed?

SEBASTIAN. Are you afraid of finding me?

ANTONIO. How is it that you seem to have split yourself into two persons? These two persons look more alike than the parts of an apple cut into two. Which of the two is Sebastian?

OLIVIA. This seems like a miracle indeed!

SEBASTIAN. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that *deity*[1] in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and *surges*[2] have devour'd.
Of charity,[3] what *kin*[4] are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he *suited*[5] to his *watery tomd*:[6]
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

1. *Deity*—the omnipresence of a divinity. 2. *Surges*—raging waves. 3. *Of charity*—in the name of truth and kindness. 4. *Kin*—relation by blood. 5. *Suited*—dressed. 6. *Watery tomb*—drowning.

SEBASTIAN. Is it I who stands over there? I never had a brother, and neither have I the omnipresent power of a god, enabling me to be here and there at the same time. I had a sister who was cruelly drowned by the fury of the waves. [*To* VIOLA] In the name of truth, tell me what blood-relation are you? What is your country? Your name, and the name of your parents?

VIOLA. I come from Messaline, and my father's name is Sebastian; my brother Sebastian was like you. He was drowned while wearing the same dress as you are wearing. If spirits have the power of assuming the form and dress of a dead person, you indeed seem to be the ghost of my brother, come to frighten us.

SEBASTIAN. A spirit I am indeed ;
But am in that *dimension*[1] *grossly clad*[2]
Which from the womb I did *participate*[3].
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
VIOLA. My father had a *mole*[4] upon his brow.
SEBASTIAN. And so had mine.
VIOLA. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had *number'd thirteen years*.[5]
SEBASTIAN. O, that *record*[6] is *lively*[7] in my soul !
He finished indeed his *mortal act*[8]
That day that made my sister thirteen years

1. *Dimension*—body. 2. *Grossly clad*—having a material, earthly body. 3. *Participate*—Shared. 4. *Mole*—black spot or mark, 5. *Numbered thirteen years*—was thirteen years old. 6. *Record*—event. 7. *Lively*—vivid and clear. 8. *Mortal act*—life on earth.

SEBASTIAN. I am indeed a spirit, but I have a very coarse body inherited from birth. If you were a woman as everything else about you fits with the circumstances, I should now be weeping upon your cheek and declare : "You are most welcome, my drowned sister, Viola."

VIOLA. Do you know that my father had a black mark upon his eye-brows ?

SEBASTIAN. Yes, my father also had the same.

VIOLA. My father died when Viola was thirteen years old.

SEBASTIAN. O yes, I remember that event very distinctly. He ended his earthly existence on the day when my sister reached thirteen ysars.

VIOLA. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my *masculine usurp'd attire*[1]
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do *cohere*[2] and *jump*[3]
That I am Viola : which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town.
Where lie my maiden *weeds*[4]; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN. [*To* OLIVIA] So comes it, lady, you have been *mistook* :[5]
But nature to her *bias*[6] drew in that
You would have been *contracted*[7] to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man

1. *Masculine usurped attire*—disguise in man's form which I have no right to wear. 2. *Cohere*—agree. 3. *Jump*—fit exactly. 4. *Weeds*—dress. 5. *Mistook*—mistaken. 6. *Bias*—tendency. 7. *Contracted*—betrothed

VIOLA. If there is no other obstacle to make us happy, except this disguise in male form to which I have no right, then let us not embrace each other until every detail of place, time, and fortune agrees fully, proving that I am Viola indeed. To confirm this, I will bring before you a captain living in this town who has got my female garments, and by whose help I was able to procure service with this noble Count. Since that time all that has happened to me is concerned with this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN. (*To* OLIVIA] So it has happened, my lady, you have been mistaken. But nature seems to have followed her own tendency in this. Because otherwise you might have been betrothed to a maiden. But even so you have not been deceived in this matter, because in fact you have been now engaged both to a maiden and a man.

DUKE. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the *glass*[1] seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy *wreck*.[2]
[*To* VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love women like to me.
VIOLA. And all those sayings will I over swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that *orbed continent*[3] the fire
That *severs*[4] day from night.
DUKE Give me thy hand:
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
VIOLA. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments; he upon some action
Is now in *durance*[5], at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

1. *Glass*—illusion; image (in a mirror). 2. *Wreck*—shipwreck. 3. *Orbed continent*—sun. 4. *Severs*—separates. 5. *Durance*—prison.

DUKE. Do not be lost in wonder; he is of noble birth. If all this is true, as the illusion of identity between two persons is yet a reality, I must have my own share in this shipwreck which has ended so happily for all. [*To* VIOLA.] Boy, you have told me several times that you would never love a woman as sincerely as you loved me.

VIOLA. I am prepared to swear all that once again, and I shall keep to what I swear as truly as the sun that divides the day from night.

DUKE. Give me your hand. I should like to see you dressed in woman's clothes.

VIOLA. My woman's garments are with that captain who first brought me safe on shore. But as it happens, he is now put into prison on account of a legal action brought against him by Malvolio, who is a gentleman and servant in the retinue of my lady.

OLIVIA. He shall *enlarge*[1] him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I rember me,
They say, poor gentleman; he 's much *distract*[2].
[*Re-enter* CLOWN *with a letter, and* FABIAN.]
A most *extracting frenzy*[3] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

CLOWN. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the *stave's*[4] *end* as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you: I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it *skills*[5] not much when they are delivered.

1. *Enlarge*—set free. 2. *Distract*—distracted; mad. 3. *Extracting frenzy*—absorbing ecstasy. 4. *Stave's end*—at a good distance. 5. *Skills not*—does not matter.

OLIVIA. He shall be released. Go and call Malvolio here. However, I am sorry to be told that the poor fellow has gone mad.

[THE CLOWN *comes with a letter, and* FABIAN]

My own absorbing fever of passion made me wholly forget that Malvolio has become mad. How is he progressing, fellow?

CLOWN. To speak the truth, madam, he is trying as hard as any man in his condition could, to fight the devil that is overpowering him. He has written a letter to you. I should have delivered it to you in the morning, but since a mad man's letters are not to be read as gospel truth, it does not at all matter when it is delivered.

OLIVIA. Open 't and read it.

CLOWN. Look then to be well *edified*[1] when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

OLIVIA How now ! art thou mad ?

CLOWN. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox*.[2]

OLIVIA. Prithee, read i' thy *right wits*.[3]

CLOWN. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits is to read thus : therefore *perpend*,[4] my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

1. *Edified*—enlightened ; instructed.2. *Vox*—voice (of a mad man here). 3. *Right wits*—sanity ; sense of proportion. 4. *Perpend*—listen ; attend.

OLIVIA. Open and read it.

CLOWN. Be prepared to be enlightened when I, the fool, read the letter of the madman, Malvolio. [*Reads*]"By the Lord, Madam"—

OLIVIA. What is this ? Are you out of your senses ?

CLOWN. No madam, I am only reading what a madman has written. If your ladyship wants the letter to be read as it should be, you must allow me to read it in the raving tone of a mad man.

OLIVIA. Please read it as a man in his right senses should read.

.CLOWN. I am doing the same, madona. But to bring out the sense of a mad man's letter, is to read it in the way I have done. Therefore, listen, my royal lady, and give your ear to what is read.

OLIVIA. [*To* FABIAN] you had better read it, fellow.

FABIAN. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the *semblance*[1] put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little *unthought*[2] of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY USED MALVOLIO"

OLIVIA. Did he write this?

CLOWN. Aye, madam.

DUKE. This *savours not*[3] much of *distraction*.[4]

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1. *Semblance*—behaviour. 2. *Unthought of*—neglected. 3. *Savours not*—does not look like. 4. *Distraction*—madness.

FABIAN. [*Reads*] "By God, madam, you have done me wrong, and I shall let the world know of it. Though you have put me in a dark room, and placed your drunken cousin as guardian over me, still let me tell you that I am as sane as your ladyship is. As for my strange dress and behaviour, I have your own letter which persuaded me to do so. With the help of that letter I shall be able either to clarify my position or to expose you to much shame. You may regard me as you please. I am forgetting my duty towards you in thus speaking out my mind, because I am prompted to do so by the wrong done to me, the madly-used Malvolio"

OLIVIA. Did he really write all this?

CLOWN. Yes, lady.

DUKE. There is nothing here to suggest that he has gone mad.

OLIVIA. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the *alliance on 't*,[1] so please you.
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to *embrace*[2] your offer.
[*To* VIOLA] Your master *quits*[3] you; and for your service done him,
So much against the *mettle*[4] of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

1. *Alliance on't*—i. e. the relationship of wife and sister. 2. *Embrace*—accept. 3. *Quits*—frees. 4. *Mettle*—disposition; nature.

OLIVIA. See that he is released, and bring him here at once, Fabian. [FABIAN *goes*
My lord, if it may please you, regard me as your sister-in-law and Sebastian's wife, after these things are all considered. Let the celebration of the two marriages be held on the same day, at my own house, and at my own expenses.

DUKE. Madam, I am quite ready to accept your offer. [*To* VIOLA] your master now frees you from service, and in return for your service which has been rendered in a spirit contrary to the disposition of women, and which is below your dignity, since you were brought up so well and tenderly, and since you have addressed me as master for so long, I here give you my hand, and from now onwards you will be the mistress of your master.

OLIVIA. A sister! you are she.

[*Re-enter* FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.]

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLIVIA. Aye, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious[1] wrong.

OLIVIA. Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO. Lady, you have. Pray you, *peruse*[2] that letter.

1. *Notorious*—inexcusable. 2. *Peruse*—read.

OLIVIA. A sister! That is how I will now regard you.

[FABIAN *returns with* MALVOLIO]

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLIVIA. Yes, my lord, he is the same—How is it now with you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. Madam, you have done me an inexcusable wrong.

OLIVA. Have I, Malvolio? Certainly not.

MALVOLIO. Yes, lady, you have. I request you to read this letter.

You must not now deny it is your *hand*:[1]
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase:
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your *invention*:[2]
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear *lights of favour*,[3]
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the *lighter*[4] people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you *suffer'd*[5] me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious *geck and gull*[6]
That e'er *invention*[7] play'd on? tell me why.

1. *Hand*—handwriting. 2. *Invention*—composition, plot. 3. *Lights of favour*—marks of your goodwill, or favour. 4. *Lighter*—inferior. 5. *Suffered*—permitted. 6. *Geck and gull*—dupe and fool. 7. *Invention*—plot; trick.

You cannot deny now that it is your own hand-writing. Let us see if you can write differently from it, either in hand-writing or in style. And you cannot say that this is not your seal or your own (device) composition. You cannot say any of these things. And now, admitting that, it is your own letter, please let me know, in the name of modesty and honour, why is it that you have given such definite indications of your favour, and ordered me to come cross-gartered and smiling before you, to wear yellow stockings, to treat Sir Toby and my inferiors rudely; and when I have obeyed all these instructions in the hope of winning your full favour, why have you permitted them to imprison me, to keep me in a dark room, visited by the priest, and to make me the greatest fool and dupe that was ever deceived by tricks. Please tell me why you have done all this to me.

OLIVIA. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were *presupposed*[1]
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content :
This practice hath most *shrewdly*[2] *pass'd upon*[3] thee ;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

1. *Presupposed*—suggested (to you). 2. *Shrewdly*—mischievously ; cleverly. 3. *Passed upon thee*--played upon you.

OLIVIA. Alas ! Malvolio, this is not my writing at all, though I must admit that it looks very much like mine. But surely, this is Maria's writing, and I now recollect that it was she who first informed me that you were mad. And then you came to me smiling, and in all the fashion and style of dress as was suggested to you in the letter, I request you not to be offended. They have played a very painful and mischievous trick upon you. But when we are able to find out the authors and the origin of all this, we shall let you to both accuse and judge (and punish) the wrong-doers in this matter.

FABIAN. Good madam, hear me speak.
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint[1] the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon[2] some stubborn and *uncourteous parts*[3]
We had conceived against him : Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*;[4]
In *recompense whereof*[5] he hath married her.
How with a sportful *malice*[6] it was follow'd
May rather *pluck on*[7] laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

1. *Taint*—mar ; spoil. 2. *Upon*—on account of ; as. 3. *Uncourteous parts*—uncivil behaviour or deeds. 4. *Importance*—urgent request ; importunity. 5. *Recompense whereof*—in return for which ; as a compensation for. 6. *Sportful malice*—innocent mischief. 7. *Pluck on*—produces ; excite.

FABIAN. Good madam, listen to me, and let no question of quarrel, now or in future, be allowed to spoil this happy hour which I have admired and enjoyed so much. Hoping that it will not, I will confess now that myself and Toby designed this plot against Malvolio, because we had developed a strong dislike towards him for his uncivil behaviour towards us. And it was because Sir Toby earnestly requested her that Maria wrote the letter, as a reward for which he has now married her. The spirit of innocent mischief in which this plot was carried out, should excite laughter rather than feelings of revenge, if the errors on both sides are impartially judged.

OLIVIA. Alas, poor fool, how have they *baffled*[1] thee!

CLOWN. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this *interlude*,[2] one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a *barren*,[3] rascal? an you smile no, he 's gagged:' and thus the *whirligig of time*[4] brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO. I 'll be revenged on the whole *pack*[5] of you. [*Exit.*

OLIVIA. He hath been most notoriously abused.

1. *Baffled*—disgraced. 2. *Interlude*—comic farce. 3. *Barren*—empty-headed. 4. *Whirligig of time*—the wheel of time or fortune. 5. *Pack*—lot.

OLIVIA. Alas, poor fool, how have they all disgraced you.

CLOWN. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them". I was also one, sir, who had something to do with this plot; one, that is named Sir Topas, but it does not matter now. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad". Do you remember this? "Madam, why do you laugh at such an empty-headed rogue? If you do not smile, he is silenced." And thus the wheel of time, in its revolving course, brings its own reverses (revenges).

MALVOLIO. I will take my revenge on the whole lot of you.

OLIVIA. It is true that he has been most scandalously ill-treated.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time *convents*,[1]
A solemn *combination*[2] shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We wil not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other *habits*[3] you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his *fancy's*[4] queen.

[*Exeunt all, except* CLOWN.

CLOWN. [*Sings*]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With *hey, ho*[5] the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

1. *Convents*—comes about; summons 2. *Combination*—union. 3. *Habits*—dress. 4. *Fancy's*—love's. 5. *Hey, ho, etc.*—refrain of the song.

DUKE. Follow him and request him to forgive and forget. He has not yet told us anything about the captain and his charge against him. When we learn that, and the happy time comes about, our souls shall be united by the sacred rites of marriage. In the meanwhile, dear sister, we will stay at your place. Come, Cesario, for as long as you are in the dress of man, you will be called Cesario, and when you wear your own maiden's dress, you shall become Orsino's mistress and the queen of his love.

[*All go, except the* CLOWN.

CLOWN. [*Sings.*] When I was a little, tender boy, the foolish deeds of boyhood were trifling things (not taken seriously).

But when I came to *man's estate*,[1]
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By *swaggering*[2] could I never *thrive*,[3]
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With *toss-pots*[4] still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[*Exit*.

1. *Man's estate*—manhood. 2. *Swaggering*—boasting and bullying. 3. *Thrive*—prosper. 4. *Toss-pots*—drunkards.

But when I came to manhood, I found that people shut their doors against thieves and deceivers.

But when I got married, alas, and had a wife, I could not prosper in the world by boasting and bullying.

But when I became old, I always got drunk in the company of drunkards.

The world began very, very long ago, but that does not at all matter, for our play is now ended, and it will be our daily endeavour to please you all.

[*Goes*.

NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

ACT I. Scene I.

Synopsis—Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, is in love with Olivia, who does not respond to his love. The Duke sends messengers who are dismissed by Olivia. We are told that Olivia has vowed to see no one for seven years because she is mourning the death of her brother. The Duke seems to be content with lying down beneath bowers, dreaming of love.

Criticism—The opening scene strikes the key-note of the play, which is love in various forms. Romance and music are here presented, each feeding the other. Also, the scene shows the character of the Duke who is a sentimentalist. He loves love rather than a person. In the same way, Olivia loves grief for itself. Neither of these two is experiencing the passion of love or grief. Their attitude is sophisticated, artificial and luxurious. They are cured of this finally, but meanwhile we get here the spirit of the comedy in the strains of music, food of love.

Page 3.

If music be the food of love—music is the food by which the hungry heart of lovers is fed. Music nourishes the passion of lovers. When lovers are denied the fulfilment of love, they satisfy their hearts, hungering for love, with songs and music. This is an often recurring idea in Shakespeare. Compare :

"Give me some music ; music, moody food

Of us that trade in love"—*Antony and Cleopatra*. Also in Henry VIII 3 :

"In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing, die".

Play on—this is addressed to the musicians attending on the Duke. They play on music which entertains the love-heavy heart of the Duke. *Give me excess of it*—let me hear music in full ; let me have the most of music. *That*—so that. *Surfeiting*—being overfed ; having had the most of music.

The appetite—The desire for music. Some critics take this to mean the desire for love. If it were so, it may mean that the Duke desires to have no desire for love, after doing away with this "appetite". But this cannot be the sense of the passage. The Duke is a man of moods. He is now troubled by unsatisfied desire of love. Since music satisfies this desire, of love. Since music satisfies this desire, his desire for music is sought to be satisfied. He is merely saying that he may be rid of the present mood of love, and that music might both excite and satisfy love. We should take the word "die" to mean satisfaction, and not destruction, of love. In this way, both the interpretations of "appetite" are correct. Appetite may well stand both for "love" and "music", as both are here regarded as intimately connected. That is why he turns to love immediately after his desire for music is fulfilled.

May sicken and so die—the desire for music, after being overfed, mav be fulfilled and satisfied. The point here is the hypothetical assumption, namely, "if music be the food of love." That is, the Duke is not sure what it is that troubles him. He has no clear notion of love. So he imagines that music may satisfy his longing for love, assuming that music is the "food of love." The Duke is thus presented as one who is trying to escape from the torments of love (not love itself) by assuaging his heart with listening to music. The word "die" means not destruction but satisfaction. For if it refers to destroying the "appetite," it would make the Duke no longer a lover, but we find him immediately after his addressing love as the most lovable thing. Of course the Duke is sentimental, and loves love itself! He praises love, sings poetically about it, but does not act as a lover.

That strain again—let me hear that piece of song, or strain or note of music, once again. *It had a dying fall*—because that strain had soft, soothing, dying, closing sweetness or cadence. That is, it ended on a sweet note; died away softly. *It came o'er my ear*—the sweet sound of the dying fall affected me, or was heard by me. *The sweet sound that breathes*—the sound of the song or strain is compared with the soft breeze blowing over a field of flowers. Pope changed "Sound" and put "South," meaning the south wind not being able to understand how a "sound" breathes! But this not needed, because, sound here stands for the breeze which murmurs, the

effect being put for the cause. Breathes means whispers or murmurs. *Bank of violets*—a bed of violets, fragrant flowers.

Stealing—extracting or taking, or absorbing. *Giving*—spreading or diffusing. *Odour*—fragrance. The breeze blowing among flowers is both receiver and distributor of the fragrance as it blows. So also is sweet music in its dying fall. Milton has the same smile when he writes :

"A soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes
And stole upon the air"—*Comus*.

Enough ; *no more*—addressed to the musicians. The Duke had enough of music, and he wants it no more. *Not so sweet ...before*—note the moody Duke whose character is that of a sentimentalist, full of sudden likes and dislikes.

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Spirit of love—from the food of love, the Duke now turns to love itself. Evidently, he does not want the appetite to "sicken and die," except as a sudden fit of excess or cloying of it. It is in these lines that the Duke exposes himself as sentimental and unrealistic. It is love he is praising, not an object or person embodying love. *Quick*—sensitive ; lively. *Fresh*—same as quick ; full of life.

Notwithstanding—in spite of. *Capacity*—power to hold or contain. *Receiveth*—absorbs ; takes in. *As the sea*—like the sea. *Nought*—nothing. *Validity*—whatever value ; however valuable ; value. *Pitch*—perfection ; excellence ; however excellent. *But falls into abatement*—loses its power ; becomes less. "Abatement" is opposed to "pitch". *Low price*—small value, opposed to "Validity". *Even in a minute*—at once. *Full of shapes*—full of passing, changing fancies or whims or images. *Fancy*—love ; ideal love or romantic love. *High fantastical*—wholly fanciful ; changeful. Imaginative in the highest degree.

Expl. with Ref. to Cont.—*O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou ....high fantastical*—In these opening lines of *Twelfth Night*, Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, strikes the keynote both of his own character and that of the play. Music and Love are the principal elements of this happy romantic comedy of Shakespeare. The Duke in his own way is a lover, and a lover of music. After praising music as the

reason thus: "If Olivia is capable of loving a *dead brother* so very deeply, she will be capable of loving her *living husband* yet more deeply. In other words, the love of Olivia for her husband will master and swallow up every other passion and affection. She will be a perfect woman on marriage, her whole personality (liver, brain and heart) will be dominated by an imperious love for her husband, and in this way, she will be an ideal, perfect, wife."

It is to be noted that the Duke commends the sentimental grief of Olivia because he himself is equally sentimental in love.

Away—let us go away; lead me to. *Love thoughts*—the thoughts of a lover. *Lie rich*—are fully fed; are perfectly indulged; become sweetly enjoyable. *Canopied*—when the lover sits or lies down beneath the roof of a bower. The Duke wishes to lie down beneath a bower, losing himself in dreams of love, fanned by fancy.

Scene II

Synopsis.—Viola is introduced as a victim of shipwreck on the coast of Illyria. She is followed by a captain who gives her information about the Duke and Olivia. He also tells her that he saw her brother bravely fighting against the waves. Viola decides to disguise herself in male attire. She requests the captain to help her in this, so that she may find employment in the court of the Duke. The captain agrees.

Criticism—This scene is very important because it not only introduces Viola who is to be the heroine, but also because it hints at the safety and survival of her brother who later arrives to solve the complex situation arising out of her disguise. Viola's decision to disguise herself and become a page to the Duke is the cause of many complications which form the body of this comedy.

What country—Viola is a stranger to this country, and she is cast here by shipwreck. Hence this question. *What should I do*—this is a pathetic question since she is helpless, companionless in a strange land where she knows no one. It is a situation intended to test the strength and resourcefulness of her character. Sympathy for Viola is naturally created by placing her in such a situation.

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Elysium—i.e. in Heaven. Viola thinks that her twin brother, Sebastian, is drowned in the shipwreck from which she herself has been saved by the sailors. So she says that her brother is dead and gone to Heaven, or Elysium or Paradise—the abode of blessed souls after death. There is a distant play on the words Illyria and Elysium, which have similar sounds. Shakespeare's method is to make his chracters pun while they are in distress. *Perchance*—perhaps. *Yourself were saved*—i.e. the same chance by which you were saved might also have saved your brother. This makes Sebastian's survival probable, almost certain. *To comfort you with chance*—to console you with the probable prospect of your brother's survival. *Did split*—was broken to pieces. *Poor members*—few sailors or persons who were saved along with you. *Hung on*—clung to. *Driving boat*—our boat which was drifting on the waves. *Most provident in peril*—showing skill and patience and forethought in the midst of danger.

Courage and......practice—this refers to Sebastian who had courage and optimism, which helped him to be quick and resourceful in thus binding himself to a mast which was floating. *Lived*—*i. e.* floated and drifted: not sunk. *Like Arion*—Arion was a famous Greek musician. While returning in a ship from a musical contest where he had won many prizes, the sailors plotted to kill him to get his treasures. Arion thereupon jumped into the sea and was carried safely to land on the back of a dolphin (a kind of fish) which had been charmed by his music. Sebastian, floating on the waves, is compared to Arion, with the hint that he might have been saved *Hold acquaintance with the waves*—as if he were on terms of friendship and familiarity with the waves; that is, he was seen easily swimming and floating.

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For saying so—for giving her this good news of her brother's hopeful position. *Gold*—gift of money. *Unfoldeth*—reveals; gives. *Hope*—*i. e.* my hopeful heart. *Whereto...... authority*—in which hope I am confirmed by your report about his safety. *The like of him*—that my brother has been saved like myself. *Not three......place*—not more distant than a journey of three hours from this place. *In nature as in name*—a Duke who is as noble in character as he is great in his

fame. *He was a bachelor then*—Viola was not unaware of this Duke. Her anxiety to know whether he is still a bachelor suggests that she is interested in him. So when she falls in love with him later, it is not so sudden as it seems.

Page 9

Very late—until very recently. *Fresh in murmur*—it was being talked about as something new; that is, it was not an old rumour. The Duke's love for Olivia was a new thing. *What the great.........of*—common people always love to talk about the doings of their superiors. *What is she*—*i. e.* who is she; what is her rank in society. *For whose dear love*—in memory of her brother whom she loved dearly. Note how both Viola and Olivia are shown as having brothers whom they both love dearly, but how differently. *Abjured*—given up; renounced the society of men. *Delivered to*—discovered by. *Mine own occasion mellow*—until my circumstances are better and suitable for discovering myself. *My estate is*—my true condition is, Viola means that she wishes to keep her identity in secret until a fitting opportunity occurs to reveal herself to the public. This is her motive for disguising herself.

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That—*i. e.* your wish to serve Olivia. *Hard to compass*—difficult to realise or bring about. *Admit... .....suit*—she will not hear of any petition or request. *Not the Duke's*—not even a petition from the Duke himself. *There's a fair behaviour in thee*—your manners and appearance are such as to invite trust and confidence *Though that nature.........pollution*—although it is natural to find persons who are outwardly fair and inwardly corrupt. *Yet of thee*—but so far as you are concerned. That is, you are an exception to the above. *That suits*—that is as fair as your body. *Bounteously*—generously. *Conceal me...am*—keep my true identity a secret; do not reveal who and what I am. *Haply*—luckily; by chance; perhaps. *Become*—befit; suit *The form of my intent*—shall suit my present purpose and intention. Viola requests the captain to help her to disguise herself, which is what she intends to do now. *Present*—introduce. *Eunuch*—eunuchs were employed to guard the harems in Persian courts and palaces. Viola is ultimately employed as a page, not a eunuch, since it is Muslim countries only that eunuchs were employed.

It may be...........pains—I may be able to reward you amply for your pains in helping me. *Speak to.........music*—I know various types of singing and music. Note how Viola's talents for music are made to suit the disposition of the Duke who is a great lover of music, the food of love. *That*—my talent for music. *Will allow me ...... service*—will justify my being employed. The Duke will be satisfied that he has made a good choice in selecting me as his employee. *What..... hap*—whatever is going to happen. *To time......commit*—I will leave to time and circumstance. *Only shape thou...... wit*—be silent in order to help me to realise my plans ; do not reveal in any way disguise and design.

Page II

Your mute—a mute was a servant who was made to be dumb by cutting off his tongue, so that he might not talk and reveal secrets. The Captain says that he will act as a "mute", i. e. a dumb person to the "eunuch" that Viola proposes to be. *Blabs*—speaks ; reveals secrets. *Let mine...... see*—may I struck blind (if I talk out your secret).

Scene III

Synopsis—Maria, maid-servant of Olivia, meets Sir Toby, uncle of Olivia, and warns him of Olivia's displeasure at his drinking excessively. Sir Toby declares that Olivia is foolish in mourning for the death of her brother excessively. Maria objects to Sir Andrew Aguecheek's presence in the house of her mistress, for he, too, is a heavy drunkard and reveller. But Sir Toby defends Sir Andrew and says that he is a gifted knight with three thousand ducats a year. Sir Andrew enters and Sir Toby tells him that Olivia will not marry the Duke. He persuades Sir Andrew that Olivia will marry him, though Sir Andrew, however stupid he may be, has sense enough to know that Olivia will have nothing to do with him. Sir Toby encourages him to advertise his accomplishments, and makes him believe that Olivia will one day marry him.

Criticism—This scene introduces the principal characters of the subsidiary plot of the play. Maria is the genius of comedy and fun. Sir Andrew is a foolish knight and Sir Toby gulls him into believing that Olivia is loving him. Sir Toby is interested in keeping Sir Andrew there, because of his money. The way in which Sir Andrew's ignorance is exposed

makes this scene extremely entertaining. We begin to realise that with Sir Toby and Maria, we might expect much more exciting fun. The exposition of the plot ends with this scene, all the important characters, both of the principal and subordinate plot, having been by now introduced.

What a plague...thus—Sir Toby vehemently protests against Olivia's excessive, sentimental mourning, which is standing, in the way of his drinking and merry-making. He says: "What the devil does she (Olivia) mean by taking her brother's death so deeply to heart ?" Sir Toby's language is profane and full of oaths. *I am sure...life*—This is Sir Toby's philosophy of life—eat, drink and be merry. He means that care and worry spoil the fun of life. He is a jolly fellow, care-free and cavalier in his manners. *By my trouth*—an oath, meaning, truly, seriously. *Earlier o' nights*—you must come home earlier at night, and not keep late hours. Maria is objecting to the irregular habits of Sir Toby in whom she takes a personal interest. This is a hint of her later marriage with him. *Cousin*—Sir Toby is Olivia's uncle, hence cousin here means niece. *Takes great...hours*—strongly disapproves of your irregular ways and late hours.

Let her except...excepted—Sir Toby replies to Maria's "exceptions". He means: Let her go on making exceptions (to my irregularities) as she has been doing in the past (before). That is, Sir Toby declares that he is not particularly impressed by Olivia's displeasure. He suggests that he is a favoured inmate of the house, with certain privileges. He also means: "Let her leave me alone, because she has had numerous exceptions, taken exception to my conduct several times before". Some critics say that this is a purposefully absurd and meaningless phrase, indicating the irrational talk of a drunkard. "Sir Toby's drunken repartees are intentionally not much to the point".

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But you must confine...order—you must keep yourself within the limits of regular hours, and not keep late and irregular hours. *Confine*—dress. *Confine myself...drink in*—Sir Toby purposefully misunderstands Maria's word "confine", and says: "The dress I am putting on (or confine myself in) is good enough (fine) for the purposes of drinking." Sir Toby's

serious business in life seems to be drinking. He is witty in his own way, and is here trying to play upon the words "fine" and 'confine". *An they be not*—if they (the boots) are not. *Straps*—leather strips for drawing boots on. *Foolish Knight*—i. e. Sir Andrew Aguecheek. *Tall*—brave; courageous. *What's that......purpose*—what has that got to do with the present matter ?

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Ducats—gold coins, each equal to about six shillings and eight pence. *He'll have...ducats*—he will waste and lose this sum in one year. *Word for word without book*—i. e. by heart. *Almost natural*—i.e. he is very nearly a fool or an idiot. Maria puns on the word "Natural" which also means a born idiot. Her idea is that Sir Andrew is a fool by nature, a born fool.

Expl.—*And but that he hath the gift...gift of a grave*—This is Maria's judgment on Sir Andrew's character. She points out that besides being a fool, he is also given to quarrelling. But Sir Andrew is also a coward and this prevents him from actual quarrels and fights. Otherwise he would have met his death in quarrels, and been buried at the expense of the public (gift). The idea is that Sir Andrew will not have left money enough to cover his burial. Maria thus dwells upon Sir Andrew's extravagance and cowardice, which are both shown to be true later in the story.

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By this hand—a form of swearing. *Subtractors*—i.e. slanderers or detractors of the character of Sir Andrew. *He is a coward...parish top*—Sir Toby declares that wine drunk to the health of his niece (Olivia) is excusable, even admirable. It is a sign of chivalry, according to Sir Toby, to get drunk in this way; one may drink till one's head reels like the top kept in a village for the exercise and entertainment of peasants. *Castiliano Vulgo*—one of Sir Toby's nonsensical phrases, the sense of which, according to several editors, is: "Be solemn and grave like a Spaniard (Castilian)." Sir Toby warns Maria of the arrival of Sir Andrew and tells her not to continue talking about his folly and extravagance. She should adopt the expression of a solemn and dignified Castilian or Spaniard. It is also pointed out that after defeat of the Spanish Armada, many such phrases about Spain were used in contempt or as jolly expressions of drunkards.

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Fair shrew—fair girl, witty and sharp tongued. *Accost*—court; woo. *Good Mistress Accost*—not knowing the word "accost", Sir Andrew thinks that it is the name of Maria! *Front, board, assail*—Sir Toby's elucidation of his own word "accost", all meaning, face her, go and speak to her, etc.

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Undertake...company—I will not address her publicly in the way you suggest. Sir Andrew is confounded and ignorant and declares himself to be such. *Draw sword again*—i.e. you will not be acting like a true knight (*Sir* Andrew). *I would...again*—true to his cowardice, Sir Andrew says that it would be a blessing if he were never to draw sword again. *Fools in hand*—do you think you are in the Society of fools? *I have not you...hand*—Maria says that she would be having a fool in hand, if she were holding the hand of Sir Andrew. *And here's my hand*—not realising what Maria means, Sir Andrew gives her his hand, and thus shows that he is a fool. *Thought is free*—this is her reply to his "Do you think..." etc. She means that she is free to think what she likes, particularly as Sir Andrew has offered his hand to her, and she therefore *thinks* she has a fool in hand. *Bring your...bar*—a phrase meaning, give me a kiss and a present.

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What is your metaphor—being always aware of his own ignorance, Sir Andrew thinks that there is always a "metaphorical" as distinct from "literal" meaning of every term. So he asks: "What do you mean by your buttery-bar etc."? *It's dry*—Maria refers to his hand and says that it is dry, meaning that it is a sign of being mean, base, and illiberal. A dry hand meant want of amorousness and love. *I am not ...dry*—Sir Andrew again misses the point in Maria's words, and proves himself to be a fool. He suggests that he is not such a fool as not to keep his hands dry. *What's your jest*—what is your point of joke or fun ?

A dry jest—a dull, stupid joke, because a joke loses its point by being explained and elaborated. All jests are lost upon Sir Andrew, as he is not quick-witted enough to understand (much less to appreciate) them.

At my fingers' ends—always ready with a jest. Also refers to his hand, which he has offered her. Sir Andrew is the cause of fun and wit in others. He gives occasion to jest by his foolish behaviour. *I am barren*—i. e. as soon as I let go your hand, I have no longer any subject to jest upon, (Sir Andrew being the subject fit for jests).

Lackest a cup of canary—you are in need of good wine (which is supposed to make people bright and quick-witted). *Put down*—depressed or defeated. *Canary put me down*—i. e. I have often drunk deeply enough to lose all my senses.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*But I am a great eater of beef... to my wit*—This is Sir Andrew confessing his own ignorance and stupidity. It is an amiable trait of his character. Replying to Sir Toby's opinion about his lack of spirits. Sir Andrew says that he has no wit in himself because he thinks that eating excessive beef causes loss of wit and makes people dull. This was the belief of the time.

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No question—no doubt about what you say. *I'ld forswear it*—I will give up eating beef. *In tongues*—i. e. in learning languages. Sir Andrew's confession of his ignorance is pathetic as much as comic. *Had I but...arts*—I wish I had studied more and become accomplished.

Excellent head of hair—Sir Toby puns upon the words 'tongue' and 'tong.' The latter was used in curling the hair. Since this is an artificial way of treating the hair, Sir Toby confuses it with the "arts." *Mended my hair*—not understanding Sir Toby's pun, Sir Andrew asks how his head and hair would be affected by the "arts and "tongues". *Past question*—most certainly. *Curl by nature*—i. e. your hair will not get curled naturally; it requires artificial treatment. *Becomes me well enongh*—I am quite satisfied with my present hair.

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I hangs like flax...spin it off—Sir Toby pokes fun at Sir Andrew, by saying that Sir Andrew's hair is like flax on a distaff, fit only to be spun into thread by a housewife. The suggestion is that Sir Andrew might grow bald-headed under the strain of married life. Or simply, that his hair is unfit to be curled. *Four to one*—i. e., most unlikely. *None of me*—

she does not care for me ; will have nothing to do with me. *Count*—i. e., the Duke, Orsino. *Not match......degree*—will not marry one who is superior in social status. *There's life in it*—i. e., there is every hope of your marrying her. Sir Toby is guiling Sir Andrew, by encouraging him thus. *Sometimes altogether*—Sir Andrew's clumsy way of saying that he loves to drink and revel wholly or excessively.

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Art thou good...knight—are you an expert at such trifling things? *Under the degree of my betters*—one of Sir Andrew's absurdities, meaning that he excepts those who are superior to him in social position. *Old man*—Sir Andrew regards himself to be superior to old men. *Cut the mutton to it*—Sir Toby's pun on the word caper, meaning caper sauce, which was taken with boiled mutton. He saysg that if Sir Andrew knows how to dance (cut a caper) he himself knows how to cut mutton (to be taken with caper sauce.) *I have the back-trick*—trick of dancing backwards. It is suggestive of Sir Andrew's notorious distaste for fighting, and his inclination to move backward when fighting. *As strong as*—as well as.

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Curtain before them—why do you hide your merits, put them behind the curtain, as it were. *Take dust like...picture*—be soiled by dust, like the picture of some low kitchen-maid. Most editors reject the suggestion that Mistress Mall refers to the notorious cut-purse, Mary Firth, known as Mall cut-purse, since she was too young (by the time the play was composed) to be notorious. We may justly take it to be a common name for menials, maid-servants etc., whose pictures, unprotected by curtains, would be soiled by dust and smoke. Sir Toby suggests that Sir Andrew's merits must not be neglected like the pictures of common servants. *Go to church...Cornato*—Sir Andrew is advised to advertise his merits to the world at large by walking in rhythmic steps, as if he were dancing his way, into the hearts of mankind ! *My very walk...jig*—if I were you, I should walk in dancing steps. *Is it a world...in*—every one should advertise his accomplishments if he is to succeed in life. *Constitution of thy leg*—the shape and form of your legs. *Star of a galliard*—you were born under a star favourable for making you an expert dancer. *Indifferent well...stock*— my legs would look fairly well and attractive if I were to put on stockings of

a bright colour. *Taurus*—each part of the body was supposed to be influenced by a particular sign in the Zodiac. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat (and not sides and heart). Sir Toby mistakes it to govern "legs and thighs," and Sir Andrew repeats the mistake by changing it to "sides and hearts". Their general meaning is obvious: They were good for singing, drinking and dancing.

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Let me see ...caper—let us have a demonstration of your dancing abilities. Note how Shakespeare manages the *exit* of his characters.

Scene IV.

Synopsis—Viola, disguised in man's attire and naming herself Cesario, enters the service of the Duke, who favours her immediately. She in turn falls in love with her employer, though she has to keep this a secret. She is then instructed to go to Olivia as his messengers and pay court to her on his behalf. Viola is not confident of her success as a messenger of love. The Duke encourages her by saying that she is well qualified to succeed. She goes to Olivia, her heart cherishing the love of the Duke.

Criticism—The Duke's sentimental attachment to Olivia blindens him to the fact that Viola is a woman in disguise. Viola is clear-sighted in love and knows her heart. The dramatic irony of this scene is in the Duke's ignorance of the identity of Viola, and our knowledge of the reality of the situation.

You are no stranger—i.e. you already enjoy the favour and confidence of the Duke, though it is only three days you have been employed. *You either fear...negligence*—You seem to be afraid of my losing his favour either because his mood (humour) may change, or because I may fail to give satisfaction as a page. *Call in question*—doubt. *Inconstant*—changing.

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Cesario—Viola's assumed name as the page of the Duke. *Aloof*—a hint that others might go away. *I have...secret soul*—I have revealed to you the deepest secrets of my heart,

(his love for Olivia.) *Address...her*—go to her. *Be not... access*—do not come back without seeing her and getting her reply. *There thy foot...audience*—tell them that you will stand, fixed like a post or tree, until you are admitted.

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Abandoned to her sorrow—if Olivia is so deeply in grief for her dead brother. *Spoke*—i.e., spoken ; reported. *Clamorous*—make yourself heard, by shouting etc. *Leap...bounds*—be rude and uncivil even (in getting admitted). *Unprofited return*—come back without a reply. *What, then*—what am I to do and speak. *Surprise her...faith*—let her be startled and shocked by your talk on my love for her. Note that the Duke is unconsciously revealing his own weakness as a lover. He can only "discourse", i.e., talk (and not act) about his love. This is his sentimental love. *It shall become...woes*—since you are young, you are fit to impress her with my suffering in love. You will be an excellent actor of my part as a lover in agony. *She will attend it*—Olivia will listen to what you have to say. *In thy youth*—since you are young. *Nuncio of...aspect*—a page or messenger of more serious, elderly looks.

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They shall yet...art a man—the Duke compliments Viola on her grace and beauty by saying that people will be wrong if they thought that she was a grown up man ! In other words, no one would mistake her youth and happy looks. *Diana*—goddess of virginity ; also Moon goddess. *Rubious*—red like a ruby. In this passage the Duke is revealing his attachment to Viola, without being aware of it, since he is blinded by his sentimental love for Olivia. *Small pipe*—soft and tender voice of a maiden. *Shrill and sound*—like a young maiden's voice. The Duke is surprised by this voice of Viola because the voice of young males is usually cracked at this age, a sign of adolescence. *Semblative...part*—exactly fitting a woman's part. It is to be noted that boys used to act the part of women in Shakespeare's days. It is as if the Duke were a theatrical manager inspecting a prospective boy actor for women's parts ! Such passages are a shrewd comment upon the stage conditions of those days. *Constellation*—stars influencing the character of persons born under them. *This affair*—i.e. of acting the part of a messenger. The Duke suggests that Viola is a born actor of female parts. *Least in company*—i.e., alone; solitary.

To call...thine—to use my wealth and fortune as your own. In other words, you will no longer be my mere servant, but an equal of mine. *Barful strife*—a dilemma, full of difficulty. Viola is anticipating conflicts and confusions, which are likely to arise out of her disguise, and which do arise later in the play, when, for example, Olivia falls in love with her ! *I myself ...wife*—since I am a woman. Viola is thus shown to be loving the Duke.

Scene V

Synopsis—Viola (as Cesario) visits Olivia as the Duke's messenger. Meanwhile we meet Maria and the Clown, the former threatening the latter with Olivia's displeasure at his absence from the house. The Clown, however, is confident that he will be able to win his lady's favour by his wit. He tells Maria that she should try to improve Sir Toby's habits of excessive drinking and irregular hours.

Olivia then enters with her steward, Malvolio. She at once takes the Clown to task, but the Clown cleverly proves her to be a fool, since she is mourining for her brother's being in heaven. The Clown thus proves his genius for verbal witticisms, but Malvolio is not impressed with this sort of clowning, Maria then announces the arrival of Cesario, and Viola comes. She addresses Olivia in extravagant terms. She praises her beauty and prays that the Duke's love should be honoured. Though Olivia admits that the Duke is virtuous and noble, yet she declares her unwillingness to love and marry him. Viola then dwells upon what she herself would have done if she were in love with Olivia. This excites Olivia's interest in Viola, and tells Viola that she will have nothing to do with Duke. However, she tells Viola that she may come back to let her know how the Duke reacts to her refusal. Viola then goes away. But immediately Olivia calls Malvolio and sends him after Viola, saying that the messenger has left a ring behind and that this should be returned to her. Obviously she has fallen in love with Viola. Malvolio goes after the messenger.

Criticism—This scene is important for two reasons. One, new characters like Malvolio and the Clown are introduced. Secondly, it contains the beginning of the complication of the plot, because Olivia falls in love with Viola. This is the turning point of the story. Our interest is excited by this fact of a woman falling in love with another woman, mistaking her to be a man !

The development of the plot thus begins from this scene. But we also learn much about the character of Malvolio who is going to be the source of much practical mischief and fun, and it is his character which brings this about. His dislike of the Clown and of Sir Toby is the cause of this mischief. His self-love and solemnity are misplaced in Olivia's household. The scene thus is full of dramatic conflicts and comic potentialities.

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Or I will not...excuse—Maria says that she will not speak even a single word on behalf of the clown (if he does not tell her the reason of his absence). *Hang thee*—an exaggerated threat, since fools were whipped, not hanged, for their faults. *Fear no colours*—a phrase meaning fearlessness. I fear no colours=I am not afraid of. The fool uses the word colour in more than one sense. (1) The *colours*—or flag of the enemy; (2) The *collars* or halter used by the hangman; (3) The *cholers* or anger of his mistress. In short, the fool declares that if he is hanged, it will save him from the fear of any or all of these. *Make that good*—prove what you say. *He shall ...fear*—a dead man is dead to all fears. *Lenten answer*—Lent is the season of fasting, and so Lenten fare means poor food. Here Lenten answer means poor, insufficient, reply or explanation. Maria is not satisfied with this answer, and so she offers to give her own explanation in her following speech. (Dover Wilson finds a point in this otherwise pointless answer of the Clown. He points out that unless one was "well hanged", the hangman might cut the halter quickly enough to let the victim live to see his own blood reddening the scaffold. But we may note that the Clown has made a good answer by insisting upon his being "well-hanged." In this sense, the Clown's use of the word "colours" might also refer to the drops of blood, and he would really fear no colours (blood) if he were duly and well hanged.)

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In the wars—i.e. the phrase refers to the ensigns and flags seen in wars. *That you...foolery*—Maria patronisingly suggests that the Clown might seek an excuse for being absent by saying that he was engaged in a war.

God give them...talents—the Clown does not like the patronising suggestion of Maria, and tells her that she might keep her

wisdom to herself, i. e. she needs suggestions, not the Clown who is clever enough to get out of his scrapes. What he means is that wise men so-called are not really wise. For example, Maria's suggestion that the Clown might say that he was engaged in wars is foolish, because no one would believe it. So the Clown depends upon his own talents, such as they are.

Many a good...marriage—the direct meaning is with reference to himself, namely, if he is hanged, it will prevent him from making a miserable marriage. The indirect reference is to Maria herself, hinting that it might be better for her to be hanged rather than remain to get married to Sir Toby, who is a drunkard. This he refers to in his speech that follows. Meanwhile, there was the story of two men who were going to be hanged and who were given the choice of pardon if they would marry a lame and a plain girl. They refused to marry such girls, and preferred to be hanged!

For turning away—so far as dismissal is concerned. *Let summer bear it out*—summer time will help me to bear the burden of dismissal, since summer is preferable to winter for dismissal, when there will be unbearable cold and winds and rain. *If one break...hold*—Maria is quibbling on the word 'point'. The hooks or laces that held the breeches were called points. It is in this sense that she uses the word. *Gaskins*—i. e. breeches; they were fastened to the doublet by aces called *points*.

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Very apt—quite right. *Go thy way*—leave me alone. *If Sir Toby...Illyria*—the Clown is shrewd enough to note that Maria was trying to catch Sir Toby for a husband. But he points out that she would require more wit and cleverness to make Sir Toby give up drinking. In short, the Clown proves himself to be wittier than Maria. *You were best*—i.e. it would be best for you to find some good excuse for your absence. *Wit*—the Clown addresses the spirit of wit. *An it be thy will*—if you please. *Put me...fooling*—inspire me with the genius for being clever and witty enough to escape punishment. Olivia is about to threaten him with dismissal. Hence this prayer to "Wit".

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Those wits that think they have thee...for a wise man*—In these words, the Clown in *Twelfth Night* is pointing out the wisdom of so-called fools and the

foolishness of so-called wise men. He has had a wit combat with Maria in which he has scored a point over her who thought herself to be wise. So the Clown declares that those who call themselves wise do not possess real wisdom and behave worse than fools. The Clown, on the other hand, is a really witty fellow who lives by his brains. He is employed to entertain his masters. He has better brains than those of his employers. He feels acutely this position, for he has to honour his patrons who are dull. His very life and safety depend upon the whims and caprices of his patrons. So he prays God to give more wisdom to the so-called wise men who lord over professional fools like himself.

Quinapalus—a fictitious authority; the fool is poking fun at learned men who always quote from some authority. He laughs at the pedantry of so-called wise men. Later he invents such other names as *Pigrogromitus* and *Vapians* and *Quenbus! Better a witty...wit*—one of the best remarks of this Clown who, however, is modest enough to ascribe it to an imaginary philosopher. He himself is a "witty fool". *Take away the Lady*—note this audacity and daring of the Clown. He implies that the Lady is the Fool ! And he proves it a few lines later.

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Dry—uninteresting. *No more of you*—I will dismiss you. *Two faults, madonna*—note the humorous effect of saying "Madonna" in place of "Lady" or "Madam". The clown admits that he has two faults, namely, being a "dry fool" and being "dishonest." But he immediately shows how these faults could be set right easily. *Drink and...amend*—i. e. if he is a "dry" fool, he will be cured by drinking, thus becoming a "wet" fool ! If he is "dishonest," he will be cured by good advice. He implies that he is denied both of these. There is not enough to drink in Olivia's house, and there are not wise men enough to advise him.

Let the botcher mend him—a botcher is one who mends clothes or shoes. The fool's professional dress is a "patched" one, that is, it is made up of several patches of varying colour. He suggests that his clothes rather than his morals require mending. Being a wise man he should not be forced to wear a fool's "patched" dress. Such is the line of his reasoning and logic.

Virtue that transgresses...with virtue—the Clown is proving in his own devastating way that virtue and sin are not distinct and absolute. Each is associated with the other. For example, virtue which goes wrong (transgresses) is, in a manner of speaking, patched with (connected with) sin. In other words, there is no absolutely virtuous person, or a wholly sinful person.

Sin that amends...virtue—sin that corrects itself is only patched with virtue. The clown contends that the best, the most virtuous people have some 'patch' of vice, and the greatest sinners have some 'patch' of virtue. It is all a matter of patching, and no one is perfect and whole. Every one has to be mended and patched, since no one is perfect.

If this simple...what remedy ?—If my argument is right, then I need not be punished ; if it is not, I should be excused. Why ? Because to err is human, and Olivia herself, on the Clown's showing, is not perfect. It is a subtle hint that the Clown with his sin or fault and Olivia with her virtue are both equally 'patched' things. So no one is to be punished. Judge not that you may not be judged.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—As there is no true *cuckold but calamity...flower*—This is one of those subtle and profound utterances which Shakespeare sometimes puts into the mouths of his Fools. Wise commentators have found it difficult to solve the puzzles of the Fools. The Clown in *Twelfth Night* is here pleading before Olivia who is assuming a threatening attitude towards him. The fool has erred and is to be punished. But his plea is that no one is perfect enough to punish another. He proved this in his 'syllogism' in the preceding line. Here he does the same in a different manner. He says that Olivia need not be proud of her virtue and beauty because old age (time,) will make her beauty fade as surely as the beauty of a flower fades with time. Now the same time which withers her beauty also causes his misfortune (calamity) to be forgotten. In other words, both the Clown and Olivia, the sinner and the virtuous one, are alike affected by Time. Everyone is subjected to time or death. So Olivia should not try to be self-righteous and virtuous. This statement of the Clown is illustrated with reference to a familiar joke of the stage about the cuckold. A cuckold means a husband whose wife is unfaithful, who cheats him. Now calamity or misfortune is here said to be a cuckold because Time or Death cheats calamity in the sense that calamity is forgotten by the laps

of Time. To make this yet more clear we may take Life to be the wife, Calamity the husband (who is made a cuckold) and Time the person who comes between the pair.

Since this explanation is rather complex, some editors put "counsellor" for "cuckold". But the explanation, though complex, is interesting and pointful. There are those, of course, who regard this as nonsense. But it is an interesting nonsense, characteristic of Shakespeare's Fools.

Therefore—the clown thinks that he has now proved beyond doubt that *both* he and Olivia are the same, and *therefore*, either of them may be a fool, and *therefore*, she is now to be removed, rather than himself.

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Misprison...degree—you have made a very great mistake; you have confused identity ; you have, in fact, substituted me for you. *Cuculus...in the brain*—the clown is scholarly, and uses Latin. He means : The cowl does not make the saint. So also the dress of a fool (motley) does not make one a fool. The cowl and the motley are merely outward signs, they do not by themselves make one either a saint or a fool. The Clown suggests that his brains and intellect are not "foolish", or affected by his fool's dress. He is really a wise and witty fellow, as his remarks about sin and virtue, beauty and wisdom prove. *Cowl*—head-dress of a monk or a saint. *Motley*—the many-coloured, patched, dress of a fool or jester. *Dexterously*—perfectly ; clearly.

Catechise—put questions to you. *Good my mouse of virtue*—my dear, virtuous mistress. Mouse is a term of endearment. It is implied that Olivia is becoming self-righteous, so the Clown is sarcastic on her. *Bide your proof*—suffer myself to listen to you. *His soul is in hell*—if it were, it would give some sense and meaning to her mourning.

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In heaven—Olivia thinks she has scored a point over the fool by correcting him thus, but she is mistaken. *Take away the fool*—the absurdity of Olivia's sentimental grief is thus made plain by the clown. *Mend*—progress ; improve. Olivia has reason to say this, since she herself has been befooled by the fool.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Infirmity that decays the wise ......better fool*—This is Malvolio's sarcastic reply to Olivia's question regarding the fool. Malvolio reveals his Puritanical sourness and bitterness by expressing his strong dislike of all mirth and joy. The fool is a symbol of merriment, Malvolio is his opposite. So Malvolio says that a fool grows more foolish with his years, while old age weakens wise men. Age strengthens the folly of the fool. In this sense, says Malvolio, it may be granted that the fool is improving, i. e. becoming more foolish.

God send you......folly—the clown suggests that Malvolio's wisdom is perverted and self-conscious, and that therefore a little folly or tolerance will do him good. May your folly (which you regard as your wisdom) go on increasing with your age. *I am no fox*—I am not clever or wise, the fox being a symbol of craftiness and wisdom. *He will not pass......no fool*—he will not bet even two pence on the point whether you are not a fool. Malvolio is thus openly told that he is a fool. *What say......that*—what is your reply to this ?

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Marvel—I am surprised. *Barren rascal*— a stupid rogue. *Put down*—defeated. *With*—i. e. by. *Ordinary fool*—not a professional joker (like Feste, the clown). *Out of his guard*—exhausted his means and resources ; at his wits' end. *Minister occasion*—encourage him. *Gagged*—silent ; dumb. That is, he cannot be witty unless you encourage him by laughing at his silly jokes. *Crow so*—so deeply appreciate or loudly laugh at. *Set kind*—i. e. perfessional jesters. *Zanies*—subordinate fools. *You are sick of self-love*—Olivia exposes the principal vice or defect of Malvolio, which is self-love or unqualified egoism. *Taste......appetite*—Malvolio is so fully consumed with vanity that he cannot enjoy healthy laughter and fun. Laughter and merriment are signs of mental and moral health. Malvolio is sick with vanity and so his tastes are unwholesome (distempered). Olivia is a good judge of character. *Those things*—simple, natural merriment and jests and jokes. *Bird-bolts*—i. e. harmless weapons, such as children use to hit birds. That is, one must regard jokes lightly. *That you deem cannon bullets*—i.e. you make mountains out of mole-hills. You unnecessarily object to innocent fun and joy and laughter. They are to be passed by lightly.

and not taken seriously. *No slander*—no bitterness or calumny or offence. *In an allowed fool*— in the words of a professional jester. *Rail*—abuse; complain against. *Discreet*—sensible. *Reprove*—rebuke.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition...nothing but reprove*—Olivia is speaking. She tells Malvolio that he should not magnify the mistakes of the fool. The fool is making innocent fun in order to entertain others. Malvolio is given to fault-finding and taking a wrong view of life. A man who is innocent and generous will pass by lightly the jokes and jests of professional fools. Malvolio is making mountains of molehills. No man would feel offended by the words of a fool even if the fool is abusing, and the same applies to the words of a man who is known to be wise and sensible, even if he is rebuking. In short, the witty remarks of the fool should be regarded as harmless bolts, not as hurtful bullets. No sensible person would feel that he is insulted or offended when a fool indulges in jests and jokes. Olivia is thus proving herself to be a generous-minded lady taking a sensible view of the fool's remarks. She defends the very fool whom she threatened to dismiss.

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Mercury—the patron god of rogues and thieves, and also the messenger of the gods. *Endue thee...of fools*—the clown means that since Olivia has undertaken the defence of fools, she may be blessed by Mercury with the gift of telling mere lies in her noble task of defending fools. This is to include Olivia herself among the fools. *Well attended*—followed by several servants. *Hold him in delay*—are preventing his entry.

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Fetch him off—let Sir Toby be removed and taken away. *Speaks...mad man*—i. e. acts and talks like a mad fellow. *I am sick...home*—tell him that I am either ill or absent. *What you will*—give what reasons you like for dismissing him. *Your fooling...it*— your jesting has become dull and stale (if, i. e., Malvolio's opinion of you is true). *As if thy...fool*—i. e. you have patronised fools wholeheartedly. *Whose skull*—whose head. *Jove...brains*—may God put more skill and intelligence in your eldest son. *One of your kin*—one of your near relations. The clown hints that folly is running in Olivia's family. *Weak pia mater*—i. e. Sir Toby whose brains (pia mater) are dull. He is pointing to Sir Toby who now enters. *What is he*—i.e. what sort of person is he who has come to see me.

Page 35.

A plague...herrings—Sir Toby says that he is unable to finish the sentence because he has eaten too many fish (herrings). *How now got*—addressing the fool whom he calls a drunkard. *How have you...lethargy*—how is it that you have got drunk and stupid and senseless so early. *Defy lechery*—Sir Toby mistakes lethargy for lechery (loose or immoral living, or licentiousness). This shows how deeply he has drunk so as not to understand what is spoken. *One*—a person. *Let him...will*—Sir Toby's muddled head has no clear idea about the messenger, and so he says that he might as well be the Devil himself, whom he does not bother about. *Give me faith*—i.e., I do not want the company of Devils, I am true to God and have faith in God. *All one*—it does not mu ch matter. *One draught...fool*—if he drinks one glass more than enough (to warm oneself) he becomes senseless (fool). *Second*—a second glass of wine after this. *Mads*—i.e., makes him mad. *Third*—third glass. *Drowns*—i.e., completely stupefies him, drowning whatever sense has been left in him at the second stage of his drinking.

Page 36.

Crowner—judge, coroner. *Sit of my cor*—let the corner sit in judgment over my cousin (cor) Sir Toby. Let there be an enquiry over the drowned Sir Toby. Olivia enters the spirit of the fool's jests and replies accordingly. *He's fortified...denial*—he is determined not to go away without seeing you.

Page 37.

Sheriff's post—posts before mayor's houses on which notices and proclamations were pasted. *Supporter to a bench*—the leg of a bench. *Will you or no*—whether you wish it or not. *Personage*—personal appearance. *Squash...peascod*—squash is the young pea before it develops the seed (peascod); immature. *Codling*—unripe apple. *Almost*—i.e. but not fully ripe. *Standing water*—i.e. when the tide neither ebbs nor flows; intermediate state. *Well-favoured*—good-looking. *Shrewishly*—like a sharp-tongued woman (a shrew). *Mother's...him*—referring to the shrill voice of the page, which is that of a child.

Page 38.

Give me my veil—Olivia has vowed to walk veiled in her mourning. *Embassy*—message of love. *Your will*—what do you wish to say? *Loath to...speech*—I am not willing to waste my breath in talking to others. *Well penned*—carefully composed. *To con it*—learn it by heart. *Let me sustain no scorn*—let me not be humiliated or held up to ridicule. *Comptible*—sensitive; i.e. I will suffer from the least kind of rude and rough usage. *Sinister usage*—rude, unkind treatment.

Page 39.

Studied—prepared. *Out of my part*—the answer for the question you ask has not been prepared by me. *Give... assurance*—let me be reasonably sure. *Comedian*—an actor. *Profound heart*—a fitting reply to Olivia's question. She had suggested that Viola was talking like an actor, (actors were held in contempt in Elizabethan days), and Viola replies in a bantering, mocking tone, correcting her guess as to Viola's profession.

Expl. *And yet by the very fangs of malice...I am*—Viola challenges Olivia's guess by saying that the worst that could be said about her behaviour is that she is not what she seems. That is, Viola thus indirectly declares that though she seems to be a male page, she is really a woman. Viola means that she is acting the part of a male, but that she has no intention of deceiving any one.

Page 40.

If I do not...myself—if I am not taking what does not belong to me; if I am not deceiving you, or counterfeiting myself. *If you are she*—if you are the mistress of the house. *You do usurp yourself*—Viola means that Olivia should marry and not keep her estate and beauty for herself. They belong to the Mater, not the mistress, of the house. Being young and beautiful and rich, Olivia has no right to remain the mistress of herself or of her estate. In this sense she is "usurping" herself. *For what is yours...reserve*—Viola explains what she said in the preceding line. Her youth and beauty are meant to be bestowed (given away) upon her husband, and she cannot keep them for herself. She is thus an usurper. *This is from my commission*—all that I said does not belong to my message. *I will on*—I will go on with my speech. *Heart*—substance; central idea.

Forgive you—you may dispense with the praise of myself.

Page 41

It is the...feigned—all poetry is fiction, that which is imagined or feigned. So if your praise is put in poetry, it will not be a true one. It will be imagined, not real. *Keep it in*—keep your poetry for yourself. *Saucy*—rude; rash. *Allowed your...of you*—if I have admitted you, it is in order to see what kind of man he is who was so "saucy" or insolent, rather than to hear your message. *It is not...dialogue*—I am not mad enough to listen to irrelevant (skipping) speeches. To be mad was to be under the influence of the moon Luna, being the Goddess Moon, from which the word Lunatic-madman was derived. *Will you...way*—will you now depart, put up sail and be gone. *Good swabber*—Viola's fitting reply to Maria who had used sailor's language. Swabber means the cleaner of a ship's deck. *Hull*—remain; stay as a ship does while floating on the hull alone. *Some mollification*—please pacify this 'giant' who seems to be guarding you. Maria is mockingly addressed as a "giant", she being really short and small. Giants guarded the heroines of old romances. Maria is playfully described as such a giant kept in Olivia's castle as her bodyguard.

Page 42

Hideous—unpleasant; ugly. *Courtesy*—preface, introduction. *Fearful*—threatening, Olivia suggests that Viola has some sugar-coated pill (containing bitter message) to offer. *Office*—message which you are sent to deliver. *I bring...war*—I am not a messenger of wars and conflicts (but of love and peace). *Taxation of homage*—demand for allegiance. *I hold the olive*—I bring messages of love and peace. The olive branch was the symbol of peace. So obviously the *olive* branch is fittingly brought to *Olivia*. *Matter*—substance; that is, important matter. *What would you*—what do you wish to do or say? *The rudeness...entertainment*— if I was rude it was because I was treated rudely. *Maidenhead*—maidenhood. *To your ears ...profanity*— my message is holy when addressed to you, but it would be impious to deliver it to others.

Page 43

This divinity—this so-called holy message. *Text*—actual message (without notes and explanations). *Comfortable doctrine*

—comforting, pleasing introduction. *Much...it*—you might go on amplifying this. Olivia does not wish to hear the comments, but only the text of the message. *Bosom*—referring to the love of the Duke. *What chapter*—i.e. what part of his heart. *By the method*— to proceed according to the style of (theologians discussing religious topics). *First of his heart*—i.e. love of you is the most important feeling in his heart. *It's heresy*—it is false religion. Olivia means that his love is not true or genuine.

Page 44

Negotiate...face—are you authorised to see only my face and deal with it? All this is done in a bantering, light-hearted tone, but it hides serious feelings behind it, as the plot shows later. Both Olivia and Viola are deeply emotional, but they talk as if they were merely jesting. *Out of your text*—saying something which is not in your real message. *Draw...picture*—Olivia compares herself to a picture which she proposes to reveal by withdrawing the curtain, or veil on her face.

It is not well done—is not the picture well painted. Olivia is trying to hide her embarrassment at showing her face to a young man.

If God did all—i. e. if you are not using artificial aids to beauty. *In grain*—in fast colour. *Endure*—i. e. will not be affected by wind and weather. *Truly blent*—perfectly blent or mixed colours. *Cunning hand*—skilful hand. Note the change here from prose to verse, in order to suggest that the speakers are stirred by deep emotions. Viola is reciting now a prepared speech, so it is distinguished by being put into blank verse. *She*—i. e. a woman. In Elizabethan English parts of speech were interchangeable, a pronoun used for a noun, as here. *If you...grave*—i. e. if you die without marrying. *No copy*—i. e. no child who will possess your beauty.

Page 45

So hard-hearted—so cruel as not leave a copy of my picture. *Divers...beauty*—various details of my beauty. Olivia is mockingly replying to Viola. She means that she is going to get many copies of her picture painted in detail. *Inventoried*—a list will be made of all my beauties. *Particle...will*—Olivia continues her mocking tone, and using legal phraseology, says that she will get various lists of her beauty well prepared, and enter them in her will as if they were so many goods or chattels,

This is her reply to Viola's mention of "copy". Olivia takes copy literally to mean a picture, while Viola meant by it a child. *As, item*—as for example. *Two lips*—here she begins to give an inventory or list of her beauties, such as red lips, grey eyes etc. *Indifferent red*—moderately red. *If you were... fair*—even if you were as wicked and proud as Satan (Devil) I must admit that you are beautiful. *Could be but recompensed*—i. e. my master's love is worthy of being rewarded by your beauty. His love is as great as your beauty. *Though you... beauty*—even if you were the Queen of beauty, not to be compared with any one.

Page 46

Adoration...tears—with religious attitude; worshipping you as if you were a goddess. *Groans......love*—deep sighs like storms presaging thunder. Viola is indulging in exaggeration, suggesting the sentimental excess of the Duke's love for Olivia. *Suppose*—hold ; regard. *Estate*—wealth and nobility. *Stainless*—pure; uncorrupted by self-indulgence. *In voices... divulged*—held to be spotless and good in popular opinion. The world speaks well of him. *Dimension*—bodily proportion. *Took...ago*—he should have known my attitude long ago.

Page 47

In my...flame—i. e. with the same ardour and intensity as my master does. *Deadly life*—a way of life which is bound to die for want of reciprocated love. *In your...sense*—I don't understand why you are rejecting him when he is loving so passionately. *What...you*—what would you have done if you were in his place. *Make me...gate*—build a cottage made of willows, which are emblems of sadness and rejected love. *Call upon......house*—addressing my beloved (soul) in the house; i. e. Olivia in her house. *Loyal cantons*—songs and poems of deep love, which has been rejected. *Halloo your...hills*—call your name in such loud tones that the hills would echo with them. *Babbling...air*—the murmuring breezes. *Between...earth*—I will not let you rest peacefully on this earth (till you accepted me). *But...me*—until you were compelled to take pity on me.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Make me a willow cabin at your gate...pity me*—This is how Viola, dressed as a male page, describes what she would do if she were to love Olivia as the Duke is doing. There is a hint in her language

that the Duke is not loving in the right way. He is merely passive in his love and chooses to send messengers, as if love could be done by proxy. On the other hand, Viola says that a lover should be passionate and active, not passive and sentimental. If she were a lover, for example, she would come to Olivia's place and build a cottage before her house where she would sit, as it were, to lay siege to the heart of Olivia. She would cry out her name to the winds and hills and behave so vehemently that even the hardest hearted woman would relent and take pity on her and accept her love. In fine, Viola indirectly condemns her master's way of loving, which is passive, idle and sentimental.

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You might do much—you seem to be capable of much vehement passionate loving. *Above my fortunes*—I am better in my social status than would seem from my present position. *State is well*—I do not complain of my treatment as a page. *How he takes it*—this is merely an excuse for meeting Viola, with whom Olivia has now fallen in love, mistaking her to be a man. *Spend this for me*—she gives Viola a gift of money. *I am...post*—not a mercenary messenger. Note the dignity with which Viola behaves in accepting this present. *My master...recompense*—the Duke needs a gift (of your love) not I. *Love...love*—may you live to know what it is to be rejected in love. If your lover were to grow as hard-hearted as you are towards him, you will then know better than to reject my master's love. This comes out to be true, because Olivia falls in love with Viola who has to, and does, reject her ! *Let your...contempt*—may you be rejected in love by the man you love in the same way as you are now rejecting my master's love. *Fair cruelty*—you beautiful, but cruel, lady.

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What is your parentage—Olivia, suddenly fallen in love with Viola, is now expressing her feelings in the matter. She is reviewing what Viola has said. She confesses her fascination for her *I'll be sworn ...art*—you certainly did behave as a gentleman. *Five-fold blazon*—declare you to be a gentleman five times (tongue, face, limbs, action, spirit), each of one which proved that you were so. *Not too fast...soft*—this is addressed to her heart, which is agitated and beating fast with love for Viola. *Unless...man*—i. e. I cannot reasonably

love this page, unless the master (Duke) changed places with the man (servant). Olivia means that the social status of the page prevents her marriage with him, and so she wishes that the servant were the master ! (having the same dignity and wealth as the master). *Plague*—love is as quickly infectious as plague. *With an...stealth*—with a mysterious power. *Creep ...eyes*—influence me ; deeply affect me.

Page 50.

Peevish—saucy ; arrogant. She misleads Malvolio by thus blaming Viola, for she wishes to hide her love from him. *County*—i.e., Count, Duke. *He left...him*—this is Olivia's, invention. She pretends that Viola has left a ring behind, which she really proposes to send as a gift, a lover's token. *Tell him...it*—ask him to take it back. *Not...lord*—not to encourage the Duke with false hopes of my favour. *High thee*—now, go quickly. *Mine eye...mind*—she fears that her mind might be powerless to resist the impression of Viola's beauty, received through her (Olivia's) eyes. That is, she confesses that Viola's charms are irresistible. *Fate...force*—let me be ruled by my fate or destiny, since no one can resist fate. *Ourselves...owe*—we are not our own masters.

Act II. *Scene 1.*

Synopsis.—We are once again on the sea-coast. We meet Viola's brother, Sebastian, who was reported to be lost. He is an important character for the solution of the plot. Meanwhile he is here shown to be safe and rescued like his sister whom he resembles perfectly. He thanks Antonio who has saved him from shipwreck and tells his own story. He is now bound to the court of the Duke, and does not wish Antonio to follow him, for he does not want him to be involved in his own misfortune. But Antonio, who loves him decides to follow him, no matter what the dangers might be.

Criticism.—This scene is dramatically important because the complications of mistaken identity will be solved later by the presence of Sebastian, who is twin-brother to Viola. Sebastian is both the complicating and resolving agent in the plot of this play.

Nor will you not—you seem to be determined to prevent me from following you. *My stars...me*—I am a victim of

great misfortune. *The malignancy...yours*—my bitter misfortune might affect you also. *A bad recompense*—an ill turn; an ungrateful act. *Lay...you*—to involve you in my misfortune.

Page 52.

No, sooth—certainly, I cannot tell you that. *Determined voyage*—what I have determined about my journey. *Mere extravagancy*—is merely to wander aimlessly. *Touch of*—sign; mark of. *Extort*—force. *To keep in*—to keep in secret. *Charges......manners*—it becomes my duty as a gentleman of good manners. *Express myself*—to reveal my identity voluntarily. *Roderigo*—a name invented by Sebastian to hide his identity. *In an hour*—in the same hour, i.e., twins. *If the......pleased*—If it had pleased the gods. *Would...ended*—I wish we had died also altogether in the same hour. He refers to the shipwreck and is thinking that his sister is lost. *You......that*—Antonio, by rescuing Sebastian, has changed that eventuality. *Drowned*—i.e., Sebastian thinks so.

Page 53.

Accounted—declared to be. *With such...that*—though I could not go so far (as some people) in my admiration of her charms. *Publish*—declare openly. *Envy*—i.e. even the most envious and jealous critics of her. *Could...fair*—would be forced to admit that she was fair and sweet looking. *Salt*—i.e. sea water. *More*—i.e. more salt water (his tears). He means that his tears are so overflowing that he is drowning his already drowned sister. *Your bad entertainment*—i.e. my insufficient hospitality. Shakespeare uses 'good' for sufficient, as when he made Shylock say: "Antonio is a *good* man, i.e. sufficiently solvent." *Your trouble*—i.e. the trouble I have given you. *If you...love*—if you do not allow me to be your servant, it will be as cruel as if you had killed me for having loved you.

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If you...done—i.e. if you follow me as my servant, I may have to weep for all the dangers that I might involve you in. Sebastian says that he is pained to refuse Antonio's request. *So near...mother*—i.e. so like a woman; having a soft, womanly heart. *Least......more*—at the slightest provocation. *Mine eyes......tales*—I will be forced to weep (for refusing to make you my servant.) *The gentleness......you*—may all the

gods be kind to you. *Else*—otherwise. *Come what may*—whatever may happen to me. *Adore*—love. *Danger......sport*—I will hold all danger to be nothing or like sport (in my attempt and wish to follow you). This is ideal friendship.

Scene II

Synopsis—Malvolio follows Viola, and when she refuses to accept the ring given by Olivia, he flings it on the ground before her and goes away. Viola then sees that Olivia has been deceived by her disguise and has fallen in love with her. This is proved by the episode of the so-called forgotten ring. Viola regrets the ironic circumstance that while the Duke loves Olivia, and Olivia loves herself, Viola loves the Duke! But the situation is so complex that Viola, like Olivia in the former scene, leaves it to fate.

Criticism.—This scene shows the beginnings of complication which turn out to be a triangular conflict of love. Namely, the Duke is in love with Olivia, Olivia is in love with Viola, and Viola is in love with the Duke.

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Even now—just now. *On a moderate......hither*—after walking with moderate speed, I have reached this place. *You might......yourself*—if you had brought it yourself, you would have prevented me from taking the trouble of coming to you. This is Malvolio's stern and rude behaviour. *Put your...... him*—tell your master clearly that Olivia will never marry him. *Never be......affairs*— you should not be so foolish as to come back on your master's behalf. *Taking*—i. e. receiving ; the way in which your master reacts. Viola may come on her own behalf to tell how her master reacted to Olivia's rejection.

Page 56

She took......me—she accepted it from me. Note how Viola reacts to this. She does not compromise Olivia's position by saying that she left no ring with her. *Worth stooping for*—if you value the ring. *Be it......it*—let any one who finds it, take it. *Fortune forbid*—i. e. God forbid. *Outside*—my disguise as a male. *Charmed*—captivated. *Good......me*—she observed me carefully. *Eyes......tongue*—i.e. my beauty had made her dumb. *Speak......distractedly*—my beauty

made her get confused, and so she could only talk by fits and starts, like an agitated person. *Cunning of her passion*—the cleverness or trick which love teaches her. *Invites me*—has caused her to send this man after me. *In this*—through the agency of. *Churlish*—uncivil (Malvolio). *None of......ring*—what does she mean by saying that she will not accept the ring of my master ?

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I am the man—i. e. I am the man whom she loves. *She were...dream*—she will be loving an unreal thing (a dream) if she were to love me, for I am not a man as she thinks. *Disguise*—addressing the spirit of disguise. *Wickedness*—a source of evil, because by disguise, Olivia has been deceived. *Pregnant enemy*—the Devil who is full of wiles. *Does much*—i. e. does much mischief. *Proper false*—those who are fair-looking but really deceitful. *In women's......forms*—to impress women whose hearts, being soft, are easily impressionable. *Our frailty...we*—it is the weakness of women which causes them to suffer we are not to be blamed for it. *Such as......be*—we cannot help being what we are. *Fadge*—Work out ; result in. *Poor monster*—because in her present disguise she is in an unnatural, monstrous position—neither a man nor a woman. *Fond*—dote upon ; am madly in love with. *She*—i. e. Olivia.

Expl. with. ref. to Cont.—*How easy is it for the proper false......such we be*—These lines are spoken by Viola when she comes to know that Olivia has fallen in love with her disguised self, as the page of the Duke. Viola is recalling how Olivia spoke and behaved to her in her interview on behalf of her master. Malvolio has just left the ring which Olivia had sent as a present to Viola, pretending that it was left behind by Viola. She now expresses her sentiments on the evils of disguise and deceit. She says that it is very easy for any one with a fair outside to deceive women who have soft, impressionable hearts. She ascribes this to the feminine temperament, which is uncontrollable. Women are slaves of their temperament. This makes them victims of deceit. She finally gives up worrying about it by leaving it to fate and time, as Olivia had done in the former scene. In other words Viola anticipates complications which she seems to be unable to resist or solve, and so she leaves it to time and circumstance.

Page 53

As I am man—i. e. disguised as a man. *Desperate...love*—there is little hope of winning my master's love (of Olivia). *What thriftless...breathe*—Olivia will be wasting her love for me, as I am a woman and so cannot respond favourably to her love for me. *Time*—i. e. fate or circumstance. *Untangle*—solve. *Too hard a knot...untie*—it is too complicated a situation for me to solve.

Scene III.

Synopsis—Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are drinking and singing at night in Olivia's house. The Clown joins them and they all sing and roar and make the hell of a noise. This brings Maria who comes to warm them that Olivia and Malvolio would be disturbed by this noise and that Malvolio would come to turn them out. Malvolio comes and rebukes the whole lot in strong language. But he only makes the situation worse because they are too far gone in drinking, and Sir Toby only replies by singing irrelevant songs. Malvolio is enraged by this insult and leaves them in a towering passion threatening vengeance. Maria now plans to befool Malvolio. She says that she will send a letter in Olivia's handwriting, in order to make Malvolio believe that Olivia is in love with him. She invites Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to join in this plot, to which they agree and thus they all depart.

Criticism—This scene develops the comic underplot of the story. The contrast between the serious, Puritanic Malvolio and the clowning of Sir Toby, helped by Maria, is obvious. It is the vanity of Malvolio which helps the success of Maria's plan to befool him. Malvolio's fooling is thus inevitable and forms the most exciting event of this romantic comedy. The scene shows how this is going to be done.

Page 58.

Approach—note the comic effect of using this word for the simple "come on". Sir Toby retains some of his scholarship and education, which he can only use to comic purposes. He talks like a scholar—a drunken scholar. *Not to be......... betimes*—note the tone of pedantry and morality in this libertine. He is issuing moral dicta. He argues it like a pundit! His argument is: If one does not sleep in one's bed at midnight, it means that one has already been awake so soon as at midnight! So, to be late in sleeping is, according to the

strange logic of Sir Toby, to be early in rising. *Diluculo etc.*—as Latin tag, meaning, to rise early is healthy. Sir Toby substantiates his absurd arguments by quoting perfectly suitable Latin maxims which he remembers from his school days. *Thou knowest*—Sir Toby flatters Sir Andrew by suggesting that he, too, is a scholar who knows Latin. *Nay, by my troth*—but Sir Andrew is innocent of all Latin and confesses to his ignorance. This is a pleasant trait of Sir Andrew's simplicity which makes him a simpleton! *To be...late*—Sir Andrew's straightforward simplicity is in comic contrast to Sir Toby's pedantic, learned ignorance and irrelevance.

Page 59.

Hate...can—what an appropriate metaphor for the drunken and drinking Sir Toby! All his similes and metaphors are drawn from the world of libertinism. False conclusions are to him as hateful as cups and cans with no wine in them. To be full of meaning, they must be full of wine, for wine is the only meaning which Sir Toby knows. *To be up... betimes*—this is a repetition of what he said in the beginning. To go to bed at midnight is to be awake very soon, as early as 12 o'clock at midnight! *Does not...elements*—Sir Toby's humour is to be abrupt and irrelevant. This statement of his has no bearing on the topic. But he still makes it to show that he knows philosophy and science. It was believed that the human body was made up of the four elements, earth air, fire, water. Though this is true, it has no bearing on what he says. *Eating and drinking*—Sir Andrew disclaims all knowledge of science and philosophy. To him life means eating and drinking. *Thou art scholar*—Sir Toby makes fun of Sir Andrew who does not know what every schoolboy know So he takes him at his own word, and says, "Let us then eat and drink," since you, who are a scholar, declare it. *Stoup of wine*—let us have a vessel full of wine. *Hearts*—i.e. sweet hearts, dear fellows. *Picture of we three*—the picture of three heads was a common sign-board of inns and drinking house with an inscription saying "we three are loggerheads", i.e fools. The clown means that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew along with himself, are the three fools painted on sign-boards His reference is relevant because he finds them behaving like fools after drinking, as if Olivia's house were a public inn for drunkards.

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Ass—stupid fellow. *Catch*—a line of song. It is so called because one singer catches the line of the other singer. It is sung by three or more people who, collectively, make it comic and confounding. *Breast*—voice, proceeding from the breast; sweet, good voice for singing. *Such a leg*—Sir Andrew is fond of dancing and bowing, both of which require graceful, small, legs. Feste, the Clown, might have made a graceful bow to his friends here and so Sir Andrew envies those excellent legs of the fool. *Gracions fooling*—excellent jesting and merry-making. *Pigrogromitus, Vapians, Qnebens etc.*—the fool has a knack of inventing fictitious authorities for his absurd statements. These are examples of the same. Note what he said of *Quinapalus* in the former scene. This is deliberate nonsense on his part in order to ridicule the false pedantry of scholars of those days. *Lemon*—sweetheart ; i.e. a present to spend in the company of his sweetheart.. *Hads't it*?—did you get my present ?

Page 61.

Impeticos......gratillity—the fool's absurd Latin for, "I put your small gift into my pocket." The fool's coat had long pockets.

Malvolio's nose......houses—though this seems to be a deliberate nonsense on the part of the fool, it will not do to dismiss it as such. There is always some method in the madness of Shakespeare's fools. Priestley and others are unwilling to find any sense in this passage. But the drift of the passage seems to be somewhat like this: "I pocketed your small gift in my long-pocketed coat because if I had not done so, Malvolio, who has a nose long enough to scent it, might have found me out ; my girl (lady) is too refined (white hand) to drink common ale ; and the Myromidons is too costly a public house where cheap ale is not sold:" The substance of the fool's joke is that he is not satisfied with the small gift of six pence which Sir Andrew has presented him. It will not suffice to buy good wine for his lady-girl, and if he were to steal the wine from the store-room in Olivio's house, Malvolio, the vigilant steward, might have found it out with his watchful nose. The "Myromidons" must have been the name of some aristocratic public house where cheap wine (bottle-ale) was not offered. *Whipstock*—a whipping post,

symbol of stupidity. *My lady*—the girl who had aristocratic "white hands", in whose company the fool was to have spent the six pence. *Myrmidons*—name of some high-class tavern. *Bottle-ale house*—a cheap ale house.

When all is done—after all ; when all is said and done. *Testril of me*—I, too, will add another sixpence to what Sir Toby gives. *Good life*—song of mirth and jollity.

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True-love—i.e. real lover. *That*—who. *High and low*—in high and low tone. *Trip no further*—do not go away. *Sweeting*—dear one. *Journeys end .....meeting*—one of the profoundest truths to be found in the fool's nonsense. After meeting one's beloved, there is no need to go further. The final destination of life is love. *Every......know*—this is the best wisdom for a man to know. *Not hereafter*—love is to be realised here, in this world, in the present. We must make the best of the present. *Still unsure*—the future is always uncertain. *Sweet and twenty*—either (a) sweet and twenty sweet kisses, or (b) kisses from one who is twenty. *Stuff......endure*—youth is a short-lived stage. It will not do to wait, for youth passes away quickly.

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Mellifluous—very sweet. *Contagious*—infectious. That is, the song is catching, impressive and influencing good spirits. *To hear by the nose*—as contagion comes from breath, through the nose, Sir Toby, imitating Sir Andrew's "contagions", says that the sweet breath of the singer conveys its melody and sweetness through the nose of the hearer. *Dulcet*—very sweet. *Welkin*—sky ; atmosphere. *Dance*—i.e. shall we sing and dance till the sky seems a turn round and round, till we are giddy. *Rouse......catch*—shall we not sing so loud that the night owl is aroused. *Three souls......wearer*—i.e. a song sung so sweetly that it will charm even a weaver. The weavers were refugees from France, and were given to appreciate only Church music, or hymns and psalms. So to please such hymn-loving weavers by drinking songs would suggest that the songs were extraordinarily sweet. It is a humorous exaggeration to say that love songs would charm weavers, who were mostly pleased by religious songs. The three souls are said to be the rational, the animal and the vegetative soul

into which the human soul was divided. We may take "three souls" to mean the great or triple power of music. Their songs would make an impression three times more than ordinarily. *An you......me*—if you love me. *I am......catch*—I am very clever at singing, which I enjoy. *Some dogs......well*—some dogs are very clever in catching game or hunting well. The clown plays on the words "catch" and "dog" which he takes literally while Sir Andrew takes them metaphorically.

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Constrained—forced. *In it*—in singing it. *To call thee knave*—to address you as a knave (because when the three sing this catch, each will have to call the other knave in turn, since this is the way of singing catches, the second singer repeating the last words of the catch sung by the first singer. The last words here are "Thou knave", and so the fool will be forced to say "Thou knave" to Sir Andrew. *Not the first......knave*—Sir Andrew frankly confesses that by his behaviour he has caused many people to call him a knave. A lovable confession. *I shall never......peace*— the fool purposely takes the words "Hold thy peace" literally, as if he were asked to keep silent, (hold thy peace). *Good, in faith*—that is a good joke you have made. *Caterwauling......here*—confused uproar, as if several cats were quarrelling. *If my lady......me*—I declare that Olivia is sure to send Malvolio to rebuke you all.

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My lady is a Cataian—Sir Toby defies Olivia, his niece. Cataian means a native of Cathay or China, and the English regarded them contemptuously. So Cataian is a term of reproach, meaning a thief or a rascal. *We are politicians*—i.e. we are also schemers, and better schemers than Olivia who is only an ordinary schemer, a thief or so. So Sir Toby is not afraid of Olivia's threat. *Peg-a-Ramsey*—a term derived from an old song, suggesting reproach. It may be taken to mean that Malvolio is a scarecrow or some such contemptuous thing. It is pure nonsense. *Three merry men we be*—this is Sir Toby's reply to Maria's threat from her "Lady". He merely sings a song with the words "Three merry men we be". That is, Sir Toby is not at all impressed by the authority or power of Olivia. *Consanguinous*—blood relation. Sir Toby claims privilege to do what he likes because Olivia is his niece, and so he should be a *gentleman*, not to be treated

contemptuously. *Tillyvally, Lady!*—This is the point Sir Toby is making. He attaches absolutely no importance to Olivia, or rather to Maria's "Lady" whom he here dismisses as of no consequence. Tillyvally is a term of contemptuous dismissal. Sir Toby says in effect: "You always say "My Lady", as if Olivia were some great personage, but I pooh-pooh her. She does not inspire either respect or fear in me, for I am her uncle"!

Beshrew me—an oath, suggestive of surprise and admiration. *In admirable fooling*—excellently humorous and witty. *If he...disposed*—if he likes to be so. *Better grace*—more art or skill. *Natural*—i. e. I have a natural gift for being a fool! Sir Andrew's simplicity is catching and pleasing. He confesses to being a born-fool!

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Masters—gentlemen (said ironically). *Wit*—i.e., brains or sense. *Honesty*—i. e. decency. *But to gobble*—except to talk nonsense. Can you do nothing but jabber and make noise and nuisance? *Tinkers*—tinkers are regarded as notorious for drinking and talking endlessly. *Ale house...house*—do you think that this is a tavern or public house. *Squeak out*—sing noisily. *Crozier's catches*—cobbler's songs; i.e., vulgar, noisy songs. *Without......mitigation*—without lowering your voice; i.e. bawling at your loudest. *Remorse*—pity; have you no pity or consideration for the feelings of others? The idea is that they are not sparing, or taking pity upon, their voice. *No respect of place*—no regard for place (or time). *We did keep time, sir*—Sir Toby purposely misunderstands Malvolio, and says that they all kept good time in singing! That, in other words, they sang correctly. This is Sir Toby's respect for time! *Sneck up*—go and hang yourself.

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Round with you—I must speak plainly to you. It is a threat. *Harbors*—keeps and gives shelter. *Nothing......disorders*—she does not suffer you to be disorderly. She may be allied to you by blood, but she does not excuse your wild behaviour. *Separate yourself...misdemeanours*—if you give up your wild, loose behaviour. *Farewell...gone*—the reply of Sir Toby to Malvolio's serious threat is an absurd song. The comic effect of this is superb and immediate. Sir Toby merely befools Malvolio, by simply refusing to take note of his warnings.

He sings some catch, containing the very words of Malvolio. It is a merciless dismissal of Malvolio's serious solemnity. *Nay, good Sir Toby*—Maria feels that Sir Toby is going too far in his treatment of Malvolio. So she reminds him not to do so. *His eyes...done*—the fool, having an occasion to fully revenge upon Malvolio, joins Sir Toby, and sings this nonsense, which may be applied to Malvolio's eyes as well. Malvolio may well be imagined as rolling his eyes in exasperation and anger at this discomfiture of his.

It is even so—has it come to this? Malvolio cannot believe that he is being so openly defied and insulted. His vanity is too deeply wounded. This is called forth both by Sir Toby's and the fool's nonsensical songs.

But...die—another catch.

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There you lie—we have to imagine that Sir Toby falls down stumbling in his dead, drunken state, and that the fool says: "Sir Toby, you are now lying (on the ground) and telling a lie, because you are dead drunk and so your words 'I would never die,' are not true." *This is...you*—Malvolio is disgusted with this tipsy behaviour of Sir Toby and says that it is shameless on his part to behave so. It is a heavy *discredit* to Sir Toby, a disgraceful behaviour. *Spare not*—shall I attack Malvolio, and spare him not? *Dare not*—you don't have the courage to do so. *Out of tune*—in the original song, there were only three "no"s, and the fool uses four "no"s to make his assertion strong. This is "out of tune" or "out of time." Sir Toby points this out to Malvolio. remembering his earlier objection in his speech: "Have you no respect of time" etc. Then Sir Toby turns to the fool and says "you lie," which is a challenge to the fool's remark that Sir Toby dare not bid him (Malvolio) go. In order to prove that he is not a coward, and that he could "bid him go," Sir Toby now turns again to Malvolio and challenges him in the next question. In this way Sir Toby comes off triumphant, though dead drunk, both against the fool and Malvolio, This is one of the crowning moments of Sir Toby's drinking revels where he retains wit enough to challenge his adversaries. No wonder that he is compared to that other great drunkard wit in Shakespeare Falstaff.

Art any more...steward—i.e., you are only a steward, but you think that you are somebody greater than that. It is a plain challenge, meaning that Sir Toby regards Malvolio as no more than an employee in his niece's household. *Cakes and ale*—symbols of joy and merriment.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous...ale?*—Sir Toby is addressing Malvolio who was assuming airs and trying to impose upon him. Malvolio acts the part of a self-righteous censor of morality and good manners, and is very impatient of innocent joy and fun. Sir Toby here gives a crushing, annihilating reply to him. This is regarded as the most unanswerable accusation against Puritanism with its opposition to the manners of "Merry England." Sir Toby tells Malvolio that he is only an employee, a steward in his niece's family, and that therefore he should not dictate to his superiors and masters, among whom, being the uncle of Olivia, he includes himself. Thus he gives Malvolio a good bit of his mind, and *places* him where he belonged.

Sir Toby defends merriment and fun and pleasure in life (which consists in having plentiful ale and cakes). Malvolio has no right to deny innocent mirth and jollity, by assuming self-righteous (virtuous) loftiness over merry people. We can imagine how small and crushed Malvolio seemed and felt when this challenge was made to him. The Puritans disliked all display of joy and pleasure, and so Shakespeare is here replying them through Sir Toby, the representative of merry England.

By St. Anne—the Puritans objected to the invocation of Saints as forms of oath. So, the fool, too, is like Sir Toby, vexing and defying Malvolio. *Ginger shall...mouth*—if Sir Toby said that people will have plenty of ale and bread, the fool adds that they shall have butter also, as it were. Ginger was used as a spice in ale drinking. The fool is joining Sir Toby in the condemnation and befooling of Malvolio.

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Rub your...crumbs—refers to the chains worn as a mark of authority by Stewards. Bread crumbs (pieces) were used in cleaning and polishing up of chains. Sir Toby means that Malvolio's authority is getting rusted and worn off among

such as himself and the fool here, and so he should better go and get his chain (the sign of authority) cleared and polished, and then show off his superiority among the lower servants of the household, where he properly belongs. This is another crushing blow to Malvolio's vanity. After all Malvolio is shown to be a chained fellow, a slave, an employee of Olivio's household, whereas Sir Toby is on the side of free masters. *A stoup...Maria*—immediately Sir Toby orders for a big vessel of wine, to confirm his challenge by drinking in the very presence of Malvolio. *Prized...contempt*—it you have any respect for your mistress; if you do not defy her and treat her contemptuously. Malvolio says that obeying Sir Toby would be a mark of disrespect towards her mistress. *Give means*...i.e. supply them with wine. *Uncivil rule*—drinking revelry and disorderly behaviour. *By this hand*—Malvolio goes away raising his hand as a threatening sign for the dismissal of Maria and this noisy Company.

Shake your ears—Maria means that Malvolio is an ass with longs ears. She thus *dismisses him* contemptuously, instead of being herself *dismissed*, as Malvolio threatened her. This threat was shown by Malvolio raising and shaking his fist and hand while going ('By this hand' etc.),to which Maria obviously and simply says: "Go and shake your ears (which are long enough to make an ass of you) rather than shake your hand and fist. This is her plain meaning. In view of this, Dover Wilson's comment that Maria means that Malvolio is Olivia's pet dog, and so he should go and ' wag his tail' (as a modern equivalent for "shake your ears") is not called for. Maria's words would be more crushing if taken to suggest an ass rather than a dog. The point is that her words refer to Malvolio's gesture in raising and shaking his and (By this hand) when Malvolio suits his action to his words.

Drink...hungry—one drinks when one's thirsty rather than hungry; but Sir Andrew is suggesting that this reversal would be as absurd as his proposal about not meeting one who is challenged. *Him*—he means Malvolio. *Field*—i. e. for a duel in the field. *Break...him*—i. e. not to meet him when he is kept waiting for and adversary who does not arrive. Sir Andrew does not really wish to meet his adversary in question but he hides his natural cowardice by pretending that it would be a joke not to meet his adversary. *Write thee a challenge*—I will write the letter of challenge on your behalf. *Deliver thy*

indignation—tell by word of mouth your challenge and protest.' Note that Sir Toby actually undertakes to do this later in the play when a mock duel is arranged between Sir Andrew and Viola. The point here is that all of them (Sir Andrew, Sir Toby and the fool) are planning to take revenge on Malvolio. It is only Maria who succeeds in getting her own plan accepted.

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Youth of the count—i. e. Viola as page. *Out of quiet*—Olivia is upset, distracted. *Monsieur*—mockingly addressed thus. *Let me...him*—depend upon me to deal with him. *Gull...word*—befool him completely; make him look like a nobody; make him a byword (nayword) for stupidity and foolishness. *Common recreation*—an object of public laughter. *Do not...bed*—you may well say that I have no intelligence at all. *Possess us*—let us know (possess) your plan for this. *Sometimes*—now and then. *Kind of Puritan*—he behaves like a strict kill-joy and severe censor. Puritans disliked mirth in all forms. *If I thought that*—If he is really so. *For being a puritan*—because of his Puritanism? *Exquisite*—profound; subtle; Sir Toby is sarcastic.

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Good enough—i. e. Puritan is good enough to be beaten, without having to justify one's attack against such. *The Devil...constantly*—i. e. Malvolio is nothing but a time-server; he has no principles; no constancy; always changing; and this means that he is no sincere and genuine Puritan even; the attack is not against good, sincere Puritans but against such inconstant, insincere, self-righteous ones as Malvolio. Maria said that he is "sometimes" a Puritan.

Time-pleaser—a hypocritical fellow who would hunt with the dogs and run with the hare; a time server, a tuft-hunter; an unprincipled self-seeker. *Affectioned*—pretentious; affected. *Cons state...book*—is given to learn courtly or state phrases by heart (without book). *Utter it...swarths*—pours, them (phrases) forth in pompous and abundant style. His use of tall phrases and state phrases in pompous parade of his knowledge is thus satirised. *The best...himself*—with the highest opinion of himself; an incurable egotist. *Crammed*—full of. *As he thinks*—i. e. in his own opinion. *Excellencies*—merits; virtues. *His grounds of faith*—it is his article of faith; i. e. he has a

religious faith in his own virtues and merits. *All that...him*—this is his self-love, the assumption that everyone is admiring and loving him. *That vice*—i. e. his self-love, his egotism and vanity. *Find...work*—I will work my plan of revenge on his egotism, which is the best but for attack.

Expl. with ref. to Cont....*The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing...cause to work*—This is Maria's word-picture of Malvolio, and the same time a sufficient motive-list for making a fool of him. Maria is a shrewd observer of human traits, and she has a gift for analysis of mental and moral qualities of character. She tells us that Malvolio is a self-opinionated hypocrite, with no principles. His self-complacency is colossal; his vanity is Himalayan ; his opportunism hateful. He is not a genuine Puritan at all ; he has only the vices, and none of the virtues, of Puritans. He is fond of tall, pompous talk, punctuated with political and courtly phrases and maxims, which he pours forth in unbroken abundance. This he does in order to awe and impress others with his learning and assumed aristocratic associations. He has the highest opinion of himself and is stupid enough to think that everyone admires and loves him. This is his religion, not Puritanism, for he holds his faith in himself as if he were a God worshipped by the whole world. Considering all these aspects of his character, Maria thinks that he is best fitted to be a subject of comic vengeance. He is the broadest butt for satire, fun and ridicule. So she is going to puncture this inflated rubber ball of vanity called Malvolio.

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Obscure...love—love letters written in a vague, misleading language in order to deceive him. *Find himself...personated*—Maria means that the letter will contain a detailed description of his limbs and features, and that when he reads it he will be sure that the writer has written all this with deep admiration and love for him. *On a forgotten...hands*—no distinction can be made between my hand-writing and Olivia's, particularly if the matter written has been forgotten, i. e., is old. *Smell a device*—I can sense or detect the source of a good plan in what you say. I almost understand what you are now going to do. Sir Toby is an intelligent dog when a hare like Malvolio is to be hunted, fit prey for his ribald fancy and genius for broad comedy. *I have...too*—

I, too, detect the same. Note how Sir Andrew is a copy an understudy, as it were, of Sir Toby, repeating what his superior in intelligence says. *A horse...colour*—my plan is something of that kind.

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Your horse...ass—some editors (like Tyrwhitt) would put this line for Sir Toby, on the ground that Sir Andrew rarely makes an original statement, merely repeating what Sir Toby says. The conceit, or joke, here is good enough for the speakers. The point is that Malvolio is uniformly referred to as an "ass". Maria's joke or plan is going to make Malvolio look like an ass. *Sport royal*—capital fun; a kingly joke; the king of jokes. *My physic*— my plan which is to cure Malvolio of his vanity. Vanity is a disease with Malvolio and Maria proposes to doctor him. *Plant*—place. *Make a third*—i. e., the fool will join you as a third observer of Malvolio's fooling. *Construction*—interpretation; see how Malvolio will construe my letters. *For this night*—so for as today is concerned. *Dream on the event*—sharpen you teste for the coming feast of joke by dreaming over it. *Penthesilea*—name of the Queen of Amazons; an ironic hint about Maria's shortness. *Wench*—girl. *Before me*—in my view. Some editors take it to be an inversion of the oath "Before God," which seems to be far-fetched. Sir Andrew is always plain spoken, no inversions for him. *Beagle*—good, small hunting hound. *True-bred*—of the best, purest breed. *Adores me*—admires me; a hint that she is going to marry him, as she does at the end. *What...that*—it does not matter, though.

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Adored...too—Sir Andrew does not wish to appear as an inferior to Sir Toby in matters of love. He, too, had some one who admired him. Possibly he is complaining of his neglect by Olivia, who, he thinks, loves him, for Sir Toby had made him believe so. Sir Andrew now finds no response, as his next speech shows. *Foul way out*—I shall be ruined (for he has spent a good deal on this hopeless project of winning Olivia, egged on by Sir Toby). Or, I am on the wrong scent, suggesting that he has been hunting Olivia. *Cal me cut*—you may call me a cut-purse, a cheat and a thief etc. Some editors take it to mean a horse whose tail is cut,

and as such, as a term of contempt. But Sir Toby has actually robbed much of Sir Andrew's purse, and cut-purse would be but a natural association. Sir Toby means to say: "I have made you spend a lot on my niece, but I hope still you will have her love; however, if she does not, you will be entitled to call me a thief, a cut-purse." *If I...........me*—be sure I will call you so. *Take it how you will*—whatever meaning you may apply to my words. *Burn ....sack*—heat or warm some wine for drinking. "Sack" means dry wine.

Scene IV

Synopsis—The Duke, lover of music as ever, wishes to hear music, since it relieves his love-lorn heart. The clown comes and sings a melancholy song, fit for the Duke's mood. Meanwhile he proposes to send Voila again to Olivia. He asks Viola to go and tell Olivia how noble and pure is his love for her. Viola tells him that Olivia cannot love him, and that he must be content to receive this answer. The Duke then protests that his love cannot be compared with that of a woman. Women's love, according to him, is only a matter of the senses, and hence not spiritual. This is the occassion for Viola for protesting against such a view of the love of women. She proves that women's love is as spiritual and ideal as that of any man. She then gives an example. She says she had a sister who loved. Hers was an ideal love because she kept it a secret. It was too deep for words. The result was that she died of unexpressed and unrequited love. She then suggests that men's love is more demonstrative, and that women's love is more silent and sincere. The Duke is impressed by this and sends Viola to Violia to plead on his behalf.

Criticism—This is one of the most poetic and beautiful scenes in the play. Viola indirectly expresses her deep love for the Duke. The songs of the clown add to the pathos and beauty of love. We begin to sympathise with the Duke for his exquisite analysis of the sentiment of love. The scene is in the nature of a lyrical interlude because it reveals the individual passion of the Duke and of Viola. It does not directly develop the plot and is lyrical rather than dramatic. It emphasises upon the sentimental quality of the Duke's love for Olivia. A further interest is to be found in the fact that

Viola's part is played by a boy who is disguised as a boy! The parts of women were played by boys in Elizabethan days.

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Give me some music—the Duke's love of music is deeper than his love of Olivia! All the same we are carried away by the spirit of music which the clown comes to give shape in his songs. *Friends*—addressed to the musicians. *But that ......song*—sing once more the song you gave last night. *Old and antique*—old-fashioned and romantic song. *Relive*—soothed my love-lorn heart. *Light airs*—merry songs. *Recollected terms*—songs which are artificial, studied, not spontaneous. Old songs express spontaneous, heart-felt emotions. *Most brisk...times*—the modern age with its speed and hurry cannot give songs of deep emotions. Modern songs are artficial, studied, light-hearted. The Duke is an admirer of spontaneous out-bursts of heart-felt, genuine emotions, which are not to be found in an age of hurry and speed.

But one verse—just one stanza. *He is not......it*—the Duke forgets that it was Feste the clown, who sang. It is suggested that Feste's part was played by an actor-boy who was good at songs. So Viola's songs were given to this new actor.

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About—somewhere in the house. *Boy*—i. e. addressing Viola in male dress. *If ever......love*—when you yourself fall in love. *Sweet pangs*—the painful pleasure of lovers ; there is both pain and pleasure in the experience of love. *Remember me*—i. e. you will come to know what it is to suffer the pangs of a lover who is not sure of his beloved's response. *Such as...are*—I am the type and symbol of true love. *Unstaid*—inconstant. *Skittish*—full of whims. *Motions*—i.e. emotions; feelings. *Else*—other than. *Save*—except. *Constant...loved*—constant only in one's love for the object of love ; in all else, varying and changing.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Come, hither boy, if ever thou shall love...that is beloved*—The Duke is speaking to Viola. He says that Viola cannot understand the sufferings of a lover unless she herself falls in love. He claims to be the type ond symbol of all true lovers. He wishes to impress

upon Viola the importance of pleading before Olivia the deep suffering which he experiences for her love. He says that true lovers are full of changing moods and fancies, and that they are never constant in anything except the thought of the beloved whose image is for ever fixed in their hearts.

It gives...throned—music profoundly touches and stirs the heart, which is the seat of love. Lovers are deeply affected and influenced by music.

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Masterly—i.e. like a master an authority on love and music. *My......it*—a strong oath ; I swear on my lifs. *Thine eye...favour*—you have been moved by the love and beauty of some woman. *By your favour*—i. e. I am in love with you. Viola means two things by the word 'favour', Firstly, she means that she had loved *someone*, where "by your favour" only means a term of courtesy, as if she said "By your leave", Secondly, she means that she loves *himself* (the Duke, where favour means face. By looking at you and being favoured in this way, she has fallen in love with the Duke. *Of your complexion*—a further proof of Viola's love for the Duke for, had he known the sex of his page, he would have been convinced that she is referring to his "countenance" or complexion or face. She, however, directly says that she loves a woman whose face is as beautiful as his is. *She is not worth thee*—she does not deserve your love. *What years... faith*—what is her age, truly ? *About*—almost as old as you are.

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Still—always. *Take...herself*—let a woman always marry one who is older than herself. It has been suggested that Shakespeare is here referring to his own experience in marriage, since he married Anne Hathaway who was many years older than himself. But we should note that Shakespeare is not in the habit of revealing himself in his plays.

So wears...him—in this way, (i.e. by marrying one who is older) the wife will be able to adjust herself (wear) to him, much as clothes or dress adapt better to the figure of the wearer. She will be able to fit herself to her husband as the garments fit the wearer. *So sways she level*—i.e. she will have an evently balanced influence on her husband. The

marriage will be a well-balanced one, and she will not be losing the esteem of her husband. The metaphor here is from weighing of scales, where both sides are evenly balanced. Husband and wife will weigh equally if they are married as the Duke suggests. She will have a steady place in his heart. *We*—i.e. husbands, men. *Fancies*—moods ; desires. *Giddy*—inconstant, unsteady. *Longing*—always desiring a change. *Wavering*—shifting, changing. *Worm*—i.e. worn out ; exhausted. *Thy love*—your beloved. *Or*—otherwise. *Affections...bent*—your love cannot remain steady and constant. *Once displayed*—soon after their bloom. *Fall ...hour*—soon wither ; immediately fade and wither.

Expl.—*Let thy love be...very hour*—here is fhe reason why the Duke suggests that a woman should marry one oldor than herself. His argument is that women mature more quickly than men. They are like roses whose beauty fades immediately after blooming. So if a woman marries one who is younger than herself, she will be losing the esteem and love of her youthful husband (since she matures and blooms and fades quickly), but if he is older, he will be equal, and more sober than a younger husband.

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Alas...so—it is a pity that it is so. *To die...grow*—i.e. to fade as soon as they have fully bloomed or matured. *Spinsters*—spinners. *Knitters in the sun*—those who sit and spin in sunshine. *Free maids*—maidens free from cares ; happy maidens. *Bones*—bobbins made of bones. *Do use...it*—are in the habit of singing this kind of song. *Silly sooth*—simple, artless truth. *Dallies...love*—is full of innocence and love. *Old age*—i.e. the golden age of the past in which such songs were sung. The Duke is fond of 'old and antique' songs.

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Prithee—Pray you ; Please. *Come away*—this song is full of the sadness and melancholy of unrequited, hopeless love. So it fits the mood of melancholy and sentimental sadness which the Duke is fond of indulging in. He, as we know, prefers to regard himself as the victim of rejected love. That is why he is sending this page (Viola) to his beloved (Olivia) in order to persaude her not to reject him. So there is no point in those who say that this song does not fit in with the

mood of the Duke. Do they expect a jolly, happy song for this suffering Duke ? Sentimental natures, such as the Duke, get a Peculiar thrill and pleasure—the sweet pangs of suffering love—from melancholy songs.

Cypress—cypress wood was used for making coffins; cypress, like the willow, is associated with suffering and mourning. *Slain*—i.e. killed, by being rejected. *Shroud of white*—winding cloths for the corpse, made of white cloth. *Stack...you*—the yew, like the cypress, is also associated with death. *My part*—i.e. the part of a dying or rejected lover which I am playing. *None so true*—no one has suffered so deely as I have. *Strown*—spread. *Thousand...save*—in order that no one may mourn my death to spare thousands of sighs which my death will cause.

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For thy pains—for your trouble in singing it. The Duke (against his commentators) is evidently pleased with this melancholy song, and so gives a present to the clown.

Pay thy pleasures—how full of wit and quickly responsive is this gracious Duke ! *Pleasure...another*—i.e. sooner or later, pleasure is sure to be followed by (paid) pain. *Give me...thee*—a polite, witty way of saying that the Duke does not want company ; a hint that the clown should depart. *Melancholy god...thee*—the clown rightly describes the character of the Duke. He says that the Duke is given to melancholy and sentimental sadness, and so he consigns him to the protection of Saturn, the god of melancholy. *Tailor...taffeta*—may you be dressed in a garment made of shot silk (taffeta) which changes colours, being very shiny. This is a fitting dress for the Duke whose moods are full of changes. *Opal*—a precious stone which changes colour according to the light shed on it. This is a true description of the 'fantastical' nature of the Duke, who always changes, never remains constant in his moods. *Such constancy*—i.e. such men who have no constancy. *Put to sea*-sent on a voyage in the sea. *That*—so that. *Business...everywhere*—so that they might sail where they like (in the limitless sea) and may have varying sights to interest them. *For that's...nothing*—can make the best voyage, since they have no fixed destination to reach. There is irony in the clown's remark here. He suggests that men like the Duke, if they are sent on a voyage,

will spoil the voyage and bring it to nothing, since they will have no fixed port to reach. It is his way of saying that the Duke's mind is restless, moody and purposeless. To make a good voyage of nothing is equal to saying that they will make a bad voyage, if by voyaging we mean going to a fixed port.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Now the melancholy god protect the...of nothing*—This is one of the subtle points made by the Clown who is addressing the Duke. He says that the Duke has no fixed purpose and that his mind is full of longings and desires. He therefore recommends that a dress made of shot silk be given to the Duke, which will be a fitting outer symbol for his inner mind. The shot silk would seem to have many colours, so also his mind is having many fancies. And then he refers to the Duke's sentimental excesses in his love for Olivia. So he consigns him to the care of the god of melancholy. Finally, he advises the Duke to go on a voyage because he thinks that the Duke's mind is as changeful as the sea. A sea voyage offers many passing interests, when one has no fixed ports to reach. So the Duke will make a good voyage of nothing, whihh is an ironical way of saying that he will reach no fixed port. It is the Duke's character which is here satirised by the clever clown. In short, the Duke is described as "voyaging in strange seas of fancy alone."

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Let all...place—let everyone depart. *Yond same cruelty*—i.e. Olivia who is fair but cruel in rejecting his love. She is like a tyrant (sovereign) ruling ovor his heart ruthlessly. *More ...world*—more noble than is to be found in ordinary men of the world. *Prizes not...dirty lands*—I do not value material possessions (lands and property which are made of dust and dirt). I do not love her possessions, however rich and landed she may be. I love her for herself. *The parts*—i.e. rank and wealth. *Fortune...her*—it is by luck (fortune) that she is rich and aristocratic. My love is not fortune' fool. *As giddily as fortune*—I regard her wealth and rank as subject to change and loss. Fortune and luck are fickle and changing, but I am constant in my love. *That miracle...gems*—her miraculous and precious beauty. *Nature...in*—i.e. Nature has made her beautiful, and Fortune has made her noble and rich ; I love her natural beauty, not her acquired wealth. Pranked her in means dressed her, or gifted her with.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Tell her, my love, more noble...my soul*—The Duke is getting Viola to go and tell Olivia that his love for her is not the ordinary love experienced by the people of this world. It is something noble, richer and deeper than that. He does not set much store by the wealth, property, social rank and eminence of Olivia, all which he considers as dirty and unworthy of his love. All these are matters of luck and fortune, and hence subject to change and impermanence. But nature has made her beautiful and charming, and he loves her for this. (Dose the Duke imply that when Olivia becomes old, he will no longer be attracted by her? Let us hope he will not).

I cannot...answered—I reject such an answer. *As great... heart*—suffers for your love as deeply as you suffer for the love of Olivia. Note how Viola is thus indirectly expressing her own love for the Duke. *You cannot love her*—i. e., supposing that you do not love her. *Must she...answered*—should she not be satisfied by your denial?

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No woman's sides...bide—no woman can hold and endure. Her sides might burst if she were to hold. *The beating...heart*—the kind of strong and violent passion that I am having for Olivia. *So big...much*—no woman has a heart big enough to hold the kind of love that I have. *They*—woman. *Lack retention*—cannot be steadfast in love. Note how the Duke forgets what he said earlier, namely, that men's love is less steadfast and constant. Sure, he is a man of moods and changing fancies. *Their love...appetite*—womens love is a matter of the senses, of longing. *No motion...lover*—not a real emotion issuing from the liver (which was supposed to be the seat of love.) *But* the *palate*—but only a matter of taste. *That suffer surf it*—being an appetite and a taste, it is subject to be soon satisfied and surfeited (having an excess of it). *Cloyment*—dislike for more. *Revolt*—extreme disgust. The Duke's idea is that women's love, being a matter of the senses and the appetite, is soon satisfied then disgusted, as when food is taken in excess. *But mine...sea*—in contrast to woman's love, his love is spiritual, and therefore infinite as the sea, never to be subjected to surfeit and excess. *Digest as much*—can take in as much as the sea. I can love deeply without being fed up with it. The Duke said the same in the opening speech, which see:

"O, spirit of love...receiveth as the sea."

In short, woman's love is sensual, man's is spiritual.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*No woman's heart so big, to hold so much...digest as much*—The Duke is replying to Viola's statement regarding a woman's love. The Duke, forgetting what he had said in the earlier passage, protests that man's love for a woman should not be compared with women's love for man. He declares that woman's love is sensual; it is not a deep passion such as his. When it has had its fill, it will refuse to have more. It is thus limited in capacity, being only a material, sensual desire, which is soon satisfied and leaves a sense of satiety and disgust. But his own love is spiritual in quality. It has the infinite capacity of the sea. He has a boundless capacity for loving.

We may note that the Duke forgets what he said of woman's love in an earlier passage where he declared that it is man's love which is inconstant and varying. We may, howevers, conclude that the Duke is an egosit, given to exagegreate his own longing and desire. There is no consistency in his outlook. He is "fantastical", sentimental, unreal in his desires. It is the nature of such men to brag and boast, as a recompense for their lack of action.

Make no compare—do not compare my love with a woman's for mine is superior. *But I know*—i.e. I know that what you say of woman's love is wrong. Viola gets an opportunity for describing her own passion.

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What love...owe—I know how women love men. *Daughter ...man*—had a daughter who loved a man. *Were I a woman*—if I were a woman. Note the equisite pathos and irony of this revelation. It arises from the fact that the Duke is ignorant of the identity and the passion of Viola. *History*—what become of her? *A blank*—her love came to nothing; it was all tragic, because she never told what her love was, and so no history could be recorded of her love. It is only a blank page, as it were. *Told*—i. e. revealed. True love is too deep for words. *Let*—allowed. *Concealment* secrecy. *Worm......bud*—her secret is compared to an invisible worm that eats up the heart of a flower. *Feed......check*—to be destroyed by the action of unexpressed love. Her red

cheeks became pale on account of anguish caused by unexpressed love. *Pined in thought*—languished in brooding over her hopeless love. Her mental suffering caused her to pine and languish. The thought refers to the thought of unexpressed love. *Green......melancholy*—sorrow caused by both bodily and mental suffering. The idea is that there was jealousy as well as hope in the love of this hypothetical maiden. The suffering of the maiden was the result of patient, hopeless resignation, but she yet hoped enough to let herself live. It is a peculiar combination of despair and hope, alternately affecting her, represented by the 'green' of hope and 'yellow' of jealousy or resignation. Yellow suggests decay, as when yellow leaves drop down. Green is the opposite of this. This sense is that of a painful conflict, a mental agony caused by alternate hope and its defeat. *Like patience on a monument*—like the very picture of resignation and calm. *Smiling at grief*—as if she made little of her sorrow; showing a strength of will to overcome grief. The idea is of tragic beauty, the lovely maiden pining of love.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*She never told her love, but let concealment......smiling at grief*—This is Viola's description of an imaginary sister's love. It is almost an epitaph on her own hopeless love for the Duke (which she is not in a position to reveal, and so suffers in silence). Describing her own suffering, but ascribing it to an imaginary sister, Viola says that sister never told her love to any one, and her history therefore is a blank page. Her secret love acted like a worm in the bud, eating away the flower. She began to pine and waste herself, both by bodily and mental suffering. It made her cheeks lose colour, and her body showed pale and fading colours. She became the victim of conflicting emotions (of jealousy and hope) and sat silently suffering, yet smiling at her grief. In this state she appeared like a statue made of marble representing patience, mounted on a tall pillar. Hers was a tragic beauty, since a lovely maiden pined for love. There was a Roman dignity in her suffering, refusing to debase herself, but heroically controlling her grief, even smiling at it. This was her monumental suffering, brought about by unexpressed love.

All this is an exact analysis of Viola's love for the Duke. It becomes poignant by her peculiar situation which compels silence on her.

Our shows...will—men make a greater show of love than they are willing to prove in action. *Still*—always. *Prove... vows*—we are brave only in words and professions of love, swearing hotly and heroically (but never performing our promises). *Little......love*—men do not perform what they swear. Compare: "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed"—*As You Like It.*

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All the daughters...too—I am the only survivor of her family Viola does not directly answer the Duke's question, which would have compromised her disguise and identity. Yet she makes him believe that the sister in question was dead. All this is done in order to hide her grief from the Duke. *I know not*—referring to the possibility of her brother's survival. *Shall I...lady*—she abruptly changes to topic, for it was involving her in self-revelation. So she says: Shall I now proceed to Olivia. *That's the theme*—that is the topic which engages my thoughts. *Give no place*—cannot be conquered. *Bide no delay*—accept no refusal from Olivia.

Sceene V

Synopsis—We are here in the company of Sir Toby and Maria and friends who have met in Olivia's garden to see Malvolio befooled, as planned by Maria. She places them all behind a tree from where they could watch Malvolio who is to come. He comes talking to himself about the possibility of marrying his mistress. He says that after all this is not an impossible dream, for the Lady of the Strachy married her own servant. So why not he? Then his imagination becomes more active as he warms up to the future. He pictures himself as already married to Olivia! (All this is being over heard by Sir Toby and friends). Malvolio exclaims to himself that it would be a fine thing to be the lord of Olivia. In this capacity he will lord it over all the rest of the household, but specially over Sir Toby. He says that he will call him and warn him to improve his manners. In short, Malvolio is wholly lost in the rosy picture of his fufure as Olivia's husband.

It is at this point that he sees and picks up the letter placed by Maria. He at once recognises the hand-writing as that of Olivia. The letter tells him to hope for the best, to

wear yellow-stockings and cross-garters. There are other instructions which he resolves to follow. He is sure that Olivia has sent this letter to him. When he goes in this jubilant mood, Maria comes and is praised by Sir Toby and others. He and his friends are invited by Maria to witness the further fooling of Malvolio when he actually goes to meet Olivia as directed.

Criticism—The comic underplot is now in full swings. Malvolio has been trapped in the net of egotism and vanity, and his fooling is now being consummated. Sir Toby's admiration for Maria, points to his marriage with her. Fabian's motive for joining in this mischief is brougut out. And so we have a sufficient reason for this practical joke. The sub-plot in a way parodies the theme of the main plot, as is common in the plays of Shakespeare. The Romantic love of the principal characters is copied by their inferiors. Malvolio's misdirected love for Olivia is thus shown to be a comic perversion of that noble passion.

Thus this scene develops the action of the sub-plot, and also reveals the characters of Malvolio, Sir Toby and his associates.

Come thy ways—Fabian is invited to enjoy the joke on Malvolio. *Scruple*—even a small part of this joke. *Boiled... melancholy*—let me be destroyed by sadness. Its mirth is curative.

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Niggardly—miserly ; close-fisted. *Sheep-biter*—a term of contempt. A surly, malicious fellow (Malvolio). It meant originally a dog that bit sheep. *Come by*—be the victim of ; suffer. *Notable shame*—deep humiliation. *Exult*—enjoy immensely. *Brought ...favour*—made me disgraced. *Bear baiting*—this and cock-fighting were popular pastimes for Elizabethans. The Puritans disliked these cruel sports, but not (as Macaulay pointed out) because they gave pain to the bears, but because they gave pleasure to the people ! *Black and blue*—make him look stupid with anger. *An we...lives*—it will be a great pity if we do not do so. *Little villain*—Maria, the mischief-maker, playfully addressed. *Metal of India*—i.e. gold which was supposed to be a special product of India.

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Walk—by this path. *Practising...shadow*— a sort of experimental study of his behaviour by looking at his shadow in the sun. *For...mockery*—if you love fun. *Contemplative idiot*—make him foolish by causing him to guess and think and contemplate as to the meaning of my "obscure" love-letter. Maria anticipates how Malvolio begins to contemplate over the letter in his effort to understand and interpret it. This effort is bound to make him foolish since he is sure to mistake its contents. He will be like one of those "deliberate fools" who, in Portia's words in *The Merchant of Venice*, deliberated and discussed and contemplated over the inscriptions of the boxes, and invariably chose the wrong ones. This seems to be the obvious meaning, though some editors explain it as one who loses himself in vain fancies. This is true of Malvolio generally, but in this particular instance he is expected to contemplate in the sense of thinking about the meaning of the message which is purposely obscure enough to make him look like an idiot.

Close—hide yourselves. *Lie thou*—addressing the latter. Possibly with a pun on lie, in the sense that the letter is going to tell a lie to Malvolio which he is going to take as truth. *Trout*—fish ; symbol of gullibility. *Tickling*—humouring ; fish were caught by tickling them about their gills. *But fortune*—Malvolio thinks that fortune is favouring him in many ways. But he forgets that fortune favours fools also. The fortune here is his belief that Olivia is favouring him. *Affect*—favour ; show affection for ; care for me. *Come thus near*—admit so far ; say as much as ; nearly or almost admitting. *Should she fancy*—if she loved anyone. *One...complexion*—one who resembled me in character, countenance and disposition.

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Exalted—higher. *Follows her*—serves her. *Overweening*—self-conceited ; self-opinionated ; one who has a very high opinion of himself. *Contemplation*—reverie ; indulging in fancy and thought about himself. *Rare turkey-cock*—symbol of pride and vanity. *Fets*—struts like a cock. *Advanced*—borrowed ; raised ; puffed up. *Plumes*—feathers. *Slight*—an oath. *Example*—precedent ; a thing that has happende

before. *Yeoman...wardrobe*—a person in charge of the wardrobe. The idea is that some noble lady married some servant, and Malvolio hopes to marry his own mistress. Historians of English Social life have found out several examples of such marriages between 'high' and 'low'. We may note that Malvolio is sustaining his hope by referring to an example, either real or imaginary, *Jezebel*—scoundrel; symbol of impudence and presumption. Jezebel was the evil wife of Ahab, king of Isreal, but Sir Andrew does not bother about the sex. Enough she was evil.

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Deeply in—thoroughly caught up in the net of mischief; completely deceived. *Imagination*—Malvolio is imagining how he would be when married to Olivia. *Blows him*—makes him puffed up; swollen with pride and conceit. *State*—the seat of authority as the master of Olivia and her estate. *Stone-bow*—cross-bow (to hit him full.) *Branched......gown*—colourful and decorated with the pattern of flowers and branches. Malvolio's taste is none too high. He is for gorgeous, gaudy dress. *Day-bed*—sofa on which he imagines himself as resting in the day. *Fire and brimestone*—hell; strong oath, since Sir Toby is exasperated at the idea of this fool becoming the husband of his niece. *To have......state*—Malvolio says that he would then indulge in the humour (mood) of authority as the lord of the house. He is proposing to exercise the haughty manners which he supposes to be fit for a person of high rank. *Demure......regard*—taking a look at everyone; inspecting, as is were, all the followers one after another. Let his eyes travel in a grave manner towards his inferiors. What an imagination has Malvolio. *I know my place*—I know what is due to me as master. *As I......theirs*—tell them that they should know their duty as servants. *Kinsman*—by marrying Olivia, he will be related to Sir Toby who thus becomes his kinsman.

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Bolts and shackles—chains used in imprisoning criminals. Sir Toby suggests that Malvolio deserves imprisonment for this insult he is contemplating. It is a hint for the actual imprisonment which comes later when Malvolio is consigned to a dark room. *Seven...people*—he would send no less than seven men to bring the dangerous offender, Sir Toby.

Obedient start—who would readily obey and start at my orders to bring Sir Toby. *Make......him*—go to get him. *Frown the while*—meanwhile I shall be assuming a threatening look. *Perchance*—perhaps. *Wind......watch*—note the details of Malvolis's puffed up fancy. *Some jewel*—he will be surely wearing any number of rings and jewels, which he will be displaying before his admiring servants. *Courtesies......me*—makes his respectful bow to me. *Shall ......live*—this is too much for Sir Toby. Shall I not go straight and kill this fellow ! *Though our silence......peace*—Fabian suggests that they should all keep silent and let Malvolio go on with his splendid foolishness, though their silence and patience are now tried to the breaking point. It is suggested that Shakespeare has in mind the punishment given to a Roman offender who was ordered to be crushed to death by chariots driven in opposite directions. *Extend... thus*—offer my hand. *Quenching*—suppressing. *Familiar—smile*—it is this 'familiar smile' which is to be one of his most comic absurdities while he goes to Olivia, following the instructions of the forged love letter. *Austere...control*—assuming a look of severe authority. *Take you...then*—when you do so, shall I not go straight and give a slap on your face ? Sir Toby is equally imaginative as Malvolio. The fun here depends on this that both the onlookers and Malvolio are enacting an imaginary scene.

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My fortunes...niece—having by good luck married your niece (Olivia). *Prerogative of speech*—permit me to speak to you on an important point. *Amend...drunkenness*—give up drinking. *Out, scab*—get away, you scury knave. *Break... plot*—spoil the whole fun (if we do not keep silent). *Treasure...time*—your precious time. *Foolish knight*—i.e. Sir Andrew. *That's me*—Sir Andrew should be credited with transparent sincerity to recognise his own foolishness. He is the extreme opposite of Malvolio whom vanity has blinded. *What employment...here*—Malvolio sees the letter and thinks that it is quite a business for him to stoop and pick up the letter. Such is his conceit of greatness.

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Woodcock...gin—now is the bird very near the trap, set to catch him. *Spirit of humours...him*—may the genius of fun

and mischief inspire Malvolio to proceed to read this letter aloud. The point is that the fun consists in his reading of the letter which is going to make a "contemplative idiot", a "deliberate fool" of Malvolio. We, as well as Sir Toby and others, are anxious to know what Maria has actually written. *My lady's hand*—Olivia's own handwriting. *C's and M's and T's*—much has been suggested on this, the critics being exercised as to what the letters (C, U, T, P, etc.) meant. But we may note that Malvolio is not reading the letter, letter by letter, but only nothing some of the alphabets to satisfy himself that it is Olivia's hand-writing. *Makes...P's*—makes out, writes, the letter P. *In contempt of question*—without the least doubt. *Why that*—Sir Andrew is unable to make out why Malvolio picks out these letters. It is in his character to say so. There is no consistent meaning in Malvolio's reading of these letters. He is merely seeing some of the letters to satisfy himself that it is Olivia's handwriting. *Unknown beloved*—this is the actual reading of the letter. This is its vague and 'obscure' language, purposefully intended by Maria to mislead Malvolio. *Very phrases*—not only letters, but words and phrases are also detected to be Olivia's. *By......wax*—Malvolio addresses the sealingwax, as if it is a very holy seal which he should not handle profanely! *Soft*—let me open it quietly. *Impressue*—the impression of Olivia's seal. *Lucrece*—Olivia's seal had the head of Lucrece, the chaste Roman matron who was raped by Tarquin. Shakespeare wrote a poem on this *Rape of Lucrece*. *To whom*—i. e. addressed to whom?

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Wins him—*i. e.*, completely gets him in; entraps him. *Liver and all*—thoroughly. *Lips...move*—let me not reveal whom I love. *Numbers altered*—a different meter is adopted for this verse. *Brock*—contemptuous term. Sir Toby's language of abuse is copious. He means: Go and hang yourself, you fool. *I may...adore*—I can command obedience from him whom I love and worship. *Lucrece knife*—the knife with which Lucrece stabbed herself after her rape. *Blood...gore*—pierces my heart, though it draws no blood. *M. O. A. I.*—a hint at Malvolio's name, which contains the letters M.O. A. I. *Sway my life*—rules my heart; whom I love. *Fustian riddle*—a meaningless joke or puzzle. But to Malvolio's excited imagination it means very much. Fustian is inferior, coarse

loth. *Excellent wench*—referring to Maria, who has contrived this enjoyable mischief. *Wench*—girl.

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Let me see—let me find out the meaning of these letters, whether they represent the spelling of my name. *What dish... up*—the trick (dish) of Maria is bitter and tantalising enough to spoil the peace of mind of Malvolio. Malvolio, however, regards it as a sweet dish. *What wing...at it*—what a wrong track is this hawk (staniel) following. Malvolio is compared to a foolish hawk pursuing a wrong game. He is misled. *Evident...capacity*—this is clear to an ordinary intelligence. Malvolio means that the meaning of the letter is very obvious and simple. *Obstrnction*—difficulty. *Alphabetical position*—*i. e.*, the letters M. O. A. I. *Portend*—hint; mean. *Resemble... me*—represent the spelling of my name. *Make up that*—try your best to make out a meaning of those letters. *At a...scent*—at the wrong scent. A metaphor from hunting where dogs are said to be at a cold scent when they cannot follow the hot, warm scent of the prey.

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Sowter will...this—the idea is that Malvolio is as stupid as a dull dog (Sowter) which barks proudly after having got a scent which is plain. *Rank as a fox*—having a strong scent like that of a fox. Malvolio is vain and proud of finding out a meaning which is obvious, just as a dull dog will bark proudly after finding out a fox whose scent is strong, and cannot be missed. The point of satire is Malvolio's false vanity. *Work it out*—interpret it. *Cur*—dog. *Excellent at faults*—good at finding out wrong scents, which, however need not have been followed. The idea is that Malvolio is expert at fault-finding. This is his vice as a Puritan. But here he is shown doing the same at finding out the hidden meaning of the letters. He is ironically described as clever in finding faults, since here the fault was very plain. *No consonancy...sequel*—no consistency in what follows, for O comes where A should come. He does not know that this is purposefully meant to deceive him. It should have been M. A. I. O. for Malvolio, but there is M. O. A. I. This puzzles Malvolio. *And O shall end*—*i. e.*, you will end by crying oh, oh, in your effort to contemplate upon this letter. You will end by sighing 'O', when you

finish your interpretation of this letter. It is also suggested that O might stand for a halter, wherein he will be hanged. But the former meaning is to be preferred. 'if O ends the spelling of Malvolio, he shall cry O at the end of our practical joke." *Cudgel*—beat him with a cudgel. *Cry O*—weep. *I comes behind*—*i. e.*, the letter I.

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Any eye—playing upon the word *eye* and *I*, Fabian says that if Malvolio had eyes behind his head, instead of before, he might see how those hiding behind his back might be laughing at him. *More detraction...you*—you will see (if you had eyes behind your head) that some people are laughing and slandering (detration) behind you, rather than grow glad at reading your own future (before you), which you are now doing *Simulation*—disguised meaning of the letters. *Former*—i. e. the first letter M, which is clearly the first of Malvolio's name. *To crush...little*—to twist or strain the meaning; to force some meaning to come out of it. *It would ..me*—it would suit my purpose; it will apply to me. *Revolve*—ponder; think. *In my stars...thee*—I am superior to you in fortune and social status. *Be not...greatness*—don't let this stop you from loving me. *Achieve*—i. e. become great by their own efforts. *Thrust upon them*—forced upon them; i. e. greatness comes to them unsought for. *Thy fates...hands*—your luck is favouring you ; your Fate is coming with bliss-best-owing hands. *Blood and spirit*—your passion and character. That is, do not fail to meet this opportunity, which Fate is bringing to you. *Embrace them*—take hold of this opportunity. *Insure*—accustom. *Cast...slough*—give up your humble position; try to behave proudly. *Appear fresh*—just as a snake looks fresh and young after casting off its slough or skin, so you also should cast off your humility and act proudly. This is making Malvolio appear worse than he is, since he is already proud and vain.

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Be opposite...kinsman—be hostile to one of my relations, i. e. Sir Toby. *Surly*—rude. *Tang*—speak loudly, in ringing voice, authoritatively and copiously. *Tongue tang* is one of the happiest phrases for Malvolio's habit of 'conning state. *Arguments of state*—discussion of politics and high matters of state. *Put thyself...singularity*—behave eccentrically;

become extremely odd and whimsical. *Sighs for*—loves you deeply. *Yellow stockings*—according to Maria, Olivia disliked yellow-stockings as well as cross-garters. So we may imagine that Maria is here purposely making Malvolio believe that she (Olivia) recommends such stockings. We should remember that this is Maria's letter, not Olivia's. This is plain, since Maria is trying to make Malvolio look as ridiculous before Olivia as possible, though some editors suggest that this is Olivia's ironical suggestion. But the suggestion is not Olivia's at all, ironic or sarcastic or plain. It is that of Maria, posing herself as Olivia for befooling Malvolio. Only Malvolio takes it to be from Olivia. *Cross-gartered*—garters worn both above and below the knee. Puritans. it seems, were in the habit of wearing these. This, too, was disliked by Olivia. *I say, remember*—this is intended to ensure Malvolio dressing thus. *Go to*—never fear. *Thou art made*—you will be wholly successful and favoured by fortune. *If...so*—i. e. if you do not fail to do as this letter bids you do. *Steward still*—always remain asteward. *Fellow of*—one with. *Not...fingers*—not deserving to be favoured by luck and fortune. *Alter...thee*—exchange places; be your servant as you have been mine. *Fortunate-unhappy*—i. e. fortunate in being rich and noble, but unfortunate because I am not sure whether you return my love.

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Champair—open country; clear space. *Discovers not more*—cannot reveal more than what is revealed in this letter. *Open*—plain Nothing is uncertain in the meaning of this letter. *Politic authors*—in order to make his tongue tang with politics. *Babble*—challenge. *Wash off...acquaintances*—get rid of low companions of servants. *Point-devise*—in every detail. *very man*—i. e. as described and desired in the letter. *Fool*—deceive. *Let...me*—to let imagination play a trick on me. *Every reason......this*—from all reasonable points of view, I can say that Olivia loves me.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*I do not now fool myself, to let imagination......loves me*—This is Malvolio speaking to himself. He is all excited and intoxicated by the message given in the forge love letter left by Maria. He promises that he is going to follow every detail in the letter. And then he asserts that in all this he is only following reason and common-sense. He is not going to be misdirected by imagi-

nation and self-conceit (which is in fact what he is doing). This is the subtlest irony employed by Shakespeare in exposing vanity and self-love. Malvolio is letting his imagination full play ; he is brooding and seeing visions of future bliss as Olivia's master ! And this vision is based not on reason (as he claims) but on fanciful, wishful thinking. Shakepeare, it seems, was always intrigued by the spectacle of love and reason conflicting each other. Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* exclaims : "Reason and love keep little company together," and all lovers are mad men, full of imagination. Malvolio runs away with his fancies, and imaginatian, but thinks he is following reason. There is method in the madness of Shakespeare's misled lovers. They argue and prove their own foolishness. They are deliberate fools, contemplative idiots. Self-love is the subtlest form of love. It is victimising poor Malvolio.

She did...garters—this is open self-deception on the part of Malvolio. He now imagines everything about Olivia, favourable to himself. This is an illustration of what he said about his following his "reason"! It is all wishful-thinking. It is sheer imagination. There is no need for assuming (with some critics) that Olivia had ironically recommended yellow-stackings and cross-garters. We cannot imagine why she should have done this. *In this*—in all these hypothetical, imaginary recommendations. *Manifests...love*—reveals her intention and invites me to love her. *Kind of injunction*—in a playful mood of authority, she orders me to do these things. *Drives*—points ; indicates. *Habits of her liking*—dress that pleases her.

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Strange—odd and eccentric. *Stout*—proud. *Even with... on*—as soon as I can put them on. *Postscript*—additional note. *Thou canst...know*—it will be easy for you to know. *Smiling*—another point which Olivia dislikes in her present mood of mourning for her brother's death. *Become...well*—you look splendid when you smile. *Still*—always.

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Give—i. e. give up or miss. *Part*—share (of enjoying this joke). *Sophy*—the Shah of Persia. This is an allusion to Sir Robert Shirely who returned from an embassy to Persia,

and boasted of the wealth and rewards of that Persian monarch.

Marry this wench—marry this girl, Maria. Sir Toby's admiration for her is mounting throughout the play till it reaches it climax in his marriage with her. *Device*—plot. *Dowry just*—a genuine lover of sport, Sir Toby is prepared to waive all dowry claims in preference to practical jokes of this type.

Noble gull-catcher—i. e. Maria who knows how to entrap fools (gulls) like Malvolio. *Wilt...neck*—Sir Toby is so very elated and happy and proud of Maria's genius that he is prepared to give her what she likes, even if she wishes to put her feet on his neck and crush it! *Play my freedom... bondslave*—the same gratitude is expressed in a different offer. Sir Toby says that he is prepared to stake his very freedom in a game of cards, and lose his game and be a slave of Maria! Traytrip is a game with cards played with dice, success in which depended upon throwing of treys (threes).

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Image of it—i. e. the picture or dream of his future bliss. *Leaves him*—i. e. when Malvolio finds out this trick and is disillusioned.

Work upon—i. e. does he really believe in all the letter says? *Aqua-vita...midwife*—as surely as brandy acts upon a nurse. Nurses were supposed to be strongly addicted to drinking. Aqua-vita is Sir Toby's Latin for strong wine. Mrs. Gamp in Dicken's. *Martin Chuzzlewit* is described as a notorious drunkard, and Juliet's nurse also—is shown as fond of this drink. *Fruits*—result; the actual carrying out of the suggestions in the letter by Malvolio. *Abhors*—dislikes strongly. *Detests*—hates. *Addicted*—strongly habituated. *Melancholy*—i. e. mourning for her dead brother. *Turn...contempt*—make him a byword of stupidity and scorn. *Gates of Tartar*—i. e. I am prepared to follow you even to the gates of Hell (Tartarus). *Devil...wit*—genius of comedy. Maria is regarded as a clever little devil with a genius for practical jokes.

Act III. Scene I

Synopsis—Viola once again comes to meet Olivia on behalf of the Duke, and meets first the fool. There is an

exchange of wit between the two and the fool makes an impression upon Viola who declares that he is wise enough to play the fool! Viola gives him a gift of sixpence but the fool demands for more. However, he goes to announce Viola's arrival. Meanwhile Sir Toby and Sir Andrew come and the former asks her to enter into the house to see Olivia. Olivia herself comes with Maria at this point, and dismisses every one in order to be alone with Viola. Olivia refuses to hear the Duke's message but is prepared to listen if she would bring another suit. She then begs to be excused for having sent the ring, and hints that Viola might be knowing by now that she loves her. In fact she confesses her love for her, but Viola rejects it. Olivia pleads in vain and is told that no woman could win the heart of Viola. At which she departs, and is requested by Olivia to come once again.

Criticism—The complications of mistaken identity, with Olivia falling in love with Viola in male guise are here further developed. Sir Andrew silently notes that Olivia is showing greater favour towards the page than towards himself. This lead to further complication in the challenge by Sir Andrew to Viola as his rival for Olivia's love! In other words, Sir Toby is now contemplating another sport in which Viola, mistaken as a male, is to be involved. Olivia's infatuation for Viola is the keynote of this scene. It gives rise to complications which are only solved by the arrival of Sebastian, Viola's twin brother.

The fool's character is further developed, showing his wisdom and wit under the guise of a clown.

Save—i. e. God save thee. *Thy music*—is Viola expressing her dislike of thy playing on the tabor, which the fool is holding? "God save thy music" seems like an ironic kind of blessing. May we be saved from such music! *Dost...tabor*—do you earn your living by playing upon this tabor (a kind of drum used by jesters). *I live by the church*—the clown plays on the words "live by", taking it to mean "live by the side of, or near". He says that his dwelling is by the side of the Church. *Churchman*—priest or some officer of the Church. Viola continues her sense of the words "live by", meaning "earn one's living by means of. *So*—i. e. if you argue like this. *Lies by a beggar*—sleeps with a beggar, or lives near a beggar.

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You have said—i. e. you have spoken correctly; this is said ironically, as the fool explains in his next words. *To see this age!*—how clever are the people of this age! *Cheveril glove*—a glove made of fine leater (called cheveril) which could be turned inside out. *Good wit*—for a witty person (who can twist words and turn them, as it were, inside out as one may twist a cheveril glove inside out). *Wrong-side*—*i.e.* words may be twisted out of their proper context, and made to give absured meanings.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*To see this age A sentence is but a...outward*—This is Feste, the jester, speaking to Viola, the page in *Twelfth Night*. It is his witty reply to the equally witty speech of Viola. Remarking on this wit of Viola, the clown says that people are getting very clever and witty in the modern age. They are using words and sentences in a pervert manner. They can twist and turn words inside out, just as a glove made of cheveril leather could be turned inside out. Viola has proved that a king may be said to live with a beggar if the beggar lives near the palace. To this the clown replies by saying that it is a preversion of the right meanings of words. He declares that Viola has turned the wrong side of words. He, however, forgets that he, too, had the same in the beginning when he took the words "live by" to mean wrongly. In fact, it is Feste who begins this witty twisting of words. Viola only pays him back in his own coin.

Dally...words—those who play upon words. *Make them wanton*—make them loose in meaning. A wanton is one who is loose and immoral in character. In other words, those who play upon words, corrupt their meaning, making them have double meanings, and in this sense, loose meanings. *Her name is a word*—every name is a word, and since words could be played upon, so a name and the owner of the name, could be corrupted. The clown says that his sister might be corrupted (dallied with, and made a wanton) because she must have a name, and a name is only a word, and words might be corrupted. This is his subtle and ingenious proof. Words are here identified with names, and names with the possessor of the names! This is why he wishes that his sister had no name at all. *Words are very*

rascols—words have become cheap and meaningless. *Since ...them*—since men brought disgrace upon them by first using them in bonds and promises and then breaking them or failing to keep the promises. There is also an allusion to the orders passed by the Privy Council (1600) which restricted the performance of plays. But the authorities were unable to enforce this order. In this sense 'bond' would mean 'confinement.' This is very obscure, and so it is preferable to take the words to mean what they say, namely, that words have been disgraced by those who broke promises made in bonds and documents.

Expl. *I would therefore my sister...sir*—the clown here plays upon the word 'wanton.' This word was printed and pronounced as want-one or want-un. In this sense, it would mean that his sister (if dallied with or corrupted) would be wanting in her good name. She may lose her good name (when she was corrupted).

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Troth—in truth. *Yield...words*—I cannot reply without using words. *Prove...them*—I am not going to give my reasons, because I must use words in giving reasons, but since words are unreliable, and loose in meaning, I shall prefer to keep silent. *Warrant*—daresay. *In my conscience*—to tell you the truth. *If that*—*i.e.*, if my not caring for you, means that I care for nothing, you then become nothing. *Make you invisible*—make you nothing, invisible. That is, I wish you would vanish into air and become invisible (nothing). *Keep no...married*—*i.e.*, her husband will be her fool whom she would rule and make a fool of). *Pilchards*—small fish. *Herrings* also small fish. The clown means that there is no difference between a husband and a fool, just as there is none between a pilchard and a herring. *The husband is the biger*—the only difference is in size (not in quality), the husband is a bigger fool than the ordinary fool ! *Not her fool*—since I am not her husband. *Corrupter of words*—a jester who plays on words, and thus corrupts them (see note on the above where on the previous page the fool talked about his sister, where he means the same thing.)

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Foolery—*i.e.* fools. *Orb*—earth. *Sun*—*i.e.*, just as the sun shines. Everyone is in some sense a fool, no one is wholly

wise. *As oft...mistress*—this is a subtle hint from the fool that Viola is the fool to the Duke (since she is often with him). *I think...there*—*i.e.*, I saw your folly there. The clown iron ically hints that he saw the wise self of Viola in the Duke's house. *An thou...me*—Viola under. stands what the fool says, and replies that he is playing a joke on her. *No more*—I will continue this topic. *Hold*—receive. *Expenses*—*i.e.*, offering money. *Next...hare*—*i.e.*, when God has to send his next consignment of hair th the people of this earth. *Send thee a beard*—this is the "thanks" or blessing which the fool gives for her gift. *Stick foe one*—*i.e.*, I want one who has a beard. In this she is expressing her love for the Duke. She is talking as woman, wanting to marry a man (the Duke) with a beard. *Though...chin*—I do not wish beard for myself. *Lady*—Olivia.

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Pear of these *i.e.*, the six-pence given by Viola. *Have bred*—get multiplied (if it had another to make a pair). This is a hint for more money. *Put together...use*—*i.e.*, if it is lent on interest. *Pandarus of Phrygia*—Pandarus was the uncle of Cressida, and acted as a go-between and helper in the love of Troilus for Cressida. The fool here proposes to act the part of Pandarus and to bring a union between the coin (given by Voila) and another coin (which he is now begging). His idea is to marry the two coins and let them multiply. *Cressida and Troilus*—a well known story of the Middle Ages, describing the love of these two. Chaucer and Shakespeare wrote a poem and a play upon this subject. Troilus was the son of Praim of Troy. Cressida, niece of Pandarus, was loved by Troilus. Pandarus helped these two lovers to meet in secret. But later, Cressida was exchanged as a prisoner into the Greek camp, and the transferred her love to one, Diomedes. Still later, she was deserted by Diomedes, and she ended her life as a beggar, begging by the road-side ; this was a punishment for her fickleness. *Understand you*—*i.e.*, the story of Troilus and Cressida is known to Viola. *Well begged*—you have very cleverly begged for a second coin. *Begging but a beggar*—*i.e.*, the fool has begged only another coin, which he has called Cressida for his former coin, Troilus, and since Cressida became a beggar, he is only begging another beggarly six-pence. He suggests that he has not demanded a big

sum, but only a six-pence which he has already compared with Cressida who was a beggar herself. *Cressida was a beggar* referring to the final fate of Cressida, as told in the story.

Note how the clown is proving here himself to be a "corrupter of words," a jester who exercise much subtle ingenuity in his talk. When he wants to beg for a coin, the introduces legends and romances. He is a scholar, not merely a jester of the ordinary type of a buffoon. No wonder. Viola says that he is wise enough to play the part of a fool. *Construe*—explain to them. *What you would* i.e., what is your message or intention of visiting. *Out...welkin* —out of my knowledge ; *i.e.*, I do not know why you have come. Welkin means sky, and sky is a sphere, and so it is compared with the head where brains are. So "out of welkin" out of my head out of my understanding. This is "corrupting words" with a vengeance! *I might say element* I might have used the word element instead of welkin ; *Overworn* hackneyed ; used and abused by many people. It is suggested that this is a hit against a contemporary play (Dekker's *Satiromastix*), where one of the characters constantly uses the word "element". The point, however, is that 'welkin' is as fantastic and ridiculous as ,element', for the head and brains. The far-fetched analogy between the head and 'welkin' is to be suggested by the head being above the body (like the sky) and it being spherical (round like the sky.)

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Wise enough...fool—to make jests enjoyed by people requires wisdom and intelligence. *Craves*—requires. *Wit*—intelligence ; the ability to unite dissimiliar and incongruous ideas in order to produce a brilliant effect. It is an intellectual quality. *Observe*—study. *Moods...jests*—the tastes and moods of those against whom he directs his fun and wit. *Quality*—character and disposition and position as well. *Time* at which the jest is made. Due regard must be had for both the time and place and position of the subjects of jests. *Haggard*—an inferior, untrained hawk. *Check at*—pursue ; follow. *Feather*—bird. That is to say, the jester must seem to be jesting at everything and everybody so that nobody in particular will be offended. The untrained hawk pursues every bird that comes before it. So the comparison with the hawk. It is interesting to note

that Meredith, writing in his *Essay on Comedy,* says that the comic spirit acts like the hawk over the heron, where folly is the victim of the comic spirit. *Practice*—exercise. *Wise man's art*—fooling requires wisdom. It is an art requiring trained observation and intelligence. *Folly*—the act of fooling. *Wisely shows* exercises intelligently. *Fit ...welcome*; enjoyable. *Folly-fallen*—wise men who talk or act foolishly; who commit; fall into folly. *Quite...wit*—wholly spoil their wisdom. That is, wise men lose their reputation for wisdom by acting or talking foolishly. Compare the earlier statement: "Better a wise fool than a foolish wit." (Act I, Sc. 5.)

Expl. with ref. to Cont. *He must observe their mood on whom he jests...taint their wit*—This is Viola speaking on the function of fools. She appreciates the jests of the Clown. Feste, and when he goes away, begins to analyse the qualities which are necessary for being a good jester. Her point is that only wise men can play the part fools! The fool should be an intelligent observer of men and manners; he must study the moods, tastes and temperaments of those whom he jests at; he must have a regard for the time and place when a jest has to be made; he must know the social status (position) as well as the temper (disposition) of his subjects. He must not insult and offend by pointing out particular persons, but direct his wti against general, unidentifiable objects and persons. In this, he must do as the untrained hawk does, which pursues any stray bird that comes before it. So also the fool must seem to attack on particular person, but jest at everything and everybody, so that nobody in particular is offended. All this requires wit and intelligence. It is an art by itself. It needs proper cultivation. When it is done in the right spirit by the right person, it gives delight to everybody and offence to nobody. Better to be a wise fool than a foolish wit, as the clown said earlier. On the other hand, when wise-men stoop to folly and behave foolishly, they themselves become objects of ridicules, and lose their reputation for wisdom and sagacity.

Such is the analysis of a good jester, which Viola gives in her praise of Feste, the fool in *Twelfth Night.*

Deus vous etc. French for 'God save you'. Sir Andrew is learning languages!

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Et vous etc.—"God bless you, I am your humble servant." Viola pays back in Sir Andrew's own coin. *Yours...i.e.*, your servant. *Encounter*—Toby's word for 'enter.' He affects scholarly language ; or is dead drunk and misuses words like a drunken fellow. *Trade*—business. If you have to see and talk to her. *Bound to*—going to ; using marine language, as a ship bound to some port. *List*—*i.e.*, port, or destination. *Voyage*—my journey here. Note how quickly Viola adjusts her language to that of her interlocutors. *Taste your legs*—Sir Toby means 'test' the capacity or your legs, by walking into the house. *Understand me*—*i.e.*, stand under me. Viola expresses annoyance at Sir Toby's license with language, and appropriately enough plays on the werd understand' in reference to her legs. *Answer you...entrance*—*i.e.*, by actually entering into the house. *Prevented*—*i.e.*, anticipated, referring to the arrival of Olivia, whom she was going to meet.

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Most excellent—lady...Viola uses hyperbolical language in addressing Olivia. *Heavens...on you*—may God bless you. Viola's language changes in this scene with lightning like rapidity. Note her adaptability to the clown, Sir Toby and Olivia, all on different levels. *Rare courtier*—excellently polished and accomplished courtier. Sir Andrew is envious of such courtly phrases. He is trying unsuccessfully to ape the manner of his superiors. *My master...ears*—the message of my master cannot be told except in the willing and ready ears, such as you have for his message. *But*—except. *Pregnant*—fruitful (not barren and deaf ear). *Vouchsafed*—granted or favoured ; Viola means that if Olivia granted (vouchsafed) an interview and gracious bearing, then her words will fall in the right ears with fruitful results. We should not, however, press for literal meaning in this language of Viola, which is purposefully stilted and pompous. *All three all ready*—*i.e.*, Sir Andrew will carefully note and con these courtly phrases. Meanwhile, he is seeing Viola as a rare, courtly phrases. Meanwhile, he is seeing Viola as a formidable rival to compete for the hand of Olivia and this will help Sir Toby in inciting Sir Andrew to a duel with Viola later. *Leave...hearing*—let me hear the message by myself.

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My sevants, sir—Olivia does not like Viola's tone and language of humbleness. There seems to be no reason for her dislike, though. *Never merry world...i.e.*—the world has been, degenerating. *Lowly feigning...compliment*—when vulgar pretension is regarded or mistaken for courtesy and compliment, why does Olivia flare up like this at the innocent tone of Olivia? There seems to be no reason whatever. *He is your*—the Duke is your servant, since he is in love with you. *His*—*i.e.*, his servant. *Needs be*—necessarily be. *Youre*—your servant. Viola's answer is plain enough, and all the more reason why it is innocent. *For him*—as for him. *Think...him*—I do not at all think about him. I have nothing to do with him. *For his thoughts*—as for his thoughts. *They were blanks*—I wish that he, too, were equally devoid of thoughts about me. *Filled with me*—*i.e.*, thinking about me. *Whet...thoughts*—to stimulate your thoughts about him. *By your...you*—please do no such thing. *Wuold...suit*—*i.e.* if you came to woo me on behalf of some one else (yourself preferably). Olivia is now expressing her admiration and love for Viola thus indirectly. *I had...that*—I shal be glad to hear it. *Music...spheres*—more willingly and happily than I would hear the sweet music of the spheres. The idea of the harmony and music of the spheres. The idea of the harmony and music of the spheres originated from Pythogoras who believed that the planets in their motions produced music so sweet and ethereal that it could not be heard by mortal, fleshly ears. It is also a Platonic idea. It is a common poetical concept and is used by Shakespeare and other poets very often.

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Beseech—pay. *Last enchantment*—the magical effect you produced upon me when you come here last time. Olivia is recalling how she was deeply fascinated by the charm and beauty of Viola. *Did*—*i. e.*, exercised (upon me). *A ring........you*—I sent a ring to be returned to you when you had left. *Abuse myself*—played a trick upon myself. *My servant*—who took the ring to you. *You*—yourself. Olivia is trying to crave pardon for this bare-faced deceit she has played upon Viola in sending the ring. *Under your hard construction*—subject to your severe condemnation or interpretation of myconduct. *Must I sit*—*i.e.*, I am open to. *Force.......you*—force you to take

you to take that (which did not belong to you). *In a...cunning*—by a trick of which I am now deeply ashamed. *Knew... yours*—you knew that the ring did not at all belong to you. *What...think*—what uncharitable and hard thoughts must you be entertaining about me in this matter ? *Set...stake*—subjected my honour to be misjudged (just as a bear is tied to a stake before it is attacked by hounds). *Baited it*—attacked it with. *Unmuzzled thoughts*—thoughts let loose in all severity ; unqualified condemnation of my conduct. *Tyrannous heart...think*—which the most cruel heart can entertain.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Have you not set mine honour at the stake...can think ?*—Olivia is in these words declaring that Viola must have severely condemned the trick which she (Olivia) has played in forcing her (Viola) to accept the ring she sent through Malvolio. Olivia is recalling how she sent that ring. She was fascinated by the personality of Viola, and had sent that ring as an indication of her love and interest in Viola. Now she says that Viola must be thinking very harshly and severely about this conduct of her. Viola must be regarding her as a flirt and a cheap mistress trying to induce Viola to love her. It reflects upon Olivia's honour. No honourable woman would send a ring like this to a youth, unless she proposed to flirt with him. So Olivia compares the severe and cruel thoughts of Viola with fierce dogs with open (unmuzzled) mouths going to bite and tear the bear tied to a stake (to which she compares her own honour). Bears were thus treated in the sport called bear-baiting. The dogs were usully muzzled, *i. e.*, their mouths were mounted with muzzles (devices for preventing dogs from biting). In other words, Olivia says that Viola's severe judgment and condemnation of Olivia's conduct is comparable to the biting and tearing of dogs let loose at a bear tied to a stake.

Olivia's honour is severely compromised by this behaviour of hers. She now thinks of it as shameful. She, a lady of noble birth has been trying to flirt with a page, a servant. Of course, Olivia is under the impression that Viola is a male youth, disguised as she was. *To one... receiving*—to one of your understanding and judgment. *Enough is shown*—my conduct (in sending this ring) is

clearly an indication that I love you. I need not dwell at length on this point. I have betrayed my heart and love for you by this ring. *Cyprus*—a thin, transparent veil. *Hides my heart*—covers my heart (*i. e.*, love for you). Olivia means that her heart might be clearly seen by Viola, since it is covered only by a thin and transparent veil (cyprus) and not by flesh and blood (bosom). This is her way of saying that she is loving Viola, and that Viola can easily see this. *Let...speak*—let me now know what you have to say, since I have made myself sufficiently clear to you.

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Pity you—because, being a woman herself, she cannot reciprocate love as Olivia intends her to do. She pities the irony and ignorance of Olivia as to her identity. *Degree to love*—Olivia does not understand why Viola pities her; she takes the word on its face value and so says that pity is only one step (degree) from love. From pity the next step is love. Olivia hopes that this step will be taken by Viola. *No, not a grize*—suddenly realising that her 'pity' has been misunderstood, Viola corrects her by saying that pity is not always a step (grize) towards love (for, it may equally be a step to hatred, as she presently shows.) *Vulgar proof*—it is a common experience. *That we...enemies*—Viola suggests that Olivia is her enemy because she is loved by the Duke, whom she herself has begun to love. *Time to smile again*—thinking that she has said too much and gone far enough in this kind of self-revelation, Olivia suddenly pulls herself up, as it were, and says that she will no longer be an object of pity, but that she will become cheerful again. She asserts thus her innate dignity, which love had compromised. *How apt...proud*—how proud are poor people likely to be. This is a hit against the page, the poor servant, whom Olivia mistakes. *If one...prey*—if one is going to be the victim (prey) of love. *How...fall*—it is far better to be the victim of. *Lion than the wolf*—Olivia means that the Duke is a great, noble man (a lion among men) and so it is better to be rejected by a lover of this type, than to be so treated by this page (the wolf), a mere, base, low servant. This is Olivia's consolation of great failures. This is a noble sentiment, a parallel to which is to be found in the *Meghaduta* of Kalidasa where the lover says: "याञ्चाऽ माघा वरमधिगुणे ना धमे लब्ध का मा" (It is better to pray a great

man (though the prayer is rejected) than to pray a low man (though he may grant the prayer.)

Expl. with ref. to Cont. *Why, then, methinks it is time to smile again...than a wolf*—In these lines Olivia is nobly retreating from the steps she was taking in the pursuit of Viola's love, mistaking her as she did for a male youth. She feels that she has gone far enough in compromising her honour and dignity in expressing her infatuation for this page. When Viola rejects her offer, Olivia does not wish to debase herself by praying and sighing for this lover. So she regains her dignity by declaring that she is no longer going to be the object of pity. She will now give up the idea of loving this base, low page, and will prefer to be rejected (if she is fated to be rejected) by a nobleman like the Duke (who is a lion among men) rather than be rejected by a base servant like the page (who is a wolf by contrast with the Duke). In a word, Olivia has thus recourse to the consolation of great failures. It is better to fail nobly than to win cheaply. Olivia is a noble lady, proud of her dignity, and she reasserts that dignity which she had compromised recently in her infatuation for the page.

The clock upbraid.—the clock warns me. *With...time*—that I am wasting my time in your company. *Be not afraid ...you*—have no fear of my loving you. This is said sarcastically. *Wit...harvest*—when your intelligence ripens and you reach manhood. *Reap a proper man*—*i.e.*, get a good and handsome person in you for her husband. *Your way*—Olivia is dismissing the page; points the open door; where he may go out.

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Westward ho—I will go westward. Eastward ho and westward ho were terms used by boatmen on the Thames, the latter for going up stream.

Grace...ladyship—may God bless you with a kindly disposition and good humour. *You will nothing*—you have determined to say nothing to my master's message? *That you do ...are*—*i.e.*, you are wrong in your way of thinking; for example, you are thinking that you are not loving a woman (myself), but in fact if you love me you are only loving a woman. But Olivia takes this to mean that Viola is following her, that she (Olivia) is forgetting her position in loving

a page. This is shown by Olivia's reply. *I think...you*—*i.e.* Olivia thinks that the page out of modesty does not think himself worthy of her look. *I am not...an*—this is literally true, because Viola is not the page. Olivia mistakes her to be. *I would...be*—I wish you were what I like you to be ; *i.e.* I wish you to love me. *For now...fool*—in my present position I am being dismissed with scorn. Olivia has made Viola look foolish by rejecting the love of the Duke, which Viola has come to urge. Now she finds herself like a fool who has failed in carrying out her master's message.

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O, what a deal...lip—this is an aside ; Olivia is speaking to herself. She says that Viola looks more beautiful even when she is scornfully rejecting Olivia's offer of love. She has fallen in love with intense passion, and inwardly she is prepared to abase herself before her lover, though outwardly she is affecting dignity. That is why she speaks this to herself. *A murderous guilt*—the guilt of a murderer. *Shows... soon*—is not more easily or plainly detected. *Seem hid*—tries to hide itself. *Night*—secrecy. *Noon*—plain as daylight.

Expl.—*A murderous guilt shows not...noon*—Olivia means that love cannot be hidden even if one tries one's best to hide it. It is well known that murderer cannot hide his guilt successfully for a murder will be out. So love is yet more difficult to hide than hate a guilt. Intense passion is like light which cannot be hidden. Love is a light which even the darkest night cannot hide. In other words, however much she might try to hide her love beneath a show of dignity, Olivia's love is going to assert itself, as she shows it in the speech that follows.

By the roses of spring—Olivia swears her love by roses, spring, maidenhood etc., which are associated with love. The list of her swearing shows how wholly she has given her heart to this page. *So*—so deeply. *Mingre...pride*—in spite of all your proud scorning and despising and rejecting of my offer of love. *Nor wit nor reason*—neither my head nor my heart; neither my reason nor my intelligence can hide my love. *Passion*—deep love. *Extort*—twist, force, or pervert your reasons. *This clause*—*i.e.* from my admission or confession of love. *For that I woo*—since I love you ; because I court you. *Thou...cause*—therefore you have no reason to love me in return. *With reason fetter*—*i.e.* correct (fetter) one

reason with another reason. *Sought*—when one gets love by seeking it. *Unsought*—voluntarily offered ; love given when it has not been asked for.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Do not extort thy reasons from this clause...unsought is better*—Olivia is pleading before Viola (mistaking her to be a male youth) and appealing to her generosity. She suggests that simply because Olivia has voluntarily offered herself to be loved, Viola should not think that she should reject it, assuming it to be a love which she has not herself sought. This, according to Olivia would be a wrong, pervert way of reasoning. Therefore, Viola should correct herself by thinking that it is far better to give love (without being requested or courted for it) than to give it when requested to do so. To love one voluntarily is more generous than to love those who ask to be loved. In other words, Viola should not regard Olivia's love as cheaply obtained because she (Viola) has not sought for it on her part. She should show more generosity by loving Olivia, taking herself the initiative of love. When indirect expression of love has failed, Olivia directly pleads her passion, by appealing to the chivalry and generosity of this supposed young man (Viola).

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By innocence...swear—I swear by all innocence and sincerity. *One heart...has*—no woman has yet shared, nor can possibly share my love. *Nor...alone*—no woman, excepting myself (who am a woman) can love me. Viola is saying that since she is a woman herself all this pleading on Olivia's part is wasted. Olivia, however, does not as yet recognise Viola to be a woman. *Tears*—*i.e.*, sufferings and pangs of despised love. *Deplore*—bewail ; I will not bemoan on behalf of my master. *Move*—influence me. *Abhors*—deeply dislikes. *To like his love*—this is only an excuse on Olivia's part to see Viola once again.

Scene II

Synopsis.—We meet here Sir Andrew complaining that Olivia is showing more favour to the Duke's page (Viola) than towards himself. But Sir Toby and Fabian combine in assuring him that it is a trick on Olivia's part to do so, because she thereby wishes Sir Andrew to court her more passionately. It is her indirect way of stimulating Sir

Andrew to more passionate courting. So Sir Andrew is asked to challenge the page and to conquer him so that Olivia will be more impressed by his courting in this way. Sir Andrew agrees to challenge the page. Sir Toby undertakes to write and carry the message of challenge on Sir Andrew's behalf. When Sir Andrew goes to prepare the challenge, Sir Toby tells Fabian that he is going to induce the page to accept the challenge. This is Sir Toby's trick to bring together two essentially cowardly and fearful persons. It will provide great sport and mirth—this mock-duel between Sir Andrew and Viola. Meanwhile Maria comes to announce that Malvolio has actually put on yellow stockings and cross-garters and is going to meet Olivia in that dress. They all go to witness this sport.

Criticism—This scene adds one more comic interest by Sir Toby's trick on Sir Andrew. This is going to be Sir Toby's contribution to comic interest; just as Maria's contribution has to do with the gulling of Malvolio. So the comic underplot is here doubled. And we await with keen zest this additional fooling of Sir Andrew.

No, faith......longer—I am not going to stay here a moment longer. Sir Andrew proposes to go home because he feels that his courting of Olivia is not showing any progress at all. In fact his complaint is that Olivia favours the page (Viola) ; and that he has a formidable rival in Viola (disguised). *Thy reason*—why do you go away. *Dear venom*—my surly and angry fellow. Sir Toby humorously addresses Sir Andrew thus.

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Needs yield—necessarily give. *Marry*—an oath. *Do... favours*—show greater favours. *Count's serving man*—i.e. the page (Viola). *The while*—i.e. while she was favouring the page. *Argument*—proof. *Love...you*—Olivia's love for you. *S'light*—an oath. (By God's light). *Will...me*—do you think I am so stupid as not to see that she was showing the page more favours. Are you trying to make a fool of me by denying what I say ? The point, however, is that Sir Toby is making a fool of Sir Andrew.

Prove it legitimate—prove it with perfect logic and reason. *Judgment and reason*—approved by law and reason. *Grand-jurymen*—men serving on the jury. *Noah*—a Biblical figure

who was saved from the Flood by God's mercy. *They have been......sailor*—Sir Toby says that they (i. e. judgment and reason) have been regarded as sound jurymen whose evidence is reliable right from the days before the Flood (i. e. from very old times).

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Exasperate—provoke or stimulate you (to court her more ardently than you have so far done). *Awake*—arouse. *Dormouse Valour*—Your courage and valour which are sleeping and dormant. The Dormouse has become the type and symbol of fast, long sleeping, just as the caterpillar is that of voracious eating. The dormouse is one of the hibernating animals which sleep underground during the whole of winter. *To put......heart*—to kindle and excite your heart. *Brimestone*—limestone, symbol of fire. *Liver*—the seat of courage. *Accosted*—addressed. *Jests......mint*—excellent jokes invented by you, coming brand new from your brain as coins come fresh from a mint. *Begged*—defeated: floored, as it were. *Dumbness*—so that he would have been silenced and defeated. *Looked...hand*—this was expected from you. *Balked*—this expectation was not fulfilled. *Double gilt*—golden opportunity. *Let......off*—you have missed this opportunity; allowed it to be wasted. *Sailed......opinion*—you have now earned the disfavour of Olivia (by not showing your superior skill at jesting). North is symbolic of cold, icy region of the North Pole. Olivia now looks with a cold disdain, and not with warmth of love, towards you. *Icicle*—ice. *Dutchman's beard*—on the beard of a Dutchman. This is pointed out as an allusion to the discovery of Nova Zembla by a Dutchman in 1596. The reference is to the severe cold experienced by the voyagers. In other words, Sir Andrew, after being disdained by the ice-cold rejection by Olivia, will be looking like the Dutchman who made a voyage in the icy North Sea, and who is picturesquely imagined as having drops of ice sticking to his beard. Sir Andrew will be as forlorn and cold as an icicle on the beard of such a Dutchman.

Redeem it—recover Olivia's favour; make good your lost opportunity. *Laudable attempt*—praiseworthy act. *Valour*—(showing your) courage. *Policy*—cleverness; craftiness.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*The double guilt(?) of this opportunity you let time......or policy*—In these words Fabian is

admonishing Sir Andrew to make up for the latter's neglected opportunity in making an impression on Olivia. Fabian is here trying to excite the jealousy of Sir Andrew by pointing out to him that unless he tries to show more wit, brilliance and courage than the Duke's page, Olivia is not going to favour his suit. An opportunity was given to him to shine but he has failed to make use of it. So Sir Andrew is advised to show either more personal courage or wit and craftiness with a view to defeating his rival (Viola). If he does this, he is sure to be favoured by Olivia. In fact, she seemed to show more favour to the Duke's page simply because she wished to stimulate Sir Andrew to court her more assiduously and ardently.

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An it be any way—if Olivia's favour is to be recovered in any way, by any means. *It.......valour*—I should recover it by showing my courage. The point here is that Sir Andrew though a coward, yet prefers to adopt an attitude of heroism, which is the source of fun in the scene to come where the mock-duel against Viola is to take place. *For policy...hate*—I hate to be crafty and cunning. *As lief*—as soon; as willingly. *Brownish*—an extreme Puritan, referring to Robert Browne who differed from the Established Church and had several followers, and was popularly hated and persecuted. *Politician*—i. e. crafty, cunning fellow. Shakespeare uses this word in an unfavourable sense, meaning conspirators and schemers. Sir Andrew says that he hates Puritans (Brownists) but that he hates politicians even more than he hates Puritans. *Build me......valour*—let me see you recover your fortune (favour of Olivia) by showing your courage. *Challenge me*—i. e. let me see you challenge. *Eleven places*—i. e. several places; not one or two wounds but many. *Take ......it*—be impressed with this proof of your courage. *Love-broker*—i. e. means or agency by which love is won. *Can more prevail*—that will act with better force. *In man's commendation*—to recommend man. *With woman*—in the eyes of a woman. *Report of valour*—proof and reputation for courage. Sir Toby means that a woman is sure to be impressed by personal valour on the part of her lover. *Bear me......him*—i. e. carry my challenge to the Duke's page.

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Martial hand—bold and challenging hand-writing and language. *Curst*—sharp and cutting. *How witty*—i. e. even

if your challenge is not witty enough. Sir Andrew is a dull, stupid fellow, lacking in wit and intelligence. *So it be*—if your challenge is. *Eloquent*—spirited. *Invention*—i.e. full of abuses invented by your passionate hatred of your rival. *Taunt......ink*—provoke him with all the freedom that language gives you. The idea is that Sir Andrew can say what he likes in a letter, for it is all talking, not action. He should be brave in words, however cowardly he may be in deeds. *Thous't him*—if you address him as "Thou" instead of "you". Thou is used as an insulting address, excepting in the case of God. *Some thrice*—in several places in your letter. *It shall......amiss*—it will not miss to hit your rival. *Lies......lie*—falsehoods which may be included (lie). Here is a play on the word 'lie', meaning (1) to tell a lie and (2) to be or contain. *Bed of ware*—a bedstead which was big enough to hold twelve persons. It was shown in the town of Ware in Hertfordshire. *About it*—be quick and busy about this challenge. *Gall*—bitterness; ox-gall was used in making ink. *Goose-pen*—pen made of goose-quill or feather. Here used as symbolic of Sir Andrew's cowardice and dullness, for 'goose' is symbolic of these qualities.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Taunt him with the license of ink......about it*—Sir Toby is here advising Sir Andrew in the matter of writing a challenge to Viola, the supposed rival of Sir Andrew for the love of Olivia. Sir Toby tells him to use as much abusive and bitter language as possible in his letter of challenge, because in a letter he has only to talk and write, and not to act and fight. He should insu this rival by addressing him as 'Thou', in several places. He must frame up as many false charges as his letter could hold, even if the size of the letter were as big as that of the famous bedstead of Ware (which could hold 12 persons). In short, Sir Andrew should use all the bitterness such as ink (made of gall) in writing up his challenge, no matter if he is as foolish and cowardly as a goose (in using a goose-quill pen in writing the same). This is Sir Toby's clever hit at Sir Andrew's stupidity and cowardice, though he puts it in a language seemingly complimentary.

Cubiculo—Sir Toby's scholarly word for chambers or rooms.

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Mannikin—a small man ; a puppet (who obeys what you

say). *Dear to him*—play on the word 'dear'. He means that he has made Sir Andrew spend money to the tune of two thousand pounds or so. Sir Andrew has not been 'cheaply' treated but 'dearly'. *Rare*—unique; enjoyable letter, full of absurdities. *Never trust me*—I am certainly going to deliver it. *Then*—i.e. if I do not deliver it (don't trust me). *Stire on*—provoke. *Youth*—i.e. Viola (the page). *Wain-ropes*—strong ropes used to pull carts (wains). *Hale*—bring together, draw. The idea is that both Sir Andrew and the page are really cowardly, and unwilling to fight, and so they cannot be brought together for this duel, even if they were pulled by the strongest of oxen and ropes. *Opened*—i.e. tested (by cutting open his limbs to see how much blood he has). *As will...flea*—Sir Andrew has not enough blood in him to obstruct even a small insect like the flea. *Eat...anatomy*—a humorous challenge from Sir Toby to the effect that he is prepared to eat up the whole body of Sir Andrew if there is as much blood in him as to clog a flea.

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Opposite—i.e. opponent; rival (Viola). *Visage*—face. *Presage*—proof; sign. *Cruelty*—i.e. terror. *Youngest...mine*—a term of endearment for Maria, referring to her small stature. Wren is a small bird.

Spleen—a fit of laughter. If you want to have a hearty laughter. *Stitches*—till your sides begin to ache. *Yond gull*—that foolish Malvolio. *Heathen*—a pagan; non-Christian. *Very renegado*—an extreme apostate. *That means...rightly*—who wishes to be saved by believing in the right faith. *Passages of grossness*—unbelievable acts of stupidity. The idea is that no true Christian could believe in such absurd things as have been put into Malvolio's head. Maria is referring to Malvolio's easy belief in all that has been said in the love-letter sent to him.

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Most villainously—in an outrageous manner; with a vengeance, as it were. *Pedant*—pedagogue; a contemptuous term for a school master. *Keeps...church*—schools were kept in churches in Shakespeare's days. *Dogged*—secretly followed him. *Betray*—expose; deceive. *Lines*—i.e. wrinkles. *New*

map...Indies—a reference to a map drawn by Edward Wright, showing the whole of the East Indies. The lines indicating the course of ships on this map are compared with the creases, wrinkles and lines on Malvolio's face, as he attempted to keep on smiling in response to the letter. *Hardly forbear*—scarcely control myself from. *Hurling... him*—throwing things to strike him. *Strike*—i. e. by boxing his ears. *Take it...favour*—Malvolio will be foolish enough to take the boxing as a playful gesture of favour from Olivia.

Scene III

Synopsis—We meet Antonio, following Sebastian, as he promised to do in the previous scene. Antonio says that he is afraid that Sebastian might come to harm in an unknown city like Illyria. Sebastian thanks him and wishes that his fortune was better enough to return his kindness. He then asks Antonio to go with him to see the famous places of interests in the city. Antonio cannot do this because, having incurred the displeasure of the Duke in a sea-fight in the past, he is in danger of being arrested and challenged. He thereafter gives Sebastian his own purse to be kept and, if required, to be used by him. They part from each other, promising to meet at an inn called *The Elephant*.

Criticism—This scene is dramatically important because Sebastian is going to be the means of solving the complications of the story which are now becoming deeper. He is shown here for the second time, thus making his part in the main plot probable. Wandering about the town, he is very likely to be mistaken for the Duke's page (his own twin sister in disguise). This is in fact what happens later.

By my will—out of my own wish. *Since...pains*—since you are so good as to say that it is no pain but pleasure. *Chide you*—blame you; object to your following me. *More sharp...steel*—*i. e.* my very sincere and deep desire (keen as a weapon) to see you safe. *Spur*—caused me to follow you. *Not all*—not merely. *Though so much...voyage*—though I love you deeply enough to go on a long voyage with you. *Jealousy*—*i. e.* fear; deep anxiety (for your safety). *What...travel*—as to what danger may befall you in your journey in this town. *Skilless*—ignorance. *Parts*—this town. *Unhospitable*—inhospitable: unhelpful. *My willing*

love—my sincere and spontaneous love for you. *The rather ...fear*—quickened by my anxiety for your safety. *Set forth ...pursuit*—follow you in this town.

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Good turns—kind deeds. *Shuffled off*—dismissed, or forgotten. *Uncurrent pay*—worthless return, just as verbal thanks or insincere words of gratitude. *Worth*—wealth and solvency. *As is...firm*—as substantial as my awareness of your kindness. *You should...dealing*—I would have repaid your kindness more substantially.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*And oft good turns are shuffled off...better dealing*—Sebastian is deeply touched by the kindness of Antonio. He is here telling Antonio how grateful he is to him for all his kind solicitude and anxiety for his safety. But because he is not rich and fortunate enough at present, he can only offer him empty words of thanks. He regrets his inability to show more substantial proofs of his gratitude than an offer of formal thanks. It is usual to see people in this world who forget kindness and dismiss it with worthless repayment. So he says his consciousness of gratitude is more substantial than his offer of verbal thanks.

Reliques—antiquities ; places of historical interest. *Long to-night*—there is plenty of time before it is going to be dark. *Renown*—give fame to.

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Would—*i. e.* I wish. *Do not...streets*—it is dangerous for me to walk openly in these streets. *His galleys*—the boats belonging to the Duke. *Some service*—*i. e.* I fought against the Duke's sailors. Some is used as an understatement, signifying Antonio's humility. *Of such note*—of such seriousness. *Taken*—*i. e.* met or detected by the Duke's men. *Scarce be answered*—I would hardly be able to defend myself to the satisfaction of the Duke.

Belike—perhaps. *Albeit*—although. *The quality...quarrel*—the circumstances in which we fought. *Given...argument*—might have resulted in bloodshed. *It might...them*—the loss we inflicted might have been compensated by this time. *Which*—*i.e.* the compensation. *For traffic's sake*—for the sake of the trade carried with the town. *Most...did*—most of the people of my city did compensate. *Myself stood out*— I alone

did not do so. *If...placed*—if I were caught here. *Pay dear*—I may be forced to pay heavily ; or punished severely.

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Elephant—name of an inn. *Bespeak...diet*—arrange for our meals. *Whiles*—in the meanwhile. *Beguilea the time*—amuse yourself by. *Feed*—*i. e.* add to your knowledge. *Haply*—perhaps. *Your eye...toy*—you may be interested in buying some small object of curiosity. *Store*—money. *Not...markets*—your money being precious and scant, you cannot afford to waste it in buying toys (which yet you may wish to buy). Therefore this purse is given for your use.

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Purse-bearer—keeper (not a user) of your purse.

Scene IV

Synopsis—Malvolio makes a fool of himself by coming before Olivia in yellow stockings and cross-garters. He talks and behaves so absurdly that Olivia thinks he has gone mad, and asks Sir Toby to look after him. This leads to more fooling of Malvolio. Ultimately Sir Toby proposes to put him into a dark room as a dangerous lunatic.

Meanwhile Sir Andrew comes forth with his challenge to Viola. Sir Toby, however, does not propose to give the absurd letter written by Sir Andrew which was sure to be laughed at and exposed. So he proposes to tell Viola by word of mouth, and impress her with the fierceness and courage of Sir Andrew. When Viola, after taking leave of Olivia, meets Sir Toby, the latter warns her that she should be prepared to fight with Sir Andrew. Viola is of course confused, and Sir Toby runs to Sir Andrew to tell him that Viola is a fierce fighter. Sir Andrew pleads for peace, and Sir Toby tells him that it would be enough if a formal drawing of swords takes place.

But as this mock duel is about to begin, Antonio comes. He mistakes Viola for her brother, Sebastian, and undertakes to defend Viola against Sir Andrew. He is not allowed to do this, because the Duke's officers come at this point and arrest him. Antonio now asks Viola for his purse, and Viola denies that any purse was given to her. Antonio goes away, led by the officers, thinking that Sebastian is a false man.

Sir Andrew, seeing the confusion of Viola in the matter of the purse, is encouraged to renew the challenge, thinking that Viola is a coward and a rogue. The scene ends here.

Criticism.—This is the most 'incidented' scene, full of action and exits and entrances. The plot thickens. The mistakes of identity multiply. The main plot and the sub-plot are brought nearer. The fooling of Malvolio has gone to a climax, and the mock-duel adds further comic interest. Meanwhile, the romantic interest is also developed, for Olivia once again confesses her deep love for Viola, forgetting all sense of dignity or decorum. Antonio's arrival and his mistaking Viola for Sebastian is bound to bring the complications to a crisis. It is so packed with incidents that it gives the illusion of complications.

After him—i. e. Viola. Olivia is waiting to meet Viola. *Bestow...him*—what presents shall I give? *Bought*—i.e. won; influenced. *Begged...borrowed*—i. e. by requests and solicitations. Olivia is planning to please and win the love of Viola. *I speak...loud*—Olivia is talking to herself, and fears that she might be overheard. *Sad and civil*—thoughtful and sober. This is Malvolio when he has not gone mad over the letter. Olivia's expectations are now going to be rudely shocked, as he is now neither sad nor civil, but smiling and proud as a turkey-cock. *My fortune*—my present state of mind (i. e. both her mourning for her brother and the anxiety about Viola's response to her love).

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Possessed—i. e. haunted by a ghost. *Rave*—speak nonsense. *Smile*—this is Maria's own trick, for the letter asked him to keep smiling. *Guard*—bodyguard to protect herself from such a mad steward. *Tainted...wits*—diseased in his brains ; has gone stark mad. *Sad and...be*—if my present sadness is equal to madness, which in a sense, it is. *Upon... occasion*—to talk on a serious topic.

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This—referring to his cross-gartering. *Some obstruction*—causes some pain (to my leg). *One*—i. e. Olivia. *Please one ...all*—if I please you, I shall be pleasing everyone. *Not black*—I have no evil thoughts. *Yellow*—i.e. his yellow stock-

ings. *It*—the letter. Malvolio of course takes for granted that Olivia has written the love-letter, which he here acknowledges, and follows. *His*—i.e. his own, Malvolio's hands. He is talking in the third person, implying that it is a secret between himself and Olivia. *Commands......executed*—the instructions in the letter will be followed by me, your obedient lover. *I think......hand*—I quite well know your good hand-writing, the delicate Italian (Roman) hand-writing of Olivia. *Go to bed*—Olivia means that Malvolio needs rest and sleep, since he is now mad and unfit for society, but the fool takes it as an invitation to go to her bed ! *Come to thee*—come to sleep with you.

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God comfort thee—God save you from such madness. *At your request* ! thinking he is already Count Malvolio, he resents questions from Maria, a mere servant. *Nightingales ...daws*—a sweet-voiced man like myself has to answer the questions of chattering jack-daws like Maria. *Ridiculous boldness*—presumptuous absurdity. As if Maria did not know the reason ! '*Be not afraid*' etc.—Malvolio is quoting from the letter.

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Restore—cure. May God cure your madness. *Am I made*—either 'made' is a pun upon 'maid', or, Olivia means that she is a made-up (artificially powdered and painted) woman. *Midsummer madness*—complete madness, produced by the heat of midsummer.

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Hardly...back—it was difficult for me to persuade him to come here. *This fellow*—Malvolio. *Looked to*—be taken care of. *Have him...dowry*—i.e. I would rather lose half my dowry than see him come to any harm. Olivia has realised the importance of Malvolio's services as a steward.

Do you...now—Malvolio thinks that Olivia has understood his meaning. He was asked in the letter to behave rudely with Sir Toby. And now that Olivia asks Sir Toby to look after him, he thinks that the letter is a genuine one from Olivia. *Concurs*—agrees (with the letter). *That*—so that. *Stubborn*—rude. *Incites*—encourages.

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Consequently—following her own letter. *Sets down...now*—instructs me as to how I am to do it all. *As*—as for example. *Carriage*—bearing. *Of some 'Sir' of note*—as if I were a nobleman of dignity. *Limed*—caught her; i. e. caught her secret intentions of loving me, as birds are caught with birdlime. *Jove*—i. e. God. *Fellow*—Malvolio thinks that fellow was meant by Olivia as a term of familiarity and equality, (not a servant, but a social equal).

After my degree—not as a steward, which he was. The degree is the rank and position he enjoyed as her steward. *Adheres together*—fits well. That is, my theory of her love for me is now getting together, becoming true. *No dram of a scruple*— not the smallest detail is lacking. No doubt at all of her love for me. *Scruple of a scruple*— not the least little doubt. *Incredulous*—incredible; improbable. *Nothing ......hopes*—there is now nothing to prevent the fulfilment of my love for Olivia.

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In the name of Sanctity—in the name of all that is holy. *Drawn in little*—if all devils were to combine into one man or place. *Legion himself*—i. e. Satan or the whole lot of devils put together. Legion means in large numbers. *Discard*—dismiss. *Private*—privacy. *How hollow......him*—this is taken to mean that Malvolio speaks in a deep, hollow, hoarse voice, but it may also mean that Maria refers to the emptiness of Malvolio's boasting of his so-called dignified position as the lover of Olivia. It is a 'hollow' pretension on his part, which Maria only too well knows.

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Defy the Devil—challenge the Devil. Sir Toby is advising with mock-seriousness. *Do you........say*—are you aware of whom, before whom, you are speaking? *How he......heart*—see how offended he seems to be when you speak ill (ask him to defy) of the Devil. *Bewitched*—haunted by a spirit. *For......say*—i. e. under no circumstances. *Mistress*—madam. This is hardly the term for Maria, who is only a servant, but Malvolio thinks she has spoken well in her last line, so he is condescending in his attitude to Maria.

Lord!—Maria is surprised at being addressed as a "Mistress" or "Madam". *Move*—provoke; irritate.

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But gentleness—we must not treat him in any other way except gently. *Roughly*—rudely treated. The Devil should have his due. *Bawcock*—fine fellow. *Chuck*—a term of endearment. *Sir*—i.e. you are insulting me by becoming familiar with me. *Biddy*—another silly term of mocking. *It is......gravity*—it is not good and fit for grave men like you. *Play...Satan*—i.e. to trifle childishly with the Devil Cherry-pit is the name of a child's play. *Hang him*—the Devil deserves hanging. *Foul collier*—referring to the Blackness of the Devil, the Prince of Darkness, like the coal-mine worker. *Get him to pray*—this was supposed to get rid of the Devil. *Minx*—naughty mischievous girl. *Godliness*—as he is possessed by the Devil, he will not pray to God.

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Shallow things—base fellows. *Not...elements*—not one of you; I don't belong in your company. *More hereafter*—Malvolio threatens to punish them for trifling with him. *Is it possible*—Sir Toby is extremely surprised that it is possible for Malvolio to behave so foolishly. *Played...stage*—if this were performed as a play. *Improbable fiction*—unbelievable falsehood. Note the effect of saying this. The characters on the stage are here talking like real men and women. Maria suggests that facts are stranger than fiction. This is Shakespeare's way of imposing an illusion of reality on his creations. *His very genius*—his whole soul. *Taken...infection*—has become tainted; is diseased. *Device*—by our plan.

Expl.—*His very genius...man*—Sir Toby says that Malvolio has been completely deceived by the plan they have adopted for deceiving and befooling him. Malvolio has wonderfully responded to their mischief. He has taken the forged letter to be the genuine letter.

Lest the device......taint—to prevent our plot from being detected and exposed. Let not our device be known (take air) and be spoilt of its fun (tainted). *The quieter*—all the more quiet and peaceful, because Malvolio will be absent. This is a proof of Malvolio's extreme unpopularity among the household of Olivia.

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Have him...put him into. *We may...thus*—we may continue our plan. *Penance*—i.e. punishment. *Pastime*—joke. *Tried...breath*—carried so far as to make us tired of it. *Prompt......him*—make us take pity on him. *Bring......bar*—i.e. we shall hold a court to prove what a clever girl you are (said to Maria). *Crown thee*—reward you. *Finder of madmen*—as one who is able to drive a sane man mad. This is a compliment paid by Sir Toby to Maria's genius for mischief and fun. *But see*—i.e. here comes one more fool, Sir Andrew ! *More...morning*—more cause for fun, befitting the festivities of a May Morning. *Vinegar and pepper*—i.e. the challenge is written in a very angry and scornful language. *Saucy*—so full of 'sauce' made of pepper and vinegar and so scornful.

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Scury—base ; mean. *Keeps you*—protects you. *Blow...law*—proceedings in the law court. It is free from legal reprisals ; keeps you on the safe side of the law. *Liest...throat*—you speak gross falsehood. *To*—according to good sense. *Less*—this is said to himself an a side, meaning that the letter is nonsense.

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Waylay—attack. *Keep of...law*—safe side of the law. *My hope is better*—i.e. may God have mercy upon your soul. *As thou.........him*—according as you treat him.

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Fit occasion—good opportunity. *Commerce*—business ; i.e. talking with Olivia. *Scout*—keep waiting and watching for him (Viola). *Bum Baily*—an officer of the law, who arrested debtors. *Draw*—challenge him by drawing sword. *Swear horrible*—use violent language of swearing. *Comes to ...oft*—it often happens. *Swaggering accent*—a bullying or threatening tone. *Sharply twanged off*—delivered in a boastful, affected manner. *Gives......approbation*—gives a man greater reputation for being brave and heroic. *Proof itself*—actual fighting. *Earned*—brought.

Expl. *For it comes......him*—if a man swears violently, talks threateningly and bullies boastfully, he will be taken

to be a brave fellow, even if he cannot fight at all. This is ironically said to Sir Andrew who is a coward, and so he is advised to hide his coward hehind a show of bravery.

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Give him......be—proves him to be. *Good capacity*—of good education and intelligence, *Confirms*—makes it more clear. *Excellently ignorant*—openly absurd. *Breed*—create. *Clodpole*—idiot. *Set upon......valour*—tell him that Sir Andrew has a reputation for courage. *Youth*—i.e. his youthful disposition. *Most hideous.........rage*—most horrible idea of Sir Andrew's anger. *Impetuosity*—rashness. *Kill...look*—they will be so frightened that each will die at the mere fright of the other. *Cockatrices*—imaginary serpents which were believed to kill their victims by merely looking at them.

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After him—go after, follow him (Viola in male dress). *Meditate*—plan. *Horrid*—horrible. *Heart of stone*—to one whose hearts is hard and unfeeling. *Laid...out*—exposed my honour too cheaply or carelessly. Olivia is complaining that Viola is not favouring her love. *Something*—*i.e.* her conscience or sense of dignity and honour. *Reproves*—protests against. *Potent fault*—powerful fault (*i.e.* her intense passion for Viola). *But...reproof*—it only defies and mocks at the reproof of her conscience. Olivia suggests that her passion is too strong to be controlled by her reason or conscience. *Haviour*—behaviour (*i.e.* an equally intense passion). *Goes...grief*—the Duke also grieves and suffers like you.

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My picture—*i.e.* containing my picture. *No tongue...you*—the gift, being an inanimate object, will not annoy you, Olivia presses her gift on the youth. *What shall you ask...give*—I will deny nothing, I will give you everything that may ask of me, excepting my honour. Olivia means that she will give everything, it her honour is not thereby compromised. *Your true...master*—all that I ask you is to give your love to my master. *With my honour*—*i.e.* without compromising, or losing my honour. *That...you*—the love that I have already given you. *Acquit you*—I will free you from my love. I will not insist upon your loving me. *A fiend like*

thee...hell—if a devil is as fair as you are, I shall be prepared to go down to hell with you. This is Olivia's open confession of her uncontrollable love for Viola.

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That defence...hast—whatever power of defending yourself you have. *Betake...it*—be prepared to use it fully. *Him*—Sir Andrew. *Intercepter*—enemy ; one who is about to attack you. *Despite*—malice. *Bloody*—cruel. *Attends thee*—is waiting for you to attack. *Lismount thy tuck*—draw out your sword. A sword is mounted with the sheath or scabbard. *Yare*—quick ; nimble. *Remembrance*—memory. *Image*—picture ; sign.

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Find it otherwise—you will find that you are wrong in your belief of innocence. *Hold...price*—value your safety. *Opposite* opponent. *Wrath*—anger. *Furnish*—incite. *Withal*—with. *Dubbed*—knights were dubbed with a ceremony in which he is lightly tapped with a sword while kneeling before his lord. *Unhatched*—fresh ; never used in a battle. Sir Toby is making ironical references to Sir Andrew's essential cowardice. *Carpet consideration*—*i.e.* while kneeling (not on a battle-field) but on a carpet in a drawing-Room and therefore a knight only in theory, and by ceremony. Another hit at Sir Andrew's unmilitary disposition. such people (as Dr. Johnson points out) were called *carpet knights*. *Devil*—a desperate fellow. *Private brawl*—in a personal quarrel. *Souls...three*—he has killed three persons. He has separated the body from the soul. *Incensement*—anger. *Implacable*—unappeasable ; irresistible. *Satisfaction*—pacification of his anger. *Sepulchre*—grave. *Hob, nob*—hit or miss ; devil may care fellow.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*He is knight, dubbed witht unhatched rapier...take it*—Sir Toby is here addressing Viola (in male dress) and telling her how ferocious is the opponent whom she has to meet and fight with. He is here carrying out his plan of arranging a mock-duel between Sir Andrew and Viola both of them unfit for facing the scene of a duel. He draws before Viola a picture of Sir Andrew, as the most formidable knight-at-arms. He ironically describes how Sir Andrew was made a knight. Usually knights were

made on the battle-field in recognition of some notable deed of heroism. But Sir Toby says that Sir Andrew was made a knight in a hall or a drawing-room on carpets, and as such he is only a carpet-knight, that is, a knight who is not a real, brave knight, but one who is so in theory and by ceremony. He has been dubbed by a weapon which was never used in any battle. But all the same, Sir Andrew is a terrible fellow when there is a personal quarrel. He is then irresistible. He has already killed three rivals in such duels. And his anger is so deep that he would never be satisfied unless he kills his rival and sees him buried in his grave. In short, Sir Andrew is a rash fellow who defies all opposition, and cares not what the consequences of quarrelling might be.

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Desire...lady—ask Olivia to provide me with a guard for my safety. *To taste...valour*—*i. e.* in order to test and exercise their own courage. *Belike*—very likely. *Quirk*—type; humour; disposition (for quarrelling motivelessly). *Derives...of*—springs from; is caused by. *Competent injury*—a genuine offence. *Give...desire*—give him satisfaction *That with me...him*—unless you first fight with me with the same risk as in fighting that fellow. *On*—come on. *Strip...naked*—draw out your sword fully. *Meddle*—fight ;*i. e.* you cannot remain silent. *Forswear*—swear not to. *Wear iron*—carry weapons. You must disarm if you don't fight and own defeat. *Uncivil*—rude. *Do...office*—i. e. oblige me. *Know of*—know from. *Something...negligence*—due to my negligence ;carelessness. *Nothing...purpose*—never done purposefully. *Incensed*—enraged. *Mortal arbitrement*—mortal combat.

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To read him—judge him. *Form*—appearance. This is to ensure that Viola will not judge by appearances, (for Sir Andrew impressed one as a coward), so that even if she sees that he is a coward, she will be mortally afraid of him. *As you...valour*—you will find out his real valour in an actual duel. *Fatal opposite*—deadly enemy. *Make you...* [illegible]—I will try to pacify him towards you. *Bound*—[illegible] *priest*—with a peaceful person. *Sir Knight*—[illegible] soldier. *Mettle*—courage. *I care...mettle*—[illegible] people call me a coward,

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Firago—violent person. *A pass*—a test in the use of weapons. *Scabbard and all*—sword with the scabbard on, since it was a test or experiment. *Stuck in*—blow; thrust. *Inevitable*—irresistible. *On the answer*—at the time of returning the thrust. *Pays you*—hits you. *Fencer*—instructor in fencing and sword-play. *Sophy*—Shah of Persia. *Pox on it*—curse on it. *Meddle*—i. e. fight. *Hold*—control ; hold him back from attacking you.

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An—if. *Cunning*—expert. *Let...slip*—forget it all. *Capilet*—name of his pet horse. *Make the motion*—carry your proposal. *Perdition*—destruction. This is said as an aside, It is all going to be a bloodless, mock-fight. *Ride...you*—I will ride your horse as much as I shall make a fool of (ride) you. *Take up*—settle.

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Conceited of—afraid of. *Pants*—groans and has become breathless. *Oathi's sake*—for the sake of keeping up his oath. *Better bethought...quarrel*—i. e. he has thought better than to fight with you; he has made up his mind not to fight, on second thoughts, as it were. *Scarce...of*—not worth fighting; i. e. dropped the idea of fighting, as of little importance. *Supportance of*—just to help him to keep his oath. *Vow*—oath (to fight with you). *Protests*—declares strongly. *A little...man*—I feel like revealing my identity at the slightests excuse. Any trifling thing may force me to declare that I am not a man, but a woman. *Give ground*—yield; hold back (if he seems to be coming to attack you).

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No remedy—no way out except fighting. *Honour's sake*—to maintain his vow and honour. Sir Toby is evidently jesting at the custom of duelling which was adopted by those who felt their honour to be at stake if they did not fight. *One bout*—one round only. *By the duello*—by the rules of duelling. *As he...soldier*—on the words of a gentleman. *Young gentleman*—pointing to Viola, and mistaking her to be Sebastian, her brother, whose safety Antonio is

bound to keep. *I take...me*—I will be responsible for his fault; i. e. I will fight on his behalf.

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Heard him brag—heard him boast before you. *He will*—that he will defend. *Undertaker*—one who undertakes to fight for another. *I am...you*—I will fight you. *With you anon*—I will presently attend you. *As good...word*—I will keep my promise (of giving away my horse). *He*—his horse. *Reins well*—i. e. a well-trained or broken horse, who obeys the rein.

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Do thy office—do your duty of arresting him. *No jot*—not a bit. I recognise you quite well. *Favour*—face; appearance. *No sea-cap*—i. e. not dressed as a sailor. *This comes*—this (my arrests) is the result of. *Seeking you*—following you. Antonio is addressing Viola as Sebastian. *Answer it*—to face this charge of the Duke. *Necessity*—my need (of money). *Befalls myself*—my present arrest. Antonio means that he is not sorry for his arrest so much as for Viola, who will be now left alone. *Stand amazed*—you seem to be surprised. Viola is really confused at Antonio's words and at his demand for his purse.

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Entreat some—to give me some of my money. *For the fair...here*—Viola thinks that Antonio is asking money for his defence of herself. *Part*—partly, *Prompted...trouble*—moved by your present arrest and distress. *Out of...ability*—out of my poor resources. *Having*—possession; wealth. *Make division of*—prepared to share with you what little money I have. *Coffer*—treasury; money. *Deny me now*—do you deny that I gave you my purse? *Desserts*—good deeds (in helping you). *Lack persuasion*—are not enough to inspire you to help me now. *Do not...misery*—provoke me in my distress. *Unsound*—so upset or unreasonable. *Upbraid*—reproach.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*Is it possible that my desserts to you can lack...done for you*—Antonio has come upon the scene where Viola was tricked into fighting a duel with Sir Andrew. He mistakes Viola for Sebastian. When, however, the Duke's officers come and arrest Antonio, he asks for the purse which he had given to Sebastian in the previous scene. Viola of course does not know of this purse. Antonio then

tells Viola that it is a pity that she denies him help. He asks her not to force him to charge her with ingratitude for the kindness he had shown to her. All this complication comes on account of Antonio's mistake in regard to Violia's identity. He takes her to be her brother, whom he was bound to protect.

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Know of none—do not know what help you have done me. *Vainness*—vanity. *Babbling*—irresponsible talking. *Drunkenness*—words of a drunkard. *Any taint of vice*—any other vice which taints or corrupts. *Inhabits...blood*—which affects our weak human nature. Viola strongly protests that she is not ungrateful, since she hates ingratitude more than any other vice. *I snatched...death*—I saved him from what was certain death. *Relieved*—helped; comforted. *Sanctity of love*—with all the holiness and sacredness of love and friendship. *Image*—i. e. taking him to be my god, as it were; I was deeply moved by his face (image). *Did...worth*—his face showed that he was a worthy man. *Did I devotion*—i. e. I worshipped him. *What's* that to us—we have nothing to do with all this.

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How vile...god—what a false god have I been worshipping. *Done...shame*—done a great injustice to your good appearance. *No blemish...mind*—i. e. no defect so serious as the defection of one's mind. *Nod...unkind*—the most ugly thing in life is to be unkind, uncharitable and ungrateful *Virtue is beauty*—beauty is a moral virtue (not physical). *Beauteous evil*—i. e. those who are physically beautiful and morally evil. *Empty trunks*—are like empty boxes, with no solid treasure inside. *Overflourished*—decorated outwardly in a lavish style. *Devil*—it is the work of the Devil to make a person outwardly fair and inwardly evil.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*In nature there is no blemish but the mind...by the devil*—Antonio is addressing Viola, mistaking her for her brother, Sebastian. When the Duke's officers arrest Antonio, he wants the money he had given to Sebastian. When Viola, ignorant of this, denies, Antonio is shocked

by the apparent ingratitude and falseness of Sebastians. He then indulges in a passionate protest against unkindness and ingratitude. He says he was impressed by the beauty of Sebastian's looks. Now he thinks that one may be morally evil while physically beautiful. He regrets having worshipped such a false god as Sebastian. Men who are outwardly fair and inwardly evil are like empty trunks decorated in a colourful style on the outside but empty of contents. Beauty then, is a moral virtue, not a physical one. The greatest ugliness is ingratitude.

Grows mad—the officers think that Antonio is getting mad, for they cannot understand the shock he has received from what he believes to be Sebastian's ingratitude. *His words... fly*—he speaks with such intense passion. *So do not I*—Viola has no certainty about Antonio's claim to have saved her from drowning. *Prove true...you*—may it be true that my brother (for whom I am mistaken) is alive Antonio has imagined Viola to be Sebastian. This gives Viola hope that, after all, her brother might be living.

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Whisper...couplet—recite some songs, Sir Toby is all for singing and merry-making. *Full...saws*—songs containing moral sayings. *In my glass*—i.e. when I look into a mirror, I find my brother, since I am like him, particularly when I am in male dress. *In favour*—in face and looks. *Still*—always. *Imitate*—put on. That is, I am imitating my brother in dress and looks. *If it prove*—if it is true that my brother is alive. *Tempests are kind*—the tempest which was the cause of our shipwreck is full of kindness. *Salt waves*—sea *Fresh in love*—full of benevolence. Viola means that if her brother is alive. the tempests and sea are not at all cruel.

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Paltry—mean ; worthless. Viola's confusion, and Antonio's reproach, make Sir Toby imagine that Viola is a false and ungrateful person. *Hare*—the hare is supposed to be the most timid and fearful creature. *Cowardship*—Sir Toby word for cowardice.

Devout—i.e. sincere, said ironically. *Religious*—most devout and pious coward. *S'lid*—by God. (By the lids (eyes)

of God). *Cuff*—beat. *Dare lay......yet*—I will swear and wager that no harm will come out of all this seeming threat of fighting.

Act IV. Scene 1.

Synopsis.—The Clown meets Sebastian, and mistakes him for Cesario (Viola). Sebastian thinks that he is jesting and bids him be silent by giving him some money. Then Sir Andrew comes, and making the same mistake, challenges Sebastian, but finds that his rival is not the coward he imagined him to be, when Sebastian, gives blow for blow, Sir Toby comes, and mistaking Sebastian's identity, holds him. Sebastian begins to think that he has entered a world of mad people. While they are thus confounded, Olivia comes on the scene, commits the same mistake, and requests Sebastian to enter her house, after dismissing Sir Toby. Sebastian, though quite surprised, accepts Olivia's offer and goes with her.

Criticism.—This scene shows the complications of mistaken identity reaching a climax. For no less than five persons commit the same mistake of taking Sebastian to be Cesario. The Clown, Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, Fabian and Olivia, all mistake Sebastian for Viola. This is a hint that Sebastian is going to be the cause of solving the complication, because he is sure to come in contact with Viola who is going to visit Olivia. In this way, this scene is a preparation for the coming solution of the complications arising out of mistaken identity. That is why Sebastian is suddenly given an importance which he so far did not possess.

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I am not...you—the Clown has mistaken Sebastian for Cesario (Viola) and is telling him that Olivia has sent him to fetch him to her. *Go to*—get away. *Held out*—maintained; pretended. The Clown means that Sebastian is pretending not to be Cesario. *I do not...you*—he is ironically saying that he does not know Sebastian to be Cesario. *This is...either*—i.e. you are Cesario, as surely as this is my nose. *Vent thy folly*—utter your nonsense.

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Of some great man—from some great man. *Lubber*—a rude, clumsy fellow. *Cockney*—one who pretends; one who affects.

he clown means that it seems to him that the whole world getting to be as pretentious as Sebastian. *Ungird... rangeness*—give up your pretences. *Vent*—tell. *Greek*—term for a merry companion in Shakespeare's day. Its odern equivalent may well be that he is one who talks reek and Latin (something not understandable). *Tarry*—ait. *Worse payment*—that is, some unpleasant sign (a low) of his resentment. *By my troth*—verily; truely. *pen*—i. e. generous. He refers to the present offered by ebastian. *After fourteen years*—at an excessive cost. he reference is to the price of land in Shakespeare's day, was equal to 12 years, purchase, i. e. rent. Hence 14 ears' purchase implies extravagance. The clown means hat Sebastian is paying highly for silencing the clown, or or getting a good reputation for generosity. Or, as Dover Vilson suggests, the clown hints that the gift should be foureen times more in order to be effective.

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Have I...again—Sir Andrew too mistakes Sebastian for Cesario. We remember how he proposed to challenge Cesario once more after the previous mock-duel. Here he thinks he has an opportunity for doing it. *There's for you*—Sir Andrew strikes Sebastian. *There...there*—Sebastian returns more blows than he got. *Are...mad*—Sebastian may well think that these fellows have all gone mad in mistaking him for some one else. *Over the house*—i. e. snatch it and throw it away. Sir Toby is trying to defend Sir Andrew. *Straight*—immediately. *Insome...coats*—i. e. in your position The clown means that Olivia will be angry when she knows that her lover (Cesario) has been assaulted. So he does not wish to associate himself with (get into the shoes of, as we may say) Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. *For two pence*—i. e. the money Sebastian has given him. *Hold*—stop. *Action of battery*—being an action in law for assaulting me. *though ...matter*—Sir Andrew's stupidity is owned by himself.

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Iron—i.e. weapon. *Well fleshed*—you have had enough 'blood' and 'flesh' of Sir Andrew by now. *Malapert*—impudent.

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Will it...thus—will you never abandon your misbehaviour Olivia is blaming Sir Toby for misbehaving with Sebastian

whom she also mistakes for Cesario. *Fit for...caves*—i. e. not civilised people, but savages fit to reside in forests and mountains. Sir Toby's ways are barbarian and rude. *Manners...preached*—where people are not taught the common decencies and good manners of civilised life. *Rudesby*—rude, unmannerly fellow. *Not thy passion*—i. e. your anger and annoyance at the behaviour of these rude fellows. *Sway*—influence *Extent*—violence; misbehaviour. *Against...peace*—for disturbing you.

Expl.—*Let thy fair wisdom...thy peace*—Olivia requests Sebastian (mistaking him to be Cesario) to overlook the misconduct of Sir Toby She says that Sebastian should not let his anger and annoyance (passion) influence him in this rude shock he must have received at the hands of Sir Toby. He must use his reason and patience (wisdom) and overlook this provocation caused by Sir Toby. It is a plea for forgiveness and excuse for the misconduct of her people (Sir Toby) which has disturbed Sebastian.

Fruitless pranks—foolish acts of mischief. *This ruffian*—this wild fellow, Sir Toby. *Botched up*—contrived; brought about. *May'st smile at this*—i. e. you will be inclined to laugh at Sir Toby's stupid jokes (rather than be offended and angry at it). *Not choose but go*—i. e. you must come with me. *Beshrew his soul for me*—May he (Sir Toby) be crused; let mischief befall him. *Started*—shocked. *Poor heart*—i. e. my heart which is full of concern for you; was shocked by his misbehaviour.

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Relish—taste; sense. That is, what am I to say about this; how am I to taste this ? or make sense out of this complex situation. *Stream*—i. e. current of events. Where am I going to be led by this mad current of events and mistakes. *Fancy*—imagination. *Lethe*—river of forgetfulness (in Greek mythology); hence a symbol of forgetfulness. *Sheep*—be drowned; or sunk into.

Expl. w.th ref. to Cont.—*Let fancy my sense in Lethe steep... sleep*—This is Sebastian speaking to himself in the scene where everyone mistakes him for his sister, Viola, disguised as Cesario. He is confounded and wonders whether he has entered a world of madness or dreams. This is particularly so when Olivia requests him to go with her to her house. However, if all this is a dream, he still feels that it is a pleasant dream

ecause Olivia is evidently a charming lady who has so uddenly begun to show deep concern for him. So he says hat he likes to get completely lost in a world of such lreams, forgetting his past and allowing his senses to be lrowned, as it were, in the river of forgetfulness (Lethe). magination and fancy and dream seem to him to offer a nore pleasing world than the world of senses and reason. *Ruled by me*—be guided by me. *Say so, be so*—Olivia is happily surprised by this willingness on Sebastian's part to follow her wishes.

SCENE II

Synopsis.—Maria prepares the Clown to play the part of a priest in fooling Malvolio, who is now put into a dark room. The Clown, disguised as Sir Topas, talks to Malvolio. Malvolio is told that he is mad, and that he is possessed by the Devil. This leads to much fooling, but the Clown, at Sir Toby's hint, suddenly begins to sing in his own voice, and Malvolio recognises him and requests him to bring pen and paper and candle. After much absurd indulgence in talking in different voices, the Clown agrees to supply Malvolio's demands, and Malvolio promises to reward him as soon as he is released.

Criticism.—This is a very important scene because the sub-plot reaches its climax in the fooling of Mavolio. The disguise motive is repeated in the Clown's disguise as a priest. The comic interest becomes almost pathetic and tragic in the complete humiliation of Malvolio. Even Sir Toby feels that the joke has been carried too far, and every-one is anxious to get rid of this complication. Malvolio in his scene becomes an object of pity more than of laughter, for he retains his dignity throughout his fooling.

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Curate—i.e. the priest. *The whilst*—in the meanwhile.

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Dissemble—disguise. *I would...gown*—this is a sarcastic comment upon the corruption and fraud of the priestly class, who are here described as puttig on the disguise of holy persons in order to deceive the public in their dealings. *To become...well*—to suit the part of a priest. *Student*—scholars

are popularly regarded as thin and lean. *To be said...scholar*—this is one of the meaningless profundities uttered by the Clown. If it means anything, it means this: "To be thought of as an honest house-keeper is as good as being called a great scholar who is full of cares and worries." *Competitors*—i.e. conspirator; here mischief-makers.

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Bonos dies—i.e. good-day (to you). *The Old Hermit of Prague*—a purely fictitious authority, in line with several such absurd names invented by the Clown in this play. *Never......ink*—i.e. was illiterate. *Niece......Gorboduc*—another fictitious name like the above Hermit. *That that etc.*—an absurdly logical statement, meaning, that which is, is! *To him*—i.e. go to him, Malvolio. *What ho!*—the Clown speaks in the voice of Sir Topas. He is addressing Malvolio who is in the dark room. The point to be noted is that Malvolio does not see the Clown, he only hears his words. This permits the Clown to alternate between himself and Sir Topas, which is the basis of fun in this scene. *The knave*—i.e. the fool, the Clown. *Counterfeits*—pretends; mimics; Sir Toby is complimenting the Clown on his ability to fully disguise himself.

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Hyperbolical—extravagant. This is addressed to the Devil who is supposed to possess Malvolio. *Vexest*—troublest. *This man*—i.e. Malvolio. *Nothing but of ladies*—Malvolio's infatuation for Olivia is thus regarded as a sign of demonic possession, though Malvolio is now sober enough, and refers to Olivia not as his beloved but as his mistress from whom he expects redress. *Dishonest Satan*—hypocritical Devil. *Modest terms*—I am using mild language in thus addressing you.

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Bay windows—big windows. *Barricadoes*—barricades, which are certainly obstructions, not transparent. But the Clown is purposefully talking nonsense. *Clearstories*—i. e. upper windows. *Lustrous*—bright. *Ebony*—this is patently nonsense, for ebony is the symbol for all black things. *Obstruction*—i.e. obstruction for light as well as freedom.

Egyptians......fog—a reference to the mirth plague sent against Egypt, according to the Bible.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*There is no darknese but ignorance......in their fog*—This is the Clown speaking as Sir Topas. He is telling Malvolio that nothing is dark in this world except ignorance. This is the Clown's absurdly humorous reply to Malvolio's complaint that the room in which he is imprisoned is dark as hell. The Clown says that it is Malvolio's dense mind, his ignorance which makes him see no light. Malvolio is told that his brains are confused by ignorance, just as the Egyptians were confounded by the plague of dense fog sent against them (according to the Bible).

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Abused—ill treated. *Constant question*—logical questisn.—*Pythagoras*—the famous Greek philosopher who taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. *Wild fow l*—this is utter nonsense, for Pythagoras never made a logical list of all animals in his theory. *Haply*—by chance; perhaps. *No way......opinion*—I do not approve his theory.

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Ere I will......wits—before I approve you to be sane. The Clown means that Malvolio can be regarded as sane only if he believes in Pythagoras. *Lest thou......grandam*—for fear that I might be depriving your grandmother of her dwelling place in that bird (the wood-cock.) *I am......waters*—i. e. prepared to play any part assigned to me.

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In thine......voice—speak to him in your own voice. *Well ......knavery*—free from this joke. Even Sir Toby thinks that Malvolio has been more abused than they wanted. *So far.. ...niece*—I have so deeply offended Olivia. *Safety*—i. e. without deeply offending Olivia. *Upshot*—to the end. *Perdy*—by God.

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As ever thou......hand—if you wish to be rewarded well by me. *Fell you......wits*—how is it that you have lost your five senses?

Page 175

Notoriously—shamelessly. *Propertied me*—i.e. used me as if I were a lifeless tool or stage property. *Ministers*—priests. *Face...wits*—to threaten me into believing that I am mad. *Thy wits...restore*—may the Gods make you sane. The Clown here talks in the voice of the priest. *Bibble-babble*—idle talk.

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Maintain...fellow—do not speak with Malvolio. The Clown is addressing himself in the voice of the Priest ! *Who ......sir*—assumes his own voice. *Shent*—blamed ; rebuked. *Advantage thee*—benefit you. *The bearing of letters*—i.e. my letter will reward you more than any other letter you have so far been entrusted to carry.

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But counterfeit—only pretend to be mad. *Requite*—reward. *Trice*—a short time. *Old vice*—*i.e.*—like the character of Vice in the old plays. *With a dagger of lath*—arming himself with a dagger made of plaster. *Pare thy nails* trim your long talons or nails. The Vice of the old Morality plays belaboured the Devil with his plaster dagger and tried to pare his nails. The Devil wore long talons. *Goodman-devil*—the Devil was addressed thus in the old plays. The Fool in Shakespeare is a descendant, as it were, of the Vice of the Moralities.

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Scene III

Synopsis.—Sebastian is shown as wondering at the strange situation in which he has come to be placed by the mistake of identity. He does not know this and therefore wonders. He cannot believe that either he or Olivia is mad, since he finds her managing her household with sense and prudence. To make matters still more wonderful, Olivia enters with a Priest and requests him to get betrothed to herself. Sebastian agrees.

Criticism. This scene helps to solve the complications of the plot by showing Sebastian as the lover of Olivia. In this situation he is bound to meet his sister disguised as Cesario who comes to Olivia. The meeting of brother

and sister in this way will be the means of solving the complications. This scene is a step towards it.

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This is the air—Sebastian is shown here as wondering as to what has happened to him. He is thinking loudly to prove himself to be sane. Not knowing Olivia's mistake, Sebastian is led to doubt his own sanity in being thus suddenly made a lover of Olivia. So he is saying here that his senses are all right. The air he breathes, the light he sees etc. are evidences of his being in full possession of his senses and reason. *Pearl*—the ring Olivia gave him. *Enwraps*—covers. *Credit* *i.e.* belief; sound information which is credible. *Range...out*—went into the streets to find him out.

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Counsel—advice. *Golden service*—excellent guidance and help. *Though my soul...sense*—though I doubt and could argue against the evidence of my senses. *Flood of fortune*—sudden luck. *Exceeds all instance*—is against all reason and experience. *Wrangle with*—challenge my reason. *Trust*—belief.

Expl. with ref. to Cont.—*For though my soul disputes...the lady is mad*—This is Sebastian arguing with himself after he has met with Olivia. He says that though his senses seem to be right, his soul cannot depend upon their report. That is to say, he feels that there must be some mistake somewhere which is responsible for his present confusion, although he is not prepared to admit that he is mad or that Olivia is mad. But still, the good luck that has come to him is so sudden and so unprecedented that he is forced to distrust his eyes. By observing Olivia's conduct he is sure that she cannot be mad, but yet he is inclined to dispute with his reason which tells him that neither he nor she is mad. In a word, Sebastian is confounded by the mistake of Olivia who took him to be Cesario, and his confusion is caused by his ignorance of this mistake.

It is were so—*i.e.* if Olivia were mad. *Sway*—rule; manage. *Take and...dispatch*—attend to her business. *Discreet*—sensible *Stable bearing*—confident and blanced manner.

(2) My foes tell me plainly I am *not* wise.

(3) "The worse for my friends" (This is the negation of the normal "The better for my friends").

(4) "The better for my foes" (This is the negation of the normal "The worse for my foes.").

This is excellent—i.e. your wit is fine. *Thou shall not be...... me*—the Duke flatters the clown by making him a friend. And giving money, he approves the logic of the clown who declared that he was the 'better of his enemies', and adds that he is not his enemy, and that yet he has bettered the clown's fortune by presenting money.

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Double-dealing—deceiving. But the clown says that the Duke should "double" the gift. *Make it another*—i.e. add another coin. *Ill*—wrong. *Counsel*—advice. That is, by asking him to be 'double-dealing'. *Put your grave.........pocket*—you may forget your virtue (grace) for the time being. *Flesh and blood*—i.e. instinctive, natural bent of mind, as opposed to cultivated virtue. *So much*—so far. *Tertio*—three. The clown begs for more, as the Duke has already give two coins. *Primo*—(the first) and *secundo* (the second). *Good play*—i.e. is a good sport or game.

The third.........all—i.e. the third throwing of the dice makes up for all former losses. *Triplex*—the triple time in music. *Tripping measure*—good song or tune for dancing. *Bells of Saint Bennet*—a phrase taken from a song, or a dancing tune. *Put you in mind*—remind you (of the time, one, two, three etc.). Note here that the point of the Clown is his emphasis on *Three*. Everything when it is thrice done is good, is the logic of the clown. Three throws of the dice, three times of a dance, and therefore, three coins (to be given by the Duke).

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Fool...me—get no more money from me. *At this throw*—i.e. this throw of the dice; by asking me for the third time. *It may...bounty*—I may be generous enough to give you more if you take my message to your lady. *Lullaby again*—let your generosity sleep (lullaby) till I return. *Covetousness*—greed. *Take a nap*—sleep for a time. *Anon*—presently.

Besmeared—blackened (in the fight). *Vulcan*—the smith of the gods in Greek mythology.

Page 186

Bawbling vessel—an insignificant, small ship. *Draught*—depth. *Bulk*—size. *Unprizable*—insignificant. *Scathful grapple*—destructive battle. *Noble bottom*—best ship. *Tongue of loss*—i. e. those who were defeated. *Cried fame*—i. e. praised his heroism. *Phoenix*—name of a ship. *Fraught*—i. e. cargo; freight. *Board*—come upon; enter. *Desperate of*—reckless of. *Brabble*—quarrel. *Apprehend*—arrest.

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. *Drew on my side*—i.e. defended me in a quarrel. *Put strange ...me*—spoke to me as a stranger; confounded me by talking in a strange manner. She refers to his mistaking her for Sebastian. *Distraction*—madness. *Salt water thief*—pirate; sea-robber. *Brought..mercies*—exposed you to the danger of being arrested. *In terms...dear*—under conditions which caused bloodshed and cost them so dearly. *Shake off*—repudiate. *These names*—i. e. priate etc. *On base and ground enough*—sufficient grounds.

Page 188

Witchcraft—magic. *Drew me*—brought me. *Ingrateful*—ungrateful. *Boy*—i. e. Viola in male dress. *Foamy mouth*—the foaming waves. *Redeem*—save. *Without retention*—without any reservation. *In dedication* devoted to his service. *Adverse*—hostile. *Beset*—surrounded and attacked. *Apprehended*—recognised and arrested. *Not meaning danger*—unwilling to help me in danger (forgetting that I had helped him in his danger) *Face me out...acquaintance*—behaved as if he did not know me. *Grew a twenty..thing*—became a total stranger. *While...wink*—in a short time,

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No interim—i. e. continuously. *Not......vacancy*—not even for a moment. *Heaven walks on earth*—the Duke addresses Olivia in highly poetical language, saying that her presence is divine. *Madness*—i. e. unintelligible. *Tended upon me*—has been serving me. *Cesario......me*—i. e. you are not true to

your promise of marrying me. She is mistaking Viola for Sebastian.

Page 190

Hushes me—bids me be silent. *Aught to......tune*—i. e. if you are renewing your courting of me as you have done in the past. *Fat and fulsome* highly distasteful. *Howling*—wild shouting. *Perverseness*—being stubborn and irrational. *Ingrate*—ungrateful. *Breathed out*—offered.

Expl.—*To whose ingrate......tendered*—you, rude woman, to whom my soul has offered the most faithful worship that devotion ever prompted. *Become him*—be worthy of his character.

Page 191

Egyptian thief—referring to one Thyamis, an Egyptian robber. He carried off Chariclea in order to marry her. He was attacked bv another gang of robbers, and tried to kill her in order to prevent her from falling into the hands of the robbers. But as it was dark, he killed another woman, by mistake *Savage jealousy*—brutal fit of jealousy. *Savours nobly*—leaves a noble impression. The Duke means that to kill one's object of love under some conditions is a noble deed, as when it would lead to the saving of the honour of the object. *You to non-regardance......faith*—as you have wilfully neglected my love. *Instrument*—the means of such neglect ! i. e. he is referring to Cesario whom he now knows to be the object of Olivia's love. *Screws me....place*—separated me from your favour. *Live you .. still*—may you live for ever the hard-hearted woman that you are. *Minion*—darling (a term of contempt). *Tender*—love. *Sits crowned... ...spite*—where he sits like a king in order to vex me, his own master. *Ripe in mischief*—ready to do an evil deed. *Lamb*—i. e. Cesario whom the Duke regards as innocent. *To spite*—to punish. *Raven's heart*—i. e. Olivia's heart which is as cruel as that of a raven. *Within a dove*—i. e enclosed within the body of a dove. The Duke means that Olivia, though outwardly a soft woman, has the heart of a hardened woman. She is a raven in a dove's skin.

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Found apt—most glad and willing. *To do. rest*—in order to give you peace of mind. *After him*—i. e. following him (whom

I love). *If I ..feign*—if I am not sincere in what I say. *Witnesses above*—i. e. gods. *Tainting*—corrupting ; dishonouring. *Is it......long*—i. e. she is reminding her of the promise of marriage which was given (by Sebastian) only a short time before this). *Holy father*—i. e. the priest who was present when Sebastian was betrothed to Olivia.

Page 193

Baseness of thy fear—your cowardice. *Makes thee...propriety*—which causes you to hide or suppress your identity or individuality. *Take...up*—make use of your good luck. *As great as ....fearest*—as noble as the Duke, of whom you are so much afraid.

Page 194

Unfold—reveal. *In darkness*—in secret. *Before it is ripe*—before the proper time. *Occasion*—i. e. necessity ; circumstances. *Joinder*—union ; joining. *Attetesd*—confirmed. *Holy close of lips*—sacred kiss of love. *Interchangement*—exchange. *Compact*—contract of betrothal. *Function*—official duty as a priest. *Tawards my grave...hours*—i. e. it was only two hours ago that this betrothal was made. Note the language of the priest who uses the metaphor of the journey to the grave, suggesting that he is constantly aware of death.

Page 195

Dissembling cub—deceitful villain. *Sowed a grizzle...case*—brought on grey hairs to your skin ; i. e. when you grow old. *Craft*—deceit. *Thine own trip......overthrow*—i. e. your deceit or villainy will ruin before you are old. *Hold little faith*—have a little faith (said ironically).

Page 196

He—i. e. Cesario mistaken for Sebastian. *Bloody coxcomb*—a wounded head. *Took*—i. e. mistook. *Incardinate*—Sir Andrew's word for incarnate. *Od's lifelings*—a term of oath (By god's little lives). *That that*—that which. *Bespake...fair*—spoke and treated you kindly

Page 197

Set nothing by—you consider it as a trifle. *Halting*—limping. *Tickled you othergates*—treated you otherwise. *Sot*—fool.

Agone—before. *Set*—i. e, closed. *Passy...pavin*—name of a stately dance.

Page 198

Havoc—injury. *Dressed*—i. e. the dressing of the wounds. *Gull*—simpleton. *With wit and safety*—to defend myself. *Throw a.........me*—you are regarding me as a stranger. *It*—i. e. my attack on your kinsman.

Page 199

Habit—i. e. dress. *Perspective*—optical illusion. *That is, and is not*—i. e. which causes confusion. *Racked............me*—tormented or worried me. *Division of yourself*—i. e. have you divided your personality ? This is asked to account for the similarity between Cesario and Sebastian who look like two parts of one and the same person. *Cleft*—cut. *Twin*—i. e. alike.

Page 200

Do I............there—i. e. is it I who is standing over there, (pointing to Cesario). *Deity*—the power or omnipresence of a god. *Of here......everywhere*—i. e. of being in several places at one and the same time. *Waves and surges*—the cruel sea. *Of charity*—in the name of truth and kindness. *Kin*—relation. *Suited*—in such a dress. *Watery tomb*—i. e. was drowned in the sea. *Fright*—i. e. confound and frighten us, as if you were the ghost of my drowned brother.

Page 201

Demension—body. *Grossly clad*—coarsely dressed. *From the ......participated*—which(my body) I inherited from my birth. *As the......even*—fits with the circumstances. *Mole*—a black mark (for identification). *Had...years* i. e. when she was 13 years old. *Record*—event (of my father's death). *Lively*—fresh. *Soul*—memory *He......act*—he died.

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Lets—i. e. prevents. *Masculine......attire*—this dress of a male which I have put on for disguise. *Do cohere.........jump*—agree and fit exactly (to prove that I am Viola). *Weeds*—garments. *Mistook*—mistaken. *Bias*—tendency. *But nature...*

......*that*—natures seems to have followed her own tendency in that. *Contracted*—*i.e.* married.

Page 203

Right noble—quite noble. *Glass*—image in a glass. *Wreck*—*i.e.* shipwreck (which has brought about these happy things). *Overswear*—swear once again. *Obed continent*—the sun. *Levers*—separates. *In durance*—in prison.

Page 204

Enlarge—liberate; free. *Distract*—mad. *Extracting frenzy*—absorbing ecstasy, (*i.e.* her own love affairs). *Banished his*—made me forget him and his madness *Belzebub*—the devil. *At the.........do*—*i.e.* he is trying his best to get rid of the devil who is overpowering him. Malvolio was regarded as being possessed by the devil. *Gospels*—sacred writings *Skills not much*—it does not matter much.

Page 205

Edified—instructed. *Delivers*—*i.e.* reads the letter of. *Read madness*—*i.e.* read the letter witten by a mad fellow. *Vox*—*i.e.* the tone and voice of a mad man which I will adopt in reading this letter. *In thy.........wits*—in the voice of a sane man. *His right wits*—the exact words and sense of a mad man. *Perpend*—listen.

Page 206

Darkness—*i.e.* a dark room. *Rule.........me*—to rule over me. *Have.........senses*—I am sane. *Semblance*—behaviour. *Leave.........of*—I am forgetting my duty to you in thus speaking plainly. *Savour not......distraction*—this does not seem to be the work or language of a mad man.

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Delivered—set free. *As a sister*—*i.e.* as a sister-in-law. *Alliance on't*—marriage. *Embrace*—accept. *Quits*—liberates; frees you from service. *Mettle*—nature; disposition. *Breeding*—bringing up.

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You are she—*i.e.* I shall now regard you as a sister. *Notorious*—unforgivable; extreme. *Peruse*—read.

Page 209

Hand—*i e.* hand-writing. *Invention*—composition. *In the ....honour* - in the name of honour and modesty. *Lights of favour*—marks or evidence of your favour or love. *Lighter*—lower class. *Suffered*—allowed; subjected. *Geck and gull*—dupe and fool. *Invention*—plot. *Played on*—deceived.

Page 210

Character—alphabets; letters. *Bethink*—recollect. *Presupposed*—suggested (to be followed by you). *Shrewdly...thee*—cleverly played upon you. *Plaintiff and judge*—*i.e.* you will be given complete power to punish your tormentors.

Page 211

Brawl—quarrel. *Taint*—spoil. *Wondered at*—enjoyed. *Upon*—on account of. *Uncourteous parts*—uncivil deeds. *Importance*—urgent request; importunity. *In...of*—in return for which. *Malice*—mischief. *Pluck on* - produce. *If that the ......passed*—if the errors on both sides are impartially judged.

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Fool—a term of endearment to Malvolio. *Baffled*—disgraced. *Interlude* - comic farce. *Whirligig of time*—the wheel of fortune.

Expl. with ref. to Cont. *And thus the whirligig of time...... revenges*—The Clown in *Twelfth Night* is here paying back Malvolio in his own coins. He tells Malvolio that the punishment given to him was deserved. He reminds him how he (Malvolio) had once insulted him (the Clown) for his shallow wit. He now says that fortune has now turned in his own favour, and that he who was always judging others is now jugdged by others. The disgrace which Malvolio suffered at the hands of his tormentors was one for which he himself was responsible.

Pack of you—lot or group of you.

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Pursue—go after him (in order te pacify him). *Convents*—comes about. *Combination*—union; wedding. *Other habits*—

i. e. when you change your disguise. *Fancy's Queen*—the queen of his love.

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The song of the Clown has no definite meaning or bearing on the play. But all the same, some meaning has been extracted out of it which is as follows:

The song refers to the reality of life, as distinguished from the romance of it. The events of the play are all steeped in the atmosphere of romance and sentiment. The Clown is the only person who remains a detached observer of the drama of these lovers.

Most critics declare that the song of the Clown is a convention with which plays were ended in Shakespeare's days. Songs were sung to gratify the groundlings of the day.

But we may, however, note that this song is appropriate here because *Twelfth Night* has many songs which give it a special note. Music is the note with which the play opens, and music is the note with which it ends. Thus an artistic unity is given to the play by this song, whatever meaning it may have, or not have any at all.

The song is usually regarded as a whimsical picture of life, divided into four stages, represented by the four stanzas, ending with a conventional offer to please the audience. The four stages are childhood, manhood, marriage, and old age. It is best to take it as an example of the practice of the Elizabethan theatre where the Clown sang a song with his tabor before the audience left.

With a hey, ho etc. This is the refrain, or burden of the song, occurring in each stanza, and meaning particularly nothing, *Toy*—a trifling thing. *A foolish......toy*—i. e. in childhood we do not regard our mistakes as serious. There is no sense of responsibility in boyhood. Life is play. *The rain it raineth every day*—probably referring to the sense of sorrow in life, which is universal. At any rate, the line is symbolic of the 'tears' of things, the note of sadness in life. *Came to man's estate*—when I reached manhood. *'Gainst knaves......gate* i.e. the world is careful against thieves and deceivers', when these are grown-up men, whatever the child or boy might do. No error done by manhood is forgiven. *When I......wive*—when

failing to pin down a particular interest, he, in effect says; "Here is a play intended ta please you. Take what you like and as you like, what you will." This accounts for the apparently meaningless titles of his comedies.

(See *Introduction* for details).

Q. 2—*Describe the types of lovers introduced in 'Twelfth Night". How does Olivia respond to them ?*

A.—Being one of the Romantic comedies of Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night* has for its principal theme love in various forms. Olivia has many suitors in this play, namely the Duke, Orsino, Sir Andrew Augecheek, Malvolio, Sabestian and Cesario, the disguised Viola. This multiplicity of lovers is the source of comedy and fun and happiness. Let us see what types of lovers are these, and how Olivia responds to their particular love.

The Duke's love is sentimental. It is poetic and imaginative. Therefore it is said to be fantastical. It is opposed to real, passion-full love. We see him therefore loving by proxy. He sends messages of love but never meets Olivia. Naturally, Olivia's response to him is rejection. How could any one love a shadow ? The Duke's love has no substance, no passion in it. It is a shadow, born of fancy and fleeting impulses.

The love of Sir Andrew is the type of stupidity. He is so stupid that it is impossible to imagine him as Olivia's lover. that is why he is never shown as meeting Olivia even once in the play. He is an idle, rich and stupid knight, who is exploited by Sir Toby who fleeces him. Naturally, Olivia has nothing to do with him.

Malvolio's love is born of vanity. He really loves himself rather than Olivia. Self-love and vanity mislead him into fancying himself fit enough to be Olivia's husband. Being conceited, he thinks that Olivia's good opinion of him as a steward is enough to make her love him as her lover ! And Maria's trick succeeds because of this attitude of self-importance in Malvolio. No wonder he believes in all that the letter says, and makes a fool of himself. Olivia's response to him is one of pity and anxiety that a good and efficient steward should go mad like this. It is to be noted that Olivia does not at all suspect that Malvolio has gone mad for

her love. She simply cannot imagine that, and therefore does not understand his words. The only explanation she could give is that he has gone mad.

Sebastian's love for Olivia is that of a practical man of common sense. It is the opposite of that of the Duke. Sebastian acts while the Duke indulges in fancy and sentiment about love. Sebastian does not care to analyse love; he takes it for granted. He loves like a man, and his love is intended to cure sentimental love of the Duke. Olivia is wholeheartedly in love with him. He is the only man whom she realy loves.

The love of Olivia for Cesario is shown to be another type of sentimental love. Cesario acts the part of a scornful lover. Olivia abases and debases herself before him. It is Olivia's punishment for her rejection of the Duke's love. If she rejects with disdain the love of the Duke, she in turn is rejected with disdain by Cesario. Such love is part of the pastoral convention in which lovers are shown as being scorned and rejected by their objects of love.

Such is the variety of love in *Twelfth Night*. It is preeminently a romantic comedy in which love in its various aspects is the principal theme.

Q. 3.—*Show what place is occupied by "Twelfth Night" in the list of Shakespeare's comedies.*

Ans.—*Twelfth Night* is said to be the last of Shakespeare's joyous comedies. He wrote tragedies after *Twelfth Night*, and there is an absence of merriment and care-free joy in the plays that came after this comedy. *Twelfth Night* embodies the spirit of joy, music and fun which are to be found in Shakespeare's romantic comedies beginning from *Love's Labour Lost.*

Twelfth Night is representative of Shakespeare's other comedies. It contains all the elements and devices which he used in writing his comedies. We find here the same devices and motifs which inform the rest of the comedies, such as *As You Like It* and *Love's Labour Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors.*

These devices are mainly two namely, disguise and mistaken identity which follows from it. Women dressed as men is the most popular and common d vice of Shakespeare's

romantic comedies. This is worked out in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, *The Merchant of Vernice* and *As You Like It*. The confusion arising out of disguise and mistaken identity provides fund and comic situations.

The other elements of Shakespeare's comedies are music, love-at-first-sight, mild satire and the enjoyable fool. These, too, are to be found in *Twelfth Night*. It has therefore been said that it is a masterpiece not of invention but of recapitulation. All the old, familiar tricks and devices of Shakespeare's comedies are here repeated and perfected.

Q. 4.—*Do you think that Malvolio is satirised as a Puritan in "Twelfth Night"? What have you to say about Shakespeare's attitude towards Puritanism?*

Ans.—It has been suggested that Shakespeare ridicules Puritanism in the character of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*. The gulling of Malvolio is taken to be the exposure of self-righteousness represented by Malvolio. The Puritans had made themselves unpopular by their impatience of popular forms of merriment and sports in Elizabethan days. They were particularly disliked because of their agitation against the theatres. Naturally the dramatists represented this, and Puritans were the subject of satire and ridicule in Elizabethan literature.

Shakespeare's England has been described as Merry England, and his comedies reflect this aspect of national life and taste. The spirit of fun and sport and song and dance is embodied in *Twelfth Night* more than in any other comedy of Shakespeare. It is the spirit of youth and gaiety which is reflected in characters like that of Sir Toby and Maria. It is these who poke fun and befool Malvolio who represents discipline, sobriety and self-righteousness. Sir Toby's remark to Malvolio is taken as the essence of popular dislike of Puritanism. 'Dost thou think", says Sir Toby to Malvolio, "because thou are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' This of course is the surest evidence of popular dislike, and we may further note how Maria speaks of Malvolio as a Puritan. He is shown as protesting against the excesses of drinking on the part of Sir Toby, and against bear-baiting which Fabian seems to have been fond of. All this is enough to make us feel that Puritanism is the object of satire and ridicule in *Twelfth Night*.

But we should also note who it is that protests against Malvolio and why. Sir Toby is a confirmed drunkard, and Sir Andrew a stupid knight, and Fabian and Maria are prejudiced as servants whom Malvolio subjected to discipline. Malvolio is described as behaving like a Puritan "sometimes." That is, it is not the good side of Puritanism that is satirised. It is the self-righteousness and vanity and hypocrisy of certain individuals like Malvolio which are made the object of satire. In other words, Shakespeare is not impatient of Puritanism as a sect, but he is surely impatient of certain excesses of that sect, such as their vanity, self-importance and impatience of innocent forms of mirth and merriment. It is interesting to note that Olivia has a good opinion of Malvolio. He is a good steward and who is bound to come in conflict with such disrepubtable figures as Sir Toby who were inclined to turn his mistress' house into a public tavern. Therefore we will say that Shakespeare does not protest against the sterling qualities of Puritans, but only against the excess of self-righteousness which is shown by Sir Toby to be the vice of Malvolio. Shakespeare's humanity is broad and liberal enough to include Puritans, but he nevertheless is critical towards excesses of righteousness, which becomes self-righteous.

Q. 5—*Show how Shakespeare brings together the sub plot and main plot of "Twelfth Night".*

Ans.—Shakespeare's stories were taken from various sources, and he rarely invented a plot. His genius was shown in combining several stories so as to present a rich pattern of life, consisting of various aspects and manners of the same. That is why his comedies are called romantic comedies, in which several stories are combined in a deft pattern of variety. High life and low life, aristocracy and democracy are brought together in his stories. The main plot is made up of the former, and the sub-plot is made up of the latter. In *Twelfth Night*, the main plot is made up of the Duke's love for Olivia, and the sub-plot is made up of such figures as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew and Maria.

Now Viola, disguised as the Duke's page, is the agent for bringing together the two plots. Because she is disguised as a servant, she is connected with both the high and low characters. Olivia, by falling in love with this servant, brings the

two plots together, This is done when Sir Andrew, a figure of the sub-plot, is made to challenge Viola as a lover of Olivia. This brings the characters of both plots into conflict. Antonio, by mistaking Viola for Sebastian, further helps to bring together the two plots. And finally, Olivia, by mistaking Sebastian for Viola, does the same thing. In this way, we see that Shakespeare employs the devices of disguise and mistaken identity for bringing together the two plots.

Finally, the jester, Feste is also a cementing factor in this union of the two polts. We see him moving in both the plots, for he is as much welcome in the company of Sir Toby and Maria as he is in that of the Duke and of Olivia.

Q. 6.—*Contrast the character of Olivia with that of Viola.*

Ans.—These two characters are set in contrast right from the beginning of the play, Viola is introduced as a victim of shipwreck in a foreign city, and Olivia is introduced as a rich, noble lady ruling over a large household, and loved by the Duke himself. Viola shows herself as a woman of initiative and resources, for she acts with commendable sagacity while facing her misfortune. And while she serves the Duke, she falls in love with him. In this love she is shown to be constant, modest, sincere and passionate. Olivia on the other hand is fantastical, inconstant and sentimental. For Example, she vows not to see any one for seven years which she has set as the period of mourning for her dead brother. She loves a dead brother more than a living lover! But we see her suddenly falling in passionate love with Viola, dressed as a male youth. In this she offers a great contrast with the constant and modest love of Viola.

Olivia is cold, violent and proud in her attitude, but she is not even consistent in this. All her dignity and pride is forgotten in her love and infatuation for a mere page, a servant, She rejects the master, while she is prepared to abase herself before the servant. And the servant is not even a man, for Viola is disguised!

In this way we see that Viola's silent, sincere and modest love is contrasted with the self-willed, inconsistent and sentimental love of Olivia.

Q. 7.—*Show why Maria succeeds in her practical joke against Malvolio?*

irrational mourning for seven years for the death of her brother. And Malvolio is shown as indulging in an excess of self-love, arising out of vanity and self importance. All these three types of santimental people are ridiculed in the sense that their behaviour is shown as unreal, irrational and comical. So we can say that Shakespeare does satirise the excess of sentiment in the story of the fortunes of the Duke, Malvolio and Olivia.

Q. 22.—*Indicate the qualities and characteristics of a romantic comedy and show that "Twelfth Night" belongs to the class of romantic comedies.*

Ans.—All Shakespeare's plays are romantic, even his tragedies. This is so because he does not follow the rules and conventions of what is known as classical drama or Greek drama. In a classical play there is the observance of what are known as the unities of time, place and action. Also there is a strict division of tragedy and comedy in classical drama. It is well known that Shakespeare mixes the tragic and the comic, and does not observe the unities (except that of action) in all his plays. That is why it is said that Shakespeare's plays are romantic.

In classical comedies. satire is the principal motive for laughter. On the other hand humour is the key-note of romantic comedies. Love in its various forms is the subject-matter of romantic comedies. There is a mingling of the realistic and the romantic in a Shakespearean comedy, as there is a mingling of the pathetic and the humorous. The scene of romantic comedies is an imaginary, far-off place such as Illyria in *Twelfth Night* or the forest of Ardenne in *As You Like It*.

Judged from such characteristics of romantic elements in Shakespeare's comedies, *Twelfth Night* certainly belongs to the class of the same. Love and its adventures, an imaginary background, disguise, mistaken identity, the mingling of the serious as well as the comic—all these are found in *Twelfth Night*. That is why *Twelfth Night* is one of the most delightful of all romantic comedies.

Q. 23. - *What is the dominant theme of "Twelfth Night"?*

Ans.—[*See Intoaduction in the section on different types of love in* **Twelfth Night.**]

Love is the dominant theme of *Twelfth Night* as it is of *all* romantic comedies. Love in its various forms is the principal subject of the story, the comedy showing us the various qualities of this universal human passion. The kind of love is the sentimental love, associated with music and imagination. Love and Mirth in its amusing and innocent forms are both represented in *Twelfth Night*. The characters who best represent the spirit of *Twelfth Night* are not only the Duke, Viola and Olivia, but also Maria, Feste and Sir Toby So we have to say that love and fun are the principal points which together form the atmosphere of Twelfth Night.

Q. 24. *Write a note on the songs in "Twelfth Night."*

Ans.—[See Introduction in the section on Songs in "Twelfth Night."

Music was very popular in Shakespeare's days, and the dramatists used songs as concession to popular taste The dramas of Shakespeare, who himself was a great lover of music, are made more emotional and lyrical by the use of songs. In particular, songs occur in his comedies whose theme is romantic love. Love and music reinforce one another, and *Twelfth Night* begins and ends with songs. Shakespeare's company seems to have had a gifted actor who sang well. And so songs were provided.

The songs in Shakespeare have no direct relevance to the plot. But they indirectly and symbolically bring out the feelings of the persons who sing them. The songs are the language of feelings. The first song, for instance, indirectly suggests the brevity and passing away of youth. It is indirectly a criticism of the sentimental, unreal love of the Duke who is idly wasting his time in day dreams

The second song brings out the spirit of melancholy and sadness of the Duke.

The next song, "I am gone, sir," is expressive of the spirit of mirth and fun. Feste sings it to taunt and ridicule Malvolio.

The last song is full of pathos and wisdom. It is a brief summing up of the philosophy of the wise fool.